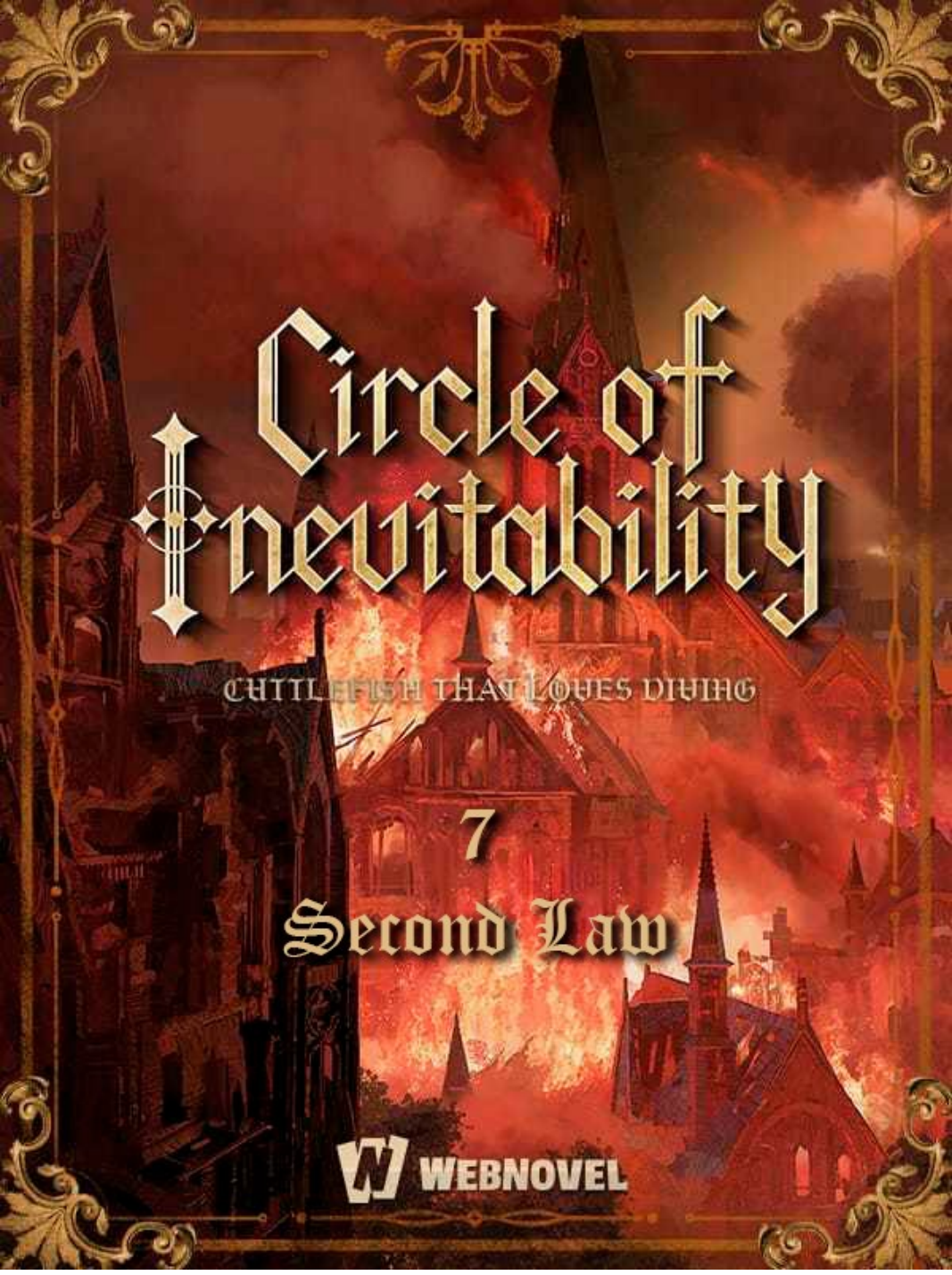
Circle of Inevitability
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
7
Second Law
WEBNOVEL

Table of Contents

Chapter 1035: Revelation

Chapter 1036: Wedding Dress

Chapter 1037: Spring of Temptation

Chapter 1038: The Team

Chapter 1039: Every Beginning is Difficult

Chapter 1040: Individual Impressions

Chapter 1041: Different Accounts

Chapter 1042: A Common Goal

Chapter 1043: Unaging

Chapter 1044: Lingering Thoughts

Chapter 1045: White Paper

Chapter 1046: Hidden Sage

Chapter 1047: Honorific Name

Chapter 1048: Information Revealed by 007

Chapter 1049: Patron Saint

Chapter 1050: Response

Chapter 1051: Protector

Chapter 1052: Reluctantly Showing Off

Chapter 1053: A Demoness's Visit

Chapter 1054: Left Hand

Chapter 1055: Double Gods

Chapter 1056: Gathering

Chapter 1057: The Key Point

Chapter 1058: Meeting

Chapter 1059: Zedus

Chapter 1060: The First Priest

Chapter 1061: Feast

Chapter 1062: Mission

Chapter 1063: Helpers

Chapter 1064: Headquarters

Chapter 1065: Forced Entry

Chapter 1066: Deep in the Fog Sea

Chapter 1067: Grade 0 Sealed Artifact

Chapter 1068: Connection

Chapter 1069: Nemesis

Chapter 1070: Onward

Chapter 1071: Fooling

Chapter 1072: Distribution

Chapter 1073: Post-Apocalyptic Scripture

Chapter 1074: The Weather Warlock's Ritual

Chapter 1075: Persuasion

Chapter 1076: Savant

Chapter 1077: Worship and Humility

Chapter 1078: "Near August"

Chapter 1079: The Stele

Chapter 1080: Destined

Chapter 1081: Trap

Chapter 1082: Open Stratagem

Chapter 1083: "Sparring"

Chapter 1084: Hidden Conditions

Chapter 1085: Typhoon

Chapter 1086: War Machine

Chapter 1087: Something Else Special

Chapter 1088: Godhood and Humanity

Chapter 1089: Above the Sequences

Chapter 1090: Pillars

Chapter 1091: Chaos's Future

Chapter 1092: Just Wishing to Save Humanity

Chapter 1093: Key Points of Acting

Chapter 1094: Trap?

Chapter 1095: Convergence?

Chapter 1096: Surveillance

Chapter 1097: A Letter Destined to be Received

Chapter 1098: Him

Chapter 1099: Spiritual Premonition

Chapter 1100: Montsouris Ghosts

Chapter 1101: That Very Moment

Chapter 1102: Valley God

Chapter 1103: True Plan

Chapter 1104: Catastrophe

Chapter 1105: Waiting

Chapter 1106: Whispers

Chapter 1107: Role

Chapter 1108: Fusion

Chapter 1109: The Only Chance

Chapter 1110: Prince and Princess

Chapter 1111: The Power to Stop

Chapter 1112: One Trouble After Another

Chapter 1113: A Long Struggle with Myself

Chapter 1114: Omehella

Chapter 1115: Crimson

Chapter 1035: Revelation

Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

As Lumian walked down the stairs, the sunlight was still bright, and Franca, Jenna, and Anthony were leisurely enjoying their afternoon tea.

Ludwig was also there, though not as relaxed.

"Is the Major Arcana meeting over?" Franca turned and asked curiously.

Lumian suddenly recalled various scenes from the majestic palace above the gray fog, nodded and said, "It's over."

"What can you tell us about it? Don't mention anything you're not supposed to." Franca had an expression that implied that she just wanted to broaden her horizons.

Lumian sat down in an armchair and said, using language he had learned in the dream city.

"There's not much to say. Today's meeting was quite ordinary. The Major Arcana cards mainly reported to Mr. Fool about their respective responsibilities, and Mr. Fool gave corresponding instructions."

"You seem to respect Mr. Fool quite a bit," Franca suddenly remarked.

"Why do you say that?" Lumian asked, somewhat surprised.

Franca snorted and glanced first at Jenna, then at Anthony. "Do I really need to answer such a simple question?"

Jenna, in sync with Franca, helped explain with a slight smile, "If it weren't for Mr. Fool, you would definitely add more adjectives before 'instructions, like 'high-level' or 'all-encompassing'."

This added a hint of teasing and playfulness.

"I've always been quite respectful towards deities, except for a few." Lumian said with a knowing smile.

He then said, "As someone attending a divine meeting for the first time. I had nothing to report. I only raised questions about Madame Pualis and her daughter Omebella, hoping to get answers from Mr. Fool."

"What did Mr. Fool say?" Jenna and Franca asked in unison.

Before Lumian could answer, points of starlight suddenly appeared in the void.

These starlight quickly sketched out the figure of Madam Magician.

She said to Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, "You can now go to the Blue Avenger to explore the treasury left by the Blood Emperor. I'll go with you to provide necessary assistance.

"Do you need to postpone for a while to make some preparations?"

The Tudor dynasty's treasure obviously consisted of Items mainly related to the Hunter pathway, supplemented by those of the Demoness pathway. and then some items from the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. It was very suitable for the three Demonesses to explore and obtain the Beyonder characteristics needed for normal advancement or pathway switching.
As for Anthony's advancement, other arrangements had been made.
And the further recovery of Ludwig's strength would have to wait until either Lumian or Franca reached Sequence 3, to avoid accidents.
"No need, let's go now." Lumian had already discussed this with Franca and Jenna.
Madam Magician said no more, creating a dazzling. dream-like double door and bringing the three Demonesses to the Blue Avenger, which was sailing through fierce winds and huge waves.
Mr. Hanged Man, dressed as the captain, was already waiting at the cabin entrance.
"Can you still sense the mirror imprint you left in the treasury?" Madam Magician asked Lumian.
"Yes," Lumian half-closed his eyes and sensed for a moment.
He didn't try to reach the full-length mirror with the Imprint using Mirror Traversal, because the corresponding area behind the mirror or mirror world contained Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's backup plan for resurrection.
For him, the main function of that mirror imprint was currently to provide necessary positioning so that his companions could also enter the treasury. In the future, it would serve as a trap marker to take down powerful enemies at the cost of mutual destruction.
After sensing, Lumlan walked towards the depths of the ship's cabin while deliberately continuing the previous topic.
He turned his head to look at Franca and Jenna and said, "Mr. Fool's revelation was that after becoming a Demoness of Unaging, go to the New City of Silver to borrow the Gift of the Land and bring it to the City of Exiles, in front of Hand Bro."
"Indeed, one knows Omebella, one shouted out Zedus. Let them meet, maybe they'll really spark something." Franca suddenly realized.
At this moment, Mr. Hanged Man, walking in front as the captain of the Blue Avenger, suddenly half-turned his body and said thoughtfully, "I think in Mr. Fool's revelation, not only is the latter part important, but the prerequisite is equally important."
Lumian mentioned Mr. Fool's revelation in front of Madam

Magician and Mr. Hanged Man precisely to hear their views and opinions. He immediately asked.
"The prerequisite of becoming a Demoness of Unaging?"
Mr. Hanged Man, with his rugged face and unkempt appearance, chuckled deeply. "Can't you borrow the Gift of the Land and bring it to the Abscessed Hand now? The only help you might need is communication with the Church of Knowledge."
"That's right," Jenna agreed with Mr. Hanged Man's statement.
Lumian already had all the conditions to briefly use the Gift of the Land, could get the New City of Silver's permission through Mr. Sun, and was the proxy of 0-01. He didn't need to wait until reaching the Demoness of Unaging level to let Omebella's remains meet the Abscessed Hand.
"Are certain changes brought by becoming a Demoness of Unaging the catalyst for this whole thing? Or is it that only by reaching Sequence 3 can one deal with the inevitable accidents after the Gift of the Land meets the Abscessed Hand? No, the latter scenario can basically be ruled out," Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state, slowed his pace and said thoughtfully.
As the proxy of 0-01, he had considerable authority in front of the mountain of corpses, and there wasn't much difference between being Sequence 4 or Sequence 3.
Moreover, he could briefly borrow the boon beneath the Underworld Daoist's seal to become a Sequence 3 War Bishop.
In other words, the power increase from advancing to Demoness of Unaging wasn't necessary.
"It should be some change brought about by the inherent qualities of the Demoness of Unaging," Madam Magician gave her judgment.
Franca, who had been listening quietly, mumbled, "Why doesn't Mr. Fool speak more clearly, just giving revelations for us to interpret ourselves?"
Mr. Hanged Man glanced at Franca. "I learned a phrase in the dream city-'words, once given, become reality`.
"Every action and word of great existences profoundly influences fate and the world. Back then, in the process of Mr. Fool becoming a great existence in just three years, many of the things he said were later verified one by one, becoming facts.
"In this situation, speaking very clearly and not speaking clearly will be part of the whole thing, and the interference with fate will be different, and the final result will also deviate because of this."
As Lumian nodded in agreement, he felt slightly surprised inwardly.
He felt that Mr. Hanged Man was much more enthusiastic than in

their previous encounters.
Previously, Mr. Hanged Man wouldn't be stingy with his judgments and explanations, but he only did and said what was within his duties. This time, he actually took the initiative to talk about many things outside the topic.
Is it because I've become a Major Arcana card holder? Mr. Hanged Man seems to value hierarchy quite a bit... Lumian withdrew his gaze thoughtfully.
Madam Magician then added, "Moreover, this matter involves the Great Mother. Even Mr. Fool can't see it very clearly and can only receive certain revelations."
Hearing this, Franca looked around and lowered her voice.
"Now that Mr. Fool has initially awakened, uh, I don't mean to disrespect Mr. Fool, I'm just more concerned about his current state. Maybe there's still something I can help with? After all, I'm a transmigrator! Um, what I want to ask is, what level has Mr. Fool recovered to now, and how is The Fool identity you guys have woven running?"
After exchanging glances with Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man, Lumian said, "We're not clear about the specific level of recovery, we can only be sure that in terms of level, it's not a complete The Fool."
This "Fool" without the "Mr." referred to the Sequence 0 - The Fool of the Seer pathway.
The basis for the judgment of the Major Arcana card holders, including Lumian, was: if the identity of Gehrman Sparrow was already a complete "Fool", it would mean that he had fully grasped all the authorities of the Seer pathway, and the true Mr. Fool would soon gain sufficient advantage in the matter of fusion and confrontation, fully awakening.
Lumian continued, "In my personal opinion, the current Mr. Fool is not agile enough, or rather, he's colder and more indifferent, closer to Gehrman Sparrow."
After thinking for a while, Franca said, "I think, in my personal understanding, Gehrman Sparrow is currently more like an AI-artificial intelligence that has integrated some of Mr. Fool's will and ideas.
"Think about it, one of the foundations of Gehrman Sparrow's stable existence is a large number of faith anchors, and different people's perceptions of him are different. This is like one of the foundations of AI's existence is data-a large amount of data and the data collected from the internet, fed to AI, may be incorrect, fabricated, self-imagined. This will bring corruption to it, very similar to the corruption of faith anchors you mentioned.

"The current AI stands out in that as long as you dare to believe, it dares to fabricate, and the reactions presented by Gehrman Sparrow will also be affected by the corruption of faith anchors. While not affecting the transmission of Mr. Fool's core will and ideas, there will be personalized, even contradictory manifestations.

"Well, he's equivalent to Mr. Fool's AI assistant. The better he iterates, the faster he evolves, the more authorities and powers Mr. Fool can grasp and mobilize, ultimately helping him defeat the Celestial Worthy."

Interpreting from the perspective of AI was something the Major Arcana card holders had never thought of. Fortunately, everyone present had been to the dream city and could barely understand what Franca was saying.

Madam Magician, who had a very deep understanding of faith anchors, nodded slowly and said, "What we need to do next is to purify Gehrman Sparrow's anchors and adjust people's perceptions of Gehrman Sparrow to varying degrees?"

"That includes our perception of Gehrman Sparrow," Mr. Hanged Man added.

As they spoke, the group arrived at the stairs leading to the lower deck of the ship.

Chapter 1036: Wedding Dress

Glancing at the dark, bottomless end of the staircase, Lumian took out a mirror and activated the contract ability on his body.

He immediately sensed the imprint on the full-length mirror in the Tudor treasury, ready to dive into the mirror and traverse through at any moment.

Maintaining this sense, Lumian reminded Franca and Jenna, "Walk close to the sides later-very close."

From his experience, walking down the stairs this way 8 would bring them into the reflection range of that full- length mirror.

For Beyonders of other pathways, they only needed to guard against being affected by the resulting illusions, scaring themselves crazy or to death. But if Hunters and Demonesses let their shadows be reflected on that full-length mirror, they might have their bodies snatched by the long-fallen Alista Tudor through pre-arranged setups, allowing Him to resurrect and return.

Lumian thought that given Alista Tudor's level of madness, He probably wouldn't care whether it was a Blood Emperor or a Blood Empress who returned, so the Demonesses should also be careful.

"Okay." Franca and Jenna had long ago heard Lumian explain what dangers were in the Tudor treasury.

Even if they didn't know, in the current situation, they would heed the advice first and find an opportunity to ask why later.

Lumian maintained the activation of the mirror imprint and let the residual aura of the Blood Emperor on his right palm intensify from faint to strong, covering it with pallor.

He hadn't yet started descending the stairs step by step when he suddenly heard Madam Magician's voice. "I've located your mirror imprint."

Along with the voice's response, points of dazzling starlight lit up, enveloping Lumian and the others.

When vision was restored, Franca found herself in a corridor that seemed to be formed of condensed starlight.

On both sides of this corridor were star-bright doors standing in the darkness. The bottom was semi- transparent, revealing endless darkness, while above there was no dome, with illusory stars dotting the distant heights.

At the end of this deep and spacious corridor sat a silver full-length mirror with a classic design and intricate patterns around its frame.

Almost simultaneously, Franca and Jenna noticed Madam Magician raise her right hand and gently grasp towards the front.

Around that silver full-length mirror, space suddenly bent,

forming a sealed sphere in the state of deep shadows, blocking all light from entering.
Lumian and the others could no longer see that silver full-length mirror, and that mirror could no longer reflect them.
"This way we can be a bit freer," Madam Magician said with a smile.
Wearing a black robe with silver patterns, she turned to Lumian, Franca, and Jenna and said, "You can choose the treasure rooms now. I'll handle the dangers inside."
Franca and Jenna instantly looked towards Lumian, waiting for him to demonstrate for the two of them.
Lumian looked left and right, slowly moving forward along the deep and spacious corridor while casually saying,
"In the area above the gray fog, when I mentioned Madame Pualis and Omebella, I also talked about a concern."
"What concern?" Franca asked cooperatively,
She and Jenna could both roughly guess that Lumian wanted to use casual chat to distract his own mind, choosing treasure rooms purely based on spiritual intuition and the characteristics, auras, and corruption on his body.
Lumian, in his Demoness of Despair state with black hair cascading, glanced at Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man and said, "At the end of the awakening operation, there were two things I couldn't understand:
"First, why was there no movement from the Primordial Demoness, and second, why didn't the Great Mother side try to stop it, even though She had made many arrangements in the dream city.
"The lack of interference from other existences was expected. The Celestial Worthy wouldn't wait until they were ready and could effectively interfere with the Internal situation of the dream before letting Zhou Sasa come. If that happened, what might be suppressed could be His hope for success. Moreover, Anderson's side would burn down the Colorful Hostel and the Mute Art Studio, not giving the deity worshiped by the Fantasy Association a chance to intervene, and there was also true god suppression at Mushu Hospital.
"But the Great Mother had sent Madame Pualis with baby Omebella to be the dean of Mushu Hospital. How did they not create even a ripple?
"Her forces in the dream city are not limited to Mushu Hospital. Whether it's Grimm who was originally active outside the hospital, or Lu Yong'an who can freely enter and exit the hospital, they could effectively avoid the true gods' suppression of Mushu

Hospital and do something."
"Maybe Peng Deng, Grisha, and Amon's side, who didn't appear in the final stage, were blocking them?" Jenna speculated.
"That's one possibility." Madam Magician began to give her speech at the Tarot Club, "But I have a bad feeling that perhaps the Great Mother has already achieved Her goal, in a way that's in our cognitive blind spot."
"My experience is also that abnormal calmness is always problematic," Mr. Hanged Man followed up with emphasis.
Franca took a breath and turned her gaze to Lumian,
Lumian understood her meaning and smiled, saying, "The only revelation Mr. Fool gave about matters related to the Great Mother was: become a Demoness of Unaging, borrow the Gift of the Land, face the Abscessed Hand."
After saying this, Lumian suddenly had a spiritual perception. He turned to the right and pushed open a semi-transparent large door condensed from starlight.
The light behind the door was dim, with no attack appearing.
Lumian waited for two seconds before passing through the door and entering the room.
What met his eyes was a black coffin.
This coffin was different from the rectangular coffins Trier used daily, with obvious curves, one end larger and one end smaller, its surface carved with many bird and tree patterns.
"Eh..." Franca's head peeked out from Lumian's shoulder position, "Isn't this a Western Continent style coffin? Where did the Blood Emperor get it from?"
She already knew that the Western Continent had evolved from her pre-transmigration country over thousands or tens of thousands of years or even longer.
And judging from the fact that she could barely understand the language of Armored Shadow Chen Tu and its attire, Franca felt that the civilization of the Western Continent might not have experienced a break in continuity like the Southern and Northern Continents, still maintaining a certain continuity. The coffin style before her eyes seemed to be another piece of evidence.
As for why, in a situation where civilization had not been interrupted, the language and style of the Western Continent had "regressed" to what she remembered as "ancient", she couldn't think of a reason for the time being.
All the known transmigrators were in the Southern and Northern Continents and the former Eastern Continent!
No, Queen Mystic had said that the Ancient Sun God was not the kind of "cocoon person" like us, and there was another

transmigrator who hasn't revealed their Identity... As Franca's thoughts gradually diverged, Lumian and Madam Magician had already walked to the front of that Western Continent style black coffin, with the latter causing the lid to slide to one side on its own, falling onto the semi-transparent ground.
Franca looked over and saw a beautiful face with tightly closed eyes, pale and cold, saw a gorgeous phoenix crown and rosy clouds cape, and saw bright red.
"Chinese wedding dress... bride's corpse... Dammit, what the hell is the Blood Emperor up to?" Franca blurted out.
Before her words fell, that black coffin with patterns of pine, cypress, and cranes began to shake violently.
A pale, delicate hand with long. gray nails that were sharp and cold silently pressed on the edge of the coffin.
With this action, Franca and Jenna's lips suddenly became dry, as if they were being roasted.
Outside the treasury, the Blue Avenger sailing through fierce winds and huge waves suddenly plunged downward.
The wind stopped, the waves calmed, and water vapor rose from the azure sea, evaporating rapidly.
On the surface of the Blue Avenger, the deck began to crack at a visible speed. Even though the consciousness of this ghost ship was constantly trying to repair it, it couldn't stop the trend from deepening.
Inside the Tudor treasury, in the corresponding room.
Before Madam Magician could deliver a barrage of attacks on the female corpse in the coffin. Lumian stretched out his right palm.
His palm was darkly red and mottled, covered with pallor, a deep black "pinhole" emitting an indescribable aura.
The female corpse wearing what Franca called a bright red wedding dress and a golden phoenix crown stopped shaking, no longer giving the feeling that it might crawl up at any moment. That delicate but pale hand slowly slid down, returning to the side of the corpse.
All the abnormalities disappeared with it.
"The power of a Demoness of Catastrophe," Madam Magician said after a few seconds of looking with eyes as brilliant as the starry sky. "And, the power of an Undying... Can the boons of these two pathways be put together?"
As she spoke, both she and Mr. Hanged Man looked towards Lumian.
Lumian looked at the dark "pinhole" in his palm, musing to himself, "Maybe they can..."
This thing seemed to be a fusion of the residual aura of the Blood

Emperor, the boon of a War Bishop, the seal of the Underworld Daoist, and the grade and knowledge of the Demoness card.
If such a hodgepodge could be put together, the separately picked out powers of the Demoness and Death pathways should be able to as well.
Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man fell into deep thought, while Franca associated the terms "Demoness of Catastrophe" and "Undying" with the state and recent behavior of the female corpse.
She said in astonishment, "This, this couldn't be a drought demon, could it?
"Did the Blood Emperor bring a drought demon to the Northern Continent?
"How did He manage that?"
Isn't it said that the Western Continent was sealed by the power of the Celestial Worthy, and that the barrier can only be opened for free entry and exit after Mr. Fool truly gains the upper hand?
Before that, shouldn't only some secret deed rituals be possible?
Even if the Blood Emperor really opened a passage before His death, attempting to drag down all the gods with Him, that passage was sealed in Fourth Epoch Trier, right? The Blood Emperor shouldn't have had time to send this drought demon to the Blue Avenger...
Hearing Franca's words, Madam Magician turned to the side and began to explain, "The power doesn't come from Beyonder characteristics, it might originate from the Western Continent or somewhere else, but the person is from the Northern Continent
"Uh..." Franca looked carefully and found that the hair of the female corpse in the coffin was pale yellow, and her facial features were quite pronounced.
"An artificial drought demon?" Franca said with some understanding. "The Blood Emperor made a secret deed for some strange knowledge, and this is the product of an experiment? The phoenix crown, rosy clouds cape, and coffin are part of the knowledge, part of the ritual?"
Lumian nodded slightly, looking at the female corpse and said, "If we let her wake up, can we help her regain her sanity?"
Madam Magician slowly shook her head. "She' was probably born a monster."

Chapter 1037: Spring of Temptation

Madam Magician meant: the girl in the coffin underwent a transformation the instant she simultaneously received the powers of a Demoness of Catastrophe and an Undying through a strange ritual. This corpse, now possessing Angel-level power, was a monster from the moment it came into being.

Lumian, in his Demoness state, frowned and said, "Aren't boons supposed to not affect the spirit, only gradually causing mental and physical alterations?

Surely it shouldn't directly create a monster?

Moreover, from what he could see, the powers of the Demoness and Death pathways weren't so contradictory and could be integrated to some degree.

"What I explained before was only about boons under normal circumstances," Madam Magician said after some consideration. "The essence of boons is actually closer to controlled, retrievable corruption. Higher beings who grant boons generally try to suppress the spiritual, conscious, and emotional aspects of their power that belong to themselves, to prevent the recipient from being overwhelmed immediately and developing problems, as that would go against the original intention of the boon and fail to achieve the expected purpose."

Mr. Hanged Man added, "In the cases of evil god boons that we know of, if there weren't enough sacrifices, especially human sacrifices, even if a channel was opened through ritual, some of the recipients at the scene would be unable to bear the power, their bodies collapsing on the spot-either dying or becoming monsters."

Jenna confirmed with newfound understanding, "When the higher being that the Blood Emperor's strange ritual was directed at granted the boon, they didn't control or suppress the spiritual, conscious, and emotional aspects within the power, letting them exist as usual, so this girl as the recipient naturally couldn't bear it and became a monster?"

Mr. Hanged Man nodded slightly and said meaningfully, "It might not have been a boon, but rather theft."

"Did Amon play a role in this ritual?" Lumian's own boon power came from theft.

Mr. Hanged Man smiled, "Theft in another sense. Let me give an example-we can utilize the power of many Sealed Artifacts to some degree, but we must be careful to avoid the corresponding dangers and find the most suitable method, because they lack intelligence. You can't negotiate with them or make them obey to prevent them

from harming you.
"In such cases, suitable methods of utilization are equivalent to relatively safe means of theft."
Lumian recalled his experience after lighting the corpse wax candle and nodded thoughtfully.
If he hadn't possessed both male and female forms in the dream city at that time, his physical body might have collapsed and become a monster.
"The Blood Emperor was indeed bloodthirsty and mad..." Jenna couldn't help but sigh.
The girl in the coffin most likely didn't voluntarily participate in such a special ritual.
"Not necessarily," Franca said quietly.
Seeing everyone look at her, she cleared her throat and said, "Based on my pre-transmigration experience, if this is related to the Western Continent, the whole ritual might not be what you imagine.
"They might have pre-selected a girl born on a specific year, month, day and time, killed her in a specific way at a specific moment, performed special treatment, then placed her in this pre-made coffin, made other arrangements, and finally conducted the ritual to let her gain power and open her eyes in an Undying state."
"Why do it this way?" Jenna asked puzzledly.
Franca smiled and said, "It's just my guess, but maybe this was the only way to please the corresponding higher being, or maybe this was the only way to avoid the influence of the spiritual and conscious aspects within the boon power. But for some reason, perhaps because the Blood Emperor and others made mistakes in interpreting the secret deed they obtained, missing some key points, the ritual seems to have failed in the end.
"Uh, maybe, it wasn't even a ritual seeking boons, but rather a method of corpse refinement..."
Jenna was silent for two seconds. "Then you still say the Blood Emperor wasn't necessarily bloodthirsty and mad."
This was more cruel than their previous speculation!
Franca explained, "I'm not saying the Blood Emperor wasn't necessarily bloodthirsty and mad, but rather that it might not have been ordinary bloodiness and madness-it was probably 'extremely' so."
Madam Magician turned to look at the female corpse wearing the phoenix crown and rosy clouds cape, and said, "She has no Beyonder characteristics. Let's go to the next room."
"Alright." Lumian had no objections.
After Madam Magician made the coffin lid fly up and cover it

again, they returned to that deep and spacious corridor.
Lumian raised his right palm, looked at the dimmed dark red spots, dark "pinhole" and pale skin, then put his hand into his Traveler's Bag.
Maintaining this posture, Lumian started walking forward again.
He felt that encountering that female corpse was likely due to the effect of his right palm, so now he needed to try to eliminate its influence.
After about ten seconds, Lumian opened another door condensed from starlight.
At the same time, he saw a spring-its bubbling source.
The spring water had a sacred feeling, emitting an alluring aura-clear and pure-making Franca and the others, whose mouths had dried from the female corpse's influence, suddenly feel thirsty.
Voices then echoed in their minds:
"Drink, drink and regain your youth..."
"Drink, drink and gain tremendous power..."
"Drink, drink and extend your life by thousands of years..."
"Drink, drink and become irresistibly charming..."
"Drink, drink and achieve immortality..."
Lumian, who was also tempted and hearing the - whispers, smiled, "Don't worry, I will drink, I came here to drink you..."
Before he could emphasize that he was a person who valued ceremony, Madam Magician had already acted.
Layer upon layer of void peeled away, the clear and pure spring water suddenly receded, revealing what was inside the spring source.
There was a highly decomposed but not yet skeletal female corpse, with pale yellow-greenish pus constantly seeping from its disgusting flesh, combining with the air to become sacred, alluring, and pure.
This was the source of the spring water.
Madam Magician immediately raised both hands.
Glass-like fragments and blood tinged with pale yellow immediately flew out from the female corpse, falling into two containers that had been floating in mid-air at some unknown time.
After doing this, Madam Magician made the two containers fly toward Lumian. "They can replace the Mirror God fragments and Medusa blood as supplementary ingredients, enough for four advancements."
After Lumian put away the containers, the points of starlight condensed from the void suddenly pressed down, completely crushing the highly decomposed female corpse, making the

charming, sacred grayish- white light quickly separate out and condense into a fist-sized, spring-like crystal.
Illusory water constantly flowed out from the crystal's surface, then fell back in.
With a push of Madam Magician's right hand, this Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic quickly came before Lumian, already preliminarily sealed.
The light emanating from the female corpse hadn't completely dispersed-the remaining portion recombined to form a transparent eye brimming with tears.
"Your Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic," Madam Magician gave that beautiful but sorrowful eye to Jenna. "As for supplementary ingredients, The Chariot and Two of Cups should still have some left."
"Thank you." Jenna quietly let out a breath and quickly put the sealed Beyonder characteristic into her Traveler's Bag.
Madam Magician nodded slightly and walked out of the current room.
"Let's go find the next ingredient. This time, Two of Cups, you're in charge of opening doors."
Just as Franca was eagerly about to step forward, she suddenly saw Lumian hand over a piece of parchment.
On the parchment were words in rust-colored ancient Feysac:
"Potion Name: War Bishop;
"Sequence: 3;
"Main ingredients: Heart of a Bipolar Centaur, Core of a War Comet;
"Supplementary ingredients: 100ml of Bipolar Centaur blood, War Comet fragments, one Blood Tudor Iris, 8g of Flame Giant Tree bark;
"Advancement ritual: Lead your own team to defeat a powerful enemy force in a war.
"Note 1: The imminent atmosphere of war will attract comets symbolizing war through the spirit world. They will streak across the night sky bringing revelations, but among such comets, those with corporeal substance that can enter the real world are limited in number.
"Note 2: In the advancement ritual, the stronger the enemy force, the better the ritual effect."
Seeing this parchment, Franca was stunned and said, "Where did this come from?"
"The advancement was promised by the Major Arcana. and Mr. Fool gave me an extra reward." Lumian smiled and said, "I asked for the War Bishop potion formula."
Before Franca could respond, Lumian smiled and added, "I wanted

you to have the right to choose."
Franca opened her mouth, then closed it, her emotions seeming somewhat turbulent.
After a moment, she glanced to the side and said quietly, "I didn't say I want to become a War Bishop, I still have my mission..."
Lumian didn't try to persuade her and put the parchment back into his Traveler's Bag.
Jenna's expression was slightly complex as she secretly sighed in relief. Things are good as they are now, things are good as they are now...
She didn't want change; she feared change.
Because Madam Magician and Mr. Hanged Man were present, Franca didn't dare tell Lumian "you usually just make people's grit their teeth, I didn't expect you to be so considerate sometimes" to ease her emotions. She could only quickly walk forward and casually push open a door condensed from starlight.
As soon as the door opened, an exquisite, beautiful human skin suddenly fell from above.
This human skin violently enveloped toward Franca.
Franca's body surface subsequently emanated a grayish-white color, her whole person seeming to turn into a stone statue, unable to dodge in time.
At this moment, the surrounding darkness instantly bent and folded, quickly sealing that fair and elastic human skin within.
Immediately after, Madam Magician's hand clenched.
That dark sphere suddenly collapsed, the corresponding void completely disintegrated, and the human skin inside was quickly torn into pieces by the space-time storm.
"This is also a Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic. The Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness's secret cooperation was indeed tight back then," Madam Magician smiled at Franca, Lumian, and Jenna while crushing the characteristic.
Franca was stunned for a moment, then revealed a brilliant smile.
Heh, I sure have good luck today! I succeeded in one try!

Chapter 1038: The Team

After Franca put away the Demoness of Unaging Beyonder characteristic that had coalesced after being shattered, Madam Magician said to the three of them. "Apart from some easier-to-find materials that are merely symbolic, we should have everything else. What remains is preparing for the ritual. I can help anytime."

"Thank you," Lumian thought for a moment and asked, "Should we leave now?"

Madam Magician smiled and said, "Angel-level Beyonder characteristics, especially Sequence 1, are not only limited but very rare, and their locations are relatively certain. If there were anything similar in this treasure trove, it could only be Sequence 2, and most likely from the Hunter pathway."

Lumian pointed to the end of the deep corridor. "As one of the Blood Emperor's resurrection arrangements, the corresponding Beyonder characteristic is behind that mirror, together with His Mirror Person, perhaps even already absorbed and merged by His Mirror Person?"

In other words, it was almost impossible to find Angel-level Beyonder characteristics, including Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, in other rooms along the corridor, so Lumian and the others had no need to continue exploring.

Of course, this was just one reason. More importantly, the Blue Avenger belonged to Mr. Hanged Man, and theoretically this treasure vault was also his- equivalent to his private property. He had only allowed Lumian and the others to take the corresponding materials earlier based on a promise. If Lumian and the others were to open other rooms and take other items. it would be too disrespectful to the owner.

Though Madam Magician didn't explicitly say this, all three Demonesses understood and expressed their wish to leave now and think about how to arrange the ritual.

Mr. Hanged Man nodded without any change in expression.

"You can return through the mirror world. Madam Magician and I still have some matters to attend to."

"Alright," Lumian replied with a smile.

He could roughly guess what Mr. Hanged Man wanted to do.

As captain of the Blue Avenger, Mr. Hanged Man had no Tudor remnant aura, no corresponding bloodline, and wasn't on either the Hunter or Demoness pathway. Though guarding a treasure vault, he had difficulty entering it and could only wait for Lumian to open the "access control." Only with Madam Magician's

positioning and help could he enter. Of course he couldn't miss this opportunity and had to explore a bit and take some useful items.
These might be Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts that could help improve his strength, or Beyonder characteristic- related items that could help him cultivate more and stronger subordinates, or special items that could either be useful at critical moments or point to certain secrets of the Tudor Empire.
How others explored their own vault was none of Lumian's business. He took out a mirror and led Franca and Jenna out of the vault, then used teleportation to return to the luxurious villa in Trier.
Since the matters of Madame Pualis and infant Omebella were still under investigation, Lumian hadn't returned to his originally rented apartment to meet with his subordinate Lugano. He was still wary of potential issues related to the Great Mother that might exist with him.
"Where's Ludwig?" Jenna looked around the living room and asked Anthony, who was focused on reading the newspaper.
Anthony pointed toward the villa's annex.
"In the kitchen.
"After eating Trier's food for several days, he misses the food from the dream city and wants to try making some himself."
Suddenly, an image appeared in Lumian and the others' minds: Ludwig moving a chair into the kitchen. then standing on it, struggling to handle kitchen utensils that didn't quite match his size and height...
"I miss it too," Franca said excitedly, "Look, look, this is what a professional Chef is like-just eight years old!
Jenna nodded and said to Lumian and the others, "I'm going to the telegraph office nearby to send a telegram to Julien. He's coming back to Trier next week, and I need to ask about the specific time and whether he's taking a boat or steam locomotive."
She wasn't in a rush to discuss her own ritual, as there was already a preliminary plan.
Once Lumian became a Demoness of Unaging and borrowed the Gift of the Land, after communicating well with the Tarot Club and the Church of Knowledge, they would take her to the City of Exiles to advance using the criminals there.
The only problem with this plan was that once Jenna successfully advanced, she would become a Sequence 4 demigod, which conflicted with Morora's rules and would cause negative changes to 0-01.
The current solution was to ask the Church of Knowledge for help,

assisting Madam Magician, so this Door pathway Angel could transfer the newly- advanced Jenna away directly using pre-left marks without entering Morora.
Lumian had privately asked Jenna if she wanted to consider using the Sword of Courage to switch to becoming an Iron-blooded Knight. With the current team's composition and rapport, the corresponding ritual wouldn't be difficult after some time adjusting. But Jenna still hoped to continue on the path of pure female Demonesses.
She told Lumian this was currently her only special trait, and once she switched to Hunter, she would lose it. Special traits represented both unknown, huge risks and potential encounters and significant gains. With the apocalypse seemingly approaching early, she was willing to take the corresponding risks in exchange for rapid sequence and power growth to better protect those she wanted to protect.
Lumian didn't try to persuade her further at the time. only sighing and quoting a dream city saying, "Fortune favors the bold."
After Jenna put on her sunhat and lowered her black veil to cover her face, leaving the luxurious villa, Lumian said to Anthony. "Do you want to continue with the Psychology Alchemists mission?
Anthony had already been assigned to Lumian, the new Mr. Chariot, and could completely stop the original mission given by Madam Justice.
Before Anthony could respond, Lumian laughed.
"You're about to become a Sequence 4 Manipulator. Those people who play with people's minds won't let a demigod not cultivated by their own organization enter their core levels."
Anthony had digested the Sequence 5 potion Dreamwalker faster than Lumian and the others because during this time, he had been active, walking. and working in a great existence's true dream.
"About to?" Anthony asked puzzlingly.
Had the Major Arcana cardholders found the corresponding Beyonder ingredients?
That couldn't be so easy, right? If it were that easy, Madam Susie would have become a demigod long ago.
Lumian tucked his falling hair behind his ear and smiled. "Madam Justice has been searching for an ancient dragon. She's had some results but kept missing it. After Mr. Fool Initially awoke, he gave her a revelation that should be very useful. We might see results soon."
Anthony nodded and after considering for a few seconds said, "I want to continue my contact with the Psychology Alchemists, but no longer seek to enter their core levels.

"After becoming a demigod, I'll also hide my Sequence and deal with them in my current state. This is a very good intelligence channel, and I don't want to give it up."
"Alright," Lumian indeed needed such intelligence channels.
After exchanging a few more words, he and Franca went upstairs.
Walking on the thick carpet in the corridor, Lumian turned his head toward Franca. "You no longer need to do the Demoness Sect's mission."
This was a mission from Madam Justice, and since Franca was now subordinate to The Chariot, Lumian had full authority to help her stop this matter.
Franca was silent for a moment, then sighed, "Since you've chosen this current path, I think figuring out the situation with the Primordial Demoness and the secrets of the special mirror world are inevitable tasks, and none of these can bypass the Demoness Sect.
"Whether or not I've been exposed, even if they use me or set traps through this, it's still a good entry point. Having connections means having opportunities."
Lumian looked at Franca without speaking.
Feeling a bit uncomfortable under his gaze, Franca could only ask with a smile. "Are you moved?"
"Yes." Lumian nodded.
"Oh... why aren't you being stubborn this time? Now I don't know how to respond..." Franca mumbled. "Actually, Jenna continuing on the Demoness pathway also involves this kind of thinking."
Before Lumian could speak again, she forcefully changed the topic. "Let me ask a question, purely out of curiosity.
"If you briefly use the War Bishop power within the seal, will your body change?"
Normally, physical changes brought by a boon's power, as long as they didn't cause immediate collapse, occurred gradually and subtly over time However, the boon powers of both Hunter and Demoness pathways inherently possessed the quality of changing the body.
"Yes, the body will, but the spirit won't" Lumian explained simply.
Taking potions to change gender would affect the spirit as well, like Franca-when her Astral Projection roamed the spirit world, her form was also female. But changes brought by boons were limited to body and mind, meaning that even if Lumian returned to a male state using the War Bishop powers within the seal, his spirit would still appear as Lumina.
Franca immediately became excited. "Can you try it, let me see?"
If this worked, she could seek corresponding boons in the future.

Then she could be a man when she wanted to be a man, a woman when she wanted to be a woman, and neither if she preferred!
After all, Lumian's goal was to resurrect Aurore, which meant he would reach very high levels, and seeking temporary boons from him wouldn't have any hidden dangers.
Before Lumian could respond, Franca shook her head.
"Never mind, never mind. The Lie earring uses corresponding Beyonder power to change the body without any pain, but changes brought by this kind of boon powers come with the power itself- they're forced, uncontrollable, and must be very painful. Never mind."
"You've been both a Demoness of Affliction and a Demoness of Despair, what pain are you afraid of?" Lumian teased, as his body suddenly changed.
There was both the writhing of flesh and the creaking of bones.
Lumian's face contorted for several seconds before settling into his original male appearance, but more handsome, with more of that masculine charm.
Franca watched with both concern and curiosity, then said, "It really works..."
Her eyes moved slightly, and she added, "Can you close your eyes?"
Lumian didn't refuse.
Then, he heard Franca sigh and say,
"We all know you see your female body as your sister's, and unless she agrees, you won't do anything suggestive with it. We respect your thoughts and Aurore herself, but, but sometimes we still want to see Lumian, to hug Lumian..."
Just as Lumian was about to speak, a warmth pressed against his lips.
After a peaceful, serene, and sweet moment of entanglement, Franca pulled back.
Lumian opened his eyes to see she was suddenly slightly taller than him.
Instinctively, Lumian looked down and discovered that several layers of ice crystal steps had formed beneath Franca's feet at some point.
Franca opened her eyes wide and said, "This time I took the initiative, and I thought kissing you from above felt more appropriate for the current mood!"
"Whatever you like," Lumian said noncommittally.
Franca jumped down from the ice crystal steps and sighed again. "Change back now, minimize the influence of the boon."
She then pressed her lips together, clapped her hands once, and said with a smile, "With the apocalypse approaching and everyone

in this situation, let's just make do for now!"

Chapter 1039: Every Beginning is Difficult

At the telegraph office in the arts district.

Still wearing her sun hat and black veil, Jenna paid the telegram fee and gazed at the constant tinkling sounds next door, muttering to herself, "What are they renovating?"

A male telegraph operator looked up and said with a mixture of disdain and worry,

"The telephone office.

"They say they want to develop wired telephones extensively. Can they really lay lines to so many places? In the end, they'll have to rely on wireless!"

Yes, mobile phones should also be a type of wireless... Jenna suddenly felt nostalgic.

She was also looking forward to the development of telephone networks in Intis. That way they could communicate in real-time instead of going through the trouble of sending and receiving telegrams.

Walking out of the telegraph office, before Jenna could decide whether to take a carriage back to the luxurious villa or browse around the neighborhood, she heard a newspaper boy shouting at the intersection:

"Extra! Extra!

"Ms. Fors promises to finalize 'The Great Adventurer 7' within two weeks!

"Extra! Extra!

"The large generator manufactured by the Church of Steam's Deep Valley Cloister has entered the factory production stage!"

Large generator... Jenna paused for a moment, her gaze involuntarily drawn to the horse-drawn trams on the road, women wearing different styles of sun hats, men carrying canes and wearing top hats, classical-style gas street lamps, luxurious theaters and nearby cafes, and various shops.

This hardly looked like a scene approaching the apocalypse.

Jenna gazed greedily at everything, worried it would suddenly dissipate like the dream city.

...

In the luxurious villa.

Lumian stood before the full-length mirror, staring motionlessly at his beautiful face that was both familiar and strange.

He was waiting, waiting for the reflection to smile on its own or show some other expression.

One of the major difficulties in the Demoness of Unaging advancement ritual was finding one's Mirror Person—this wasn't

something one could encounter just by wanting to.
The mystical connection between a Demoness and their Mirror Person served both as a locating aid and as an alarm that allowed the other party to detect danger early and constantly relocate.
Moreover, according to the actual experiences and daily observations of the three Demonesses—Lumian, Franca, and Jenna—the stable Mirror People born from becoming Demonesses were different from those Mirror People in special mirror worlds.
Under normal circumstances, the Demonesses' Mirror People could not leave the mirror world. Once these Mirror People entered reality, it meant there was a major problem with the Demoness's own state.
"We'll still need to ask Madam Magician for help with positioning and containment..." Lumian, who had been watching the mirror image for an hour, withdrew his gaze and muttered to himself.
At that moment, Madam Magician appeared in the bedroom, surrounded by twinkling starlight.
She looked around and asked, "Where's Two of Cups?"
"She went to meet with her subordinate, preparing for tomorrow's meeting with the Demoness of Black," Lumian answered simply.
Madam Magician frowned and said, "Is she still going to continue with the Demoness Sect's missions?
"At the Sequence 4 demigod stage, the Demoness of Despair only provides potions and helps prepare rituals. How will Two of Cups explain how she was able to advance to Demoness of Despair, where the potion formula and corresponding ingredients came from, and how the ritual was completed?"
"No explanation is needed. Her advancement to Sequence 4 was completed under the Primordial Demoness's watch, and these past few days, she often takes out that white bone figurine and places it beside her, with no abnormalities or dangers arising," Lumian explained on Franca's behalf. "This situation makes her feel she still has value to the Demoness Sect, or rather, to the Primordial Demoness. When the time comes, she can make up a convincing reason that the Demoness of Black should believe, such as divine bestowal or divine favor.
"She can also take this opportunity to learn more mystical knowledge about Mirror People from the Demoness of Black, which might prove useful in the upcoming Demoness of Unaging ritual."
Madam Magician looked at Lumian for several seconds. "This is dangerous."
"We know," Lumian replied in a low voice.
Madam Magician sighed and said, "When she goes to meet the Demoness of Black tomorrow, remember to notify me in advance.

I'll provide necessary protection nearby."
"Thank you," Lumian then asked, "Why did you suddenly come over? Is something wrong?"
Weren't we supposed to wait until we gathered all the information before setting a time for the ritual?
Madam Magician made no attempt to hide it, her expression becoming quite complex.
"To have a small meeting."
"Small meeting?" Lumian raised an eyebrow.
"A small meeting means a private gathering without Mr. Fool present, but still held in the palace above the gray fog," Madam Magician explained briefly. "Previously it was fixed at once a month, but now that formal meetings have resumed and are fixed for 3 pm on the first Monday of each month, we obviously can't continue with the small meetings in the same way. They might become more impromptu in nature, specifically convened for special matters."
"This discussion..." Lumian asked thoughtfully, "Is it to unify the Major Arcana's understanding of Gehrman Sparrow?"
"Yes," Madam Magician nodded slightly. "In half an hour, recite Mr. Fool's honorific name."
After speaking, her figure transformed into countless starlight and flew into the illusory door.
Half an hour later, Lumian recited Mr. Fool's honorific name and once again arrived above the gray fog, sitting at one side of the bronze long table.
In his eyes, streaks of light were rising up, condensing into slightly blurred figures in different seats.
In less than a minute, all the Major Arcana card holders were present.
After glancing at Madam Justice, The Magician began speaking.
"I just returned from Two of Cups. She compared the current Mr. Fool, or rather Gehrman Sparrow's image, to an AI..."
After roughly repeating Franca's original words, this lady said, "I think it makes sense. We must quickly unify our understanding of Gehrman Sparrow to minimize the corruption of the faith anchors."
Madam Justice picked up the thread.
"The most fundamental and widespread public perceptions of Gehrman Sparrow don't need to be changed, and can't be changed in the short term—these themselves don't contain contradictions.
"What we need to do is make the Gehrman Sparrow beneath this shell closer to Mr. Fool's true self, and ensure there are no contradictions.

"Since we want to unify this understanding, we must start with ourselves. If our own understandings still differ and contain major contradictions, it will certainly affect later corrections and dissemination."
Seeing all the Major Arcana card holders nodding slightly in agreement, Madam Justice said,
"Then let's first share our impressions of Mr. Fool and Gehrman Sparrow, record them, and then discuss which ones are correct and which can be unified.
"Who wants to start?"
Madam Justice first looked toward Madam Magician and Mr. Star.
She found that the former showed hints of fear, seemingly afraid to speak or listen, while the latter kept his mouth shut, appearing quite hesitant, as if unsure which things should be said, which shouldn't, and whether to say everything.
The Chariot Lumian clicked his tongue imperceptibly and shook his head.
"What are you thinking about?" Mr. Moon, who was sitting not far from him, tilted his head curiously to ask.
Lumian chuckled and said, "I'm imagining how I would feel if a group of people were discussing what kind of person I am behind my back, each with different impressions."
"Embarrassed?" Mr. Moon couldn't help but consider it too.
The Chariot Mr. Lumian smiled and said, "I don't know if others would be embarrassed, but for myself, I'd probably be excited, find it fun, and wish I could sneak in to listen."
Mr. Moon raised his right hand and touched his face.
He instinctively looked at the huge chair at the head of the table, then glanced at the position at the bottom, confirming that neither Mr. Fool nor The World was present—truly not present.
"If it were the Sherlock Moriarty in my impression, he would genuinely be embarrassed, but if it were Gehrman Sparrow, he would maintain a cold expression, making it impossible to tell what he's thinking," Mr. Moon responded to Lumian's words.
After speaking, he found that the other Major Arcana card holders were all looking at him.
Seeing this, Lumian inwardly chuckled and muttered to himself, See, someone to kick things off has volunteered themselves.
Mr. Moon froze for a moment, and seeing everyone waiting for him to continue, he had no choice but to maintain outward composure and continue.
"I haven't had much interaction with Gehrman Sparrow; it was mainly above the gray fog. Many of my impressions come from rumors, centered around words like cold, powerful, and quick-to-

action.
"Comparatively, I know Sherlock Moriarty better. He's quite perceptive, fairly vigilant, very concerned with money, but judging from his behavior at the Harvest Church and other places, he's actually quite caring and possesses a true gentleman's sense of humor..."
After speaking in one breath, Mr. Moon slightly raised his chin, looked around, and said, "You guys' turn."
Madam Justice didn't wait for other Major Arcana cards, deciding to follow Mr. Moon's example and set a model for everyone.
"I'll go.
"I was once Mr. World's psychiatrist, provided him with corresponding treatment, and even entered the Hall of Truth with him, hearing many of his inner thoughts."
Upon catching the term Hall of Truth, Mr. Star unconsciously adjusted his sitting position, with his right side more forward and his left side slightly withdrawn.
After all the Major Arcana card holders, including The Chariot Lumian, turned to look at her, Madam Justice spoke in a steady voice,
"My deepest impression of Mr. World is that he was very lonely. He had many things piled up in his heart and weighing on his shoulders...
"But he could still control himself, not indulging, not despairing, not acting willfully, not becoming distorted...
"What Mr. Moon just said is correct—he was indeed a very caring person, his heart was actually very gentle, and his cold and tough exterior was just a facade he had put on..."
Miss Justice's gentle voice slowly echoed above the bronze long table.

Chapter 1040: Individual Impressions

"Though outwardly quiet and reserved, he actually likes to joke and tease in his mind, and occasionally even rambles..."

Madam Magician listened with inexplicable tension, thoughts instinctively flashing through her mind, Am I allowed to hear this? *Should I be hearing this?*

If Gehrman Sparrow finds out I'm listening to what he's really like inside, that he's even somewhat lively, would he blow my head off with a gun?

"Those are my impressions," Madam Justice concluded her recollections and summary.

Madam Magician quietly let out a breath.

After calming down, she thought carefully and felt that if Gehrman Sparrow was really as Miss Justice described, then probably, perhaps, he wouldn't use violent means to eliminate people who knew his true nature.

Seeing that Madam Justice had said so much, Mr. Star, sitting next to Lumian, leaned back against his chair, as if trying to enter a relaxed state.

In a rich timbre, he intoned, "He is a learned person, and this is reflected in more than just his being a university history graduate;

"In supernatural events, he was very green at first, but quickly became skilled, becoming someone people could rely on;

"He's not comfortable getting too close to others, always maintaining a certain distance, appearing as if he fears loss and doesn't want to gain anything, but in reality, he's someone who values relationships deeply, and inevitably relaxes over time, gradually integrating and carefully building friendships with others;

"He's calm but not introverted, can take jokes and has a sense of humor, values life and is willing to enjoy it, but doesn't like waste;

"He's cautious, perhaps due to the influence of the Seer pathway, completely deserving to be called very cautious. When encountering matters that aren't urgent and won't cause immediate harm, he chooses the most conservative response, leaving first or waiting for backup, but if a disaster is very pressing and will affect many people, even if he's not powerful enough himself, he's willing to step forward and try to resolve it despite the risks;

"He deeply values his brother and sister, is more relaxed around them, and shows some of the personality traits Madam Justice just described;

"He is the best brother, both younger and older, and also the best

colleague..."
After Mr. Star finished speaking, the majestic palace remained silent for quite a while, until all the Major Arcana card holders except Madam Magician turned their gaze toward her.
Madam Magician cleared her throat and said, "My impressions of Gehrman Sparrow can be read in 'The Great Adventurer' novel series.
"If I really have to summarize..."
This Angel of the Door pathway paused, her voice unconsciously becoming softer.
"Cold, powerful, mysterious, and will kill people on the spot if they say one wrong word.
"But, but very reliable—when you're with him, you only need to worry about whether he might eliminate you, there's no need to worry about anything else."
You're closer to teasing than stating facts with that last part... I can clearly hear that you're somewhat afraid, yet you still insist on teasing both Gehrman Sparrow and yourself—is this the nature of writers? Well, from 'The Great Adventurer' series, it's clear that you respect, fear, and somewhat admire Gehrman Sparrow, yet you persistently write gossip about him... The Chariot Lumian, listening quietly, couldn't help but think to himself.
After speaking quickly, Madam Magician turned her gaze to Mr. Hanged Man sitting diagonally across from her, meaning it was his turn.
Mr. Hanged Man had already prepared his thoughts. "I haven't had much contact with any of Mr. Fool's identities, and some I haven't met at all, so I can only say briefly.
"An experienced, very intelligent, and powerful adventurer.
"His luck seems quite good too.
"Not actually as cold and hard as his exterior suggests.
"Willing to listen to others' opinions and respect their experience."
After Mr. Hanged Man finished, Madam Judgment, who appeared small compared to her chair, shared her understanding, "Most of my impressions of Gehrman Sparrow come from Madam Magician, so there's no need to repeat them.
"I've had the most contact with the identity of Dwayne Dantès. He's a mature, cultured, wealthy gentleman, but very mysterious, with unusual things always happening around him.
"He's said to be romantic, fond of beautiful women with different characteristics, but I haven't noticed him having any truly deep relationships with any women.
"Well, he also has a kind heart, does charity work with genuine desire to help others, and treats his male and female servants not

just with surface politeness, but actually without arrogance or hidden discrimination..."
This is also one side of Mr. Fool, especially certain details that really reflect his inner nature... Madam Justice carefully memorized what the other Major Arcana card holders were saying, to summarize and distill it later.
Mr. Sun, tall and wearing a plain white robe, followed by saying, "Powerful but not arrogant, cold but not heartless.
"He practices all that is righteous, he's willing to take great risks to help people who are actually of no use to him, he is light in the darkness, a guide walking ahead, an angel sheltering everyone."
A more religious description, with more extreme and pure emotions... As expected of the Pope of the Church of The Fool and member of the New City of Silver's six-member council... Lumian could clearly hear some differences.
Ma'am Hermit pushed up her glasses and said, "A very capable adventurer who can always respond most appropriately to unexpected situations.
"He also yearns for something, he also gazes at the setting sun, and at such times, I can truly feel his loneliness—what he wants to grasp seems to be in a very distant, unreachable place.
"Also, a mysterious, powerful, and reliable companion."
The original Major Arcana card holders of the Tarot Club had finished speaking, leaving only the two new members.
The Chariot Lumian, whose figure was blurred but still recognizably female, thought for a moment before calmly saying, "I've never had any real contact with any of Mr. Fool's identities in the real world, my impressions of them all come from the materials you provided. I can only speak from my interactions with Mr. Fool through certain dream images in the dream city."
He was silent for a second before stating his first impression, "Guardian."
Mr. Star, sitting beside him, suddenly spoke, as if sighing and supplementing, "A guardian fighting against threats and madness."
Lumian nodded.
He strongly agreed with this description, especially after learning that the Celestial Worthys spiritual imprint was indelible and eternal.
This addition also resonated with the other Major Arcana card holders, and everyone fell into a new silence.
After a brief moment, Lumian shared his other impressions, "Gentle, kind, elder brother, teacher, friend, a person with stories, a deity with humanity."

After a pause, Lumian continued, "He values family and friends greatly, he probably very much wants to return to the era he truly belongs to, return to his homeland buried in history. He is lonely because of this, often sad and in pain, and only family and friends he acknowledges can help him find meaning in life.
"On the one hand detachment, on the other a deeper appreciation for life experiences, willing to experience beauty..."
As he spoke, Lumian stopped, because he felt that the more he said, the more he was thinking about how Aurore was the same way, and he worried he might mix up some of Aurore's characteristics with Mr. Fool's, affecting the Major Arcana card holders' summary of Gehrman Sparrow's image.
So it is indeed like this... Madam Justice felt that some of her private speculations and judgments made after understanding the truth about transmigration were confirmed.
While memorizing, she felt that Gehrman Sparrow's image had become more grounded, more detailed, and more well-rounded.
At this point, Madam Temperance, who couldn't easily speak due to her sequence limitations, displayed the paper she had been writing on.
On the paper were words in ancient Feysac:
"My impressions are:
"Brave, decisive, extremely fast growth, increasingly reliable, increasingly capable.
"Also, gentle, cultured, kind, rational, has a sense of justice, pursues fairness, has sufficient sympathy for those in suffering and poverty, and is willing to help, has a heart of mercy."
After reading the contents of Madam Temperance's paper, Madam Justice thought quickly.
After a while, she spoke slowly, "Currently, the public's mainstream impression of Gehrman Sparrow focuses on several labels:
"Great adventurer, cold and powerful, Angel of Redemption, Mr. Fool's proxy, pirate killer.
"We don't need to change these for now. What we need to do is make these labels richer, more detailed, and also show the complexity of human nature."
The early impression that Gehrman Sparrow was a "lunatic" had basically faded after the Church of The Fool widely publicized the matter of redemption, and was no longer believed by most people.
Madam Justice continued, "Let's now start summarizing and unifying our understanding.
"The first word I want to propose is 'guardian.'"
All the Major Arcana card holders, including Lumian, had no

objections to this.
Thus, after multiple discussions, those present reached a unified understanding of Gehrman Sparrow's image: "Powerful, cautious, mysterious background, loves money but also generous, gentle at heart, shows mercy to people, redeems suffering, values family and relationships, always misses his homeland, is Mr. Fool's proxy."
The Major Arcana card holders didn't add all the details to make the description richer, as that would both make it difficult to spread and easy to misinterpret—it was enough that they themselves had the corresponding impressions.
Madam Magician thought for a moment and said, "I think we can add that he has rich inner thoughts, likes to ramble, joke, and tease in his mind.
"For the novel's text, this would be very interesting, and this is also the true Gehrman Sparrow."
"That works." Madam Justice looked toward Madam Magician and smiled, saying, "Then I'll trouble you to complete 'The Great Adventurer 7' within two weeks."
"Alright." Madam Magician's body stiffened for a second, then she forced a smile and said, "I've even thought of the promotional tagline, um, 'Want to see a more vivid and humane Gehrman Sparrow?'"

Chapter 1041: Different Accounts

"Whether or not the Demoness of Black provided the corresponding mystical knowledge, you should perform the ritual in the next two days. I will help you forcefully locate and lock onto the Mirror Person. After this is done, I'll need to focus on meeting my deadline," Madam Magician said to Lumian as she floated in the East Lognes Forest near Chaillot Town.

Don't tell me you haven't even started writing yet—not a single word? When you said above the gray fog that you'd even thought of the promotional tagline, did you make that up on the spot? In that case, completing 'The Great Adventurer 7' in two weeks would be very difficult, unless you don't care about quality... Lumian pondered thoughtfully.

At the end of yesterday's small meeting, Madam Magician had promised in front of all the Major Arcana card holders that she would deliver the manuscript for 'The Great Adventurer 7' within two weeks.

The other Major Arcana card holders also expressed that they would quickly adjust Gehrman Sparrow's image within their own spheres of influence. The most important among these was the action to be taken by the Church of The Fool.

Mr. Sun would gather bishops from each parish in batches to undergo intensive theological training, adding corresponding interpretations and descriptions to their sermons while making minimal changes to the scripture.

Before Lumian could respond, Madam Magician added, "If you're really not ready to perform the ritual yet, then we can wait until two weeks later."

"I'm ready," Lumian calmly replied, standing atop a large tree, concealing himself in the shadows of the canopy.

At this time, Franca arrived at the estate that primarily grew grapes.

She once again saw Browns Sauron, with her orange-red long hair, clean and pure face, and hint of wildness.

"Long time no see," Franca smiled in greeting.

Browns looked at her and suddenly froze. "You seem to have become more beautiful."

"You've become more beautiful too," Franca observed Browns, noticing that her orange-red hair had become slightly darker, her features more delicate, and the touch of wildness in her demeanor made one unconsciously think of young girls who could participate in hunting in primitive tribes.

Browns withdrew her gaze and said with slight pride in a soft

voice, "I'm now a Demoness of Affliction."
"If this were at sea, you'd have a chance to be called an admiral," Franca politely complimented.
What do you call that? That's called having class!
Browns strongly agreed with this, but said, "I feel like in recent years, Sequence 5 has become increasingly less valuable."
When the apocalypse comes, except for a few special saints, perhaps only Angels will be able to make a difference... Franca suddenly felt somewhat melancholic.
The two Demonesses chatted casually as they went deeper into the estate, arriving at the round pavilion situated among numerous grape vines and creepers.
The Demoness of Black, wearing a deep blue hat, her face partially obscured by a veil which only made her more alluring, was sitting inside.
"Teacher, Franca is here," Browns stepped forward and said softly.
The Demoness of Black turned to the side and cast her gaze upon Franca.
"Good morning, Madame," Franca first greeted with a smile, then said seriously and devoutly, "I have become a Demoness of Despair, under God's watch."
Demoness of Despair? Sequence 4 demigod? She became a demigod? Browns's beautiful eyes suddenly grew round.
When she and Franca first met, they were both just Demonesses of Pleasure, and in just over half a year, the other party had reached Sequence 4?
This was a qualitative change point, the gateway to godhood, the initial line separating humans from gods—how could it be so easy to cross and push open?
A Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair, even within the entire Demoness Sect, their numbers were quite limited, worthy of being called high-ranking, though not yet able to enter the core layer!
I thought my advancement speed was already fast enough... Browns momentarily felt dazed, unable to help questioning life.
The Demoness of Black showed no obvious emotional fluctuation, and only nodded after Franca finished speaking, "Thank God for Her favor, thank the Primordial One's grace."
She accepted it just like that? Has the Primordial Demoness given corresponding revelations? Franca, who was already prepared to flee the Demoness Sect at any time and wanted to get whatever benefits she could, quickly said, "After becoming a Demoness of Despair, I feel my connection with the Mirror Person has deepened, and it has undergone some sort of mutation. Could you teach me in detail about the mystical knowledge related to the

Mirror Person?"
The Demoness of Black glanced at Franca and said with a slight smile, "After gaining godhood, you indeed should pay attention to such matters."
Her gaze swept over Browns as she continued, "The Mirror People of Demonesses always believe they are the original body, that they are the original who was separated after drinking the 'Witch' potion, imprisoned in the mirror world, serving as a mirror substitute and mirror magic medium. If you with your godhood believe this point, your soul, personality, and spirit will become incomplete because of it. Not only will you never have hope of reaching higher sequences, but you'll also have many problems in daily life, and the risk of losing control will also become very high.
"A Demoness's Mirror Person is essentially a product of the combination of potion power and mirror world rules, closer to a spiritual imprint and soul projection."
This is completely different from Moran Avigny's saying that a "Demoness's true self dwells within the mirror"... Although I prefer this explanation and am willing to accept it, the Demoness of Black probably hasn't revealed the whole truth. For example, why is the spiritual imprint and soul projection in a male state? After becoming a Witch, both body and soul have changed... Well, Moran Avigny, as a Mirror Person, his viewpoints and perspectives must also be biased... Combine the two? Franca listened quietly, thinking instinctively, without interrupting the Demoness of Black's explanation.
The Demoness of Black's voice took on several layers of complexity, with various emotions difficult to distinguish.
"This is also one of the reasons why males are more suited to the Demoness pathway.
"To further utilize the mirror world, one must inevitably face their own Mirror Person, and male Demonesses' Mirror Person is male —extreme, vengeful, hateful, males in pain who will be better attracted by a Demoness's charm, thereby becoming infatuated with us, both hating and obeying.
"Female Demonesses' Mirror People have stronger replacement desires and are harder to control."
Can it work like that? You were able to become a Demoness of Unaging because you charmed your mirror self and made him fall in love with you? *What does tasting yourself feel like?* Franca pondered internally.
Aren't Demonesses too twisted?
She thought for a moment and said sincerely, "Eventually we have to face our own Mirror Person?

"Will he be willing to meet with me? I feel he will deliberately avoid me using our mystical connection."
The Demoness of Black answered, "They will indeed avoid you. Although our Mirror Person will continuously grow stronger as our strength increases, being equivalent to a copy of our abilities, but as a Demoness's Mirror Person, they are naturally restricted, constrained, and weakened by the mirror world, like prisoners wearing shackles unable to perform normally. They're unlikely to be our match, so they will inevitably choose to avoid us.
"Only when you are weak enough, and there are no traps around, will you see him, face him.
"Remember, what you know, he knows."
Let the Mirror Person think there's an opportunity? And we share memories and abilities? Franca pondered for a few seconds and said, "In Underground Trier, I entered a special mirror world and encountered my own Mirror Person. That time, he faced me directly, without avoiding me in advance."
"The Mirror Person in the special mirror worlds is different from a Demoness's Mirror Person in the broader mirror world. What's useful to us is the latter," the Demoness of Black explained briefly.
Franca asked about some more details until the Demoness of Black no longer gave detailed answers.
She had to report other matters.
"Louis from the Emperor Party was very frustrated for a while earlier, seemingly unable to contact some important figure, but recently he's back to normal, showing no similar behavior."
"Very good, keep watching them," the Demoness of Black nodded slightly.
Franca received permission after taking her leave.
The Demoness of Black quietly watched her silhouette until she and Browns disappeared into the grape grove.
...
In the luxurious villa.
Franca detailed the mystical knowledge taught by the Demoness of Black to Lumian and Jenna.
"Are we performing the ritual today?" after they finished their discussion, Madam Magician asked.
"We can try. We'll only know what problems there are after we try," Lumian stood up, his black hair falling loose.
Madam Magician smiled and said, "No need to rush, wait for me."
As soon as she finished speaking, this Major Arcana card holder opened an illusory door of starlight and walked through it.
Soon after, she returned to this luxurious villa.
She had changed her clothes, wearing a deep black warlock's robe

embroidered with silver stars.
"Look in the mirror, then use Mirror Substitution." Madam Magician's speech quickened slightly, as if she couldn't maintain her current state for too long.
Under Franca and Jenna's watchful eyes, Lumian walked to the full-length mirror in the bedroom.
Looking at the enchanting Demoness reflected in the mirror, he maintained a cold expression and actively used Mirror Substitution.
When the cracking sound rang out, the silver stars on Madam Magician's warlock robe began to glow, becoming increasingly numerous.
The surrounding darkness spread accordingly, and an illusory starry sky descended upon this room.
The brilliant stars moved rapidly, forming a directional, extremely complex key.
This was forcefully locating by borrowing the mystical connection between Lumian and his Mirror Person, utilizing the characteristic that the Mirror Person was the corresponding medium for mirror magic!
In just a second or two, Madam Magician's voice echoed ethereally, "Found him."
Countless starlight then fell, disappearing into the full-length mirror.
"I've briefly confined the target, you can go now," Madam Magician then said to Lumian.
Her voice had returned to normal.
Lumian nodded once, stepped into the full-length mirror, and following the starlight's guidance, traversed into the depths of the mirror world.

Chapter 1042: A Common Goal

The endless darkness around seemed frozen, with points of starlight moving through it like liquid flowing through blood vessels in an illusory tunnel, helping Lumian traverse without losing his way.

In just about ten seconds, Lumian arrived at an area where the void was dark and heavy, forming a giant eggshell.

With his arrival, the guiding starlight ahead coalesced into a dreamlike door upon the eggshell.

As soon as Lumian passed through this door, he saw a familiar figure.

It was himself, his male state.

That handsome face was covered in blood stains, and his blue eyes revealed undisguised hatred and pain.

"Well well, having an Angel's help does make a difference!" Lumian's Mirror Person gave a thumbs up, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"If an Angel promises to help and you don't use her power, wouldn't that make you a fool?" Lumian let out his habitual scoff.

Lumian's Mirror Person stared fixedly at his female self, and after a few seconds said, "What are you here for?"

Lumian responded calmly. "To reconcile with you.

"If you're unwilling, I'll beat you into submission, charm you until you are."

Lumian's Mirror Person gave a self-mocking laugh, then said, "Okay."

"That simple?" Lumian raised an eyebrow that was much softer than his Mirror Person's.

His Mirror Person chuckled. "I'd rather replace you, but that would require your agreement too."

"If there's no other way, that could be considered." Lumian's lips curved into a smile, his face seeming to reflect a hint of starlight.

His Mirror Person froze for a moment and said, "We are essentially the same, the current me."

"The current me?" Lumian was partly concerned his mirror self had other schemes, and partly wanted to explore more knowledge about Mirror People to help Franca with the upcoming ritual, so he didn't rush forward to reconcile.

"After consuming the Witch or higher potions and stabilizing the birth of a Mirror Person, essentially a split of the self occurs during advancement, dividing into the me in the mirror and the me outside the mirror, the me of the original gender and the me of the current gender. When you became a Demoness of Despair, you still

had Inevitability's boon, which caused a slight change in the split- the me in the mirror is the me of the original gender, also the past me, while the me outside is the me of the current gender, also the present me." The mirrored Lumian's face showed slight distortion. "This is my personal experience and feeling, it might not be entirely correct."
"If we reconcile, will we together form the future me?" Lumian asked thoughtfully.
"Perhaps." The mirrored Lumian sneered. "Who could have experience with this? Let's hurry up, don't waste time."
Seeing Lumian watching him without speaking, the mirrored Lumian smacked his lips and said, "If I replaced you, the ritual would definitely fall because the soul gender would be different. Then we'd forever remain at the Demoness of Despair sequence unless we switched to War Bishop. That's one path, but given the current situation, it would waste too much time.
"Gal, time waits for no one. Becoming a Demoness of Unaging is a crucial step to reviving Aurore. The sooner we take it, the better!"
Lumian was silent for a few seconds before saying. "You want to reconcile because reviving Aurore is more important?"
"Otherwise? Because of your charming personality?" the mirrored Lumian mocked.
He paused, composed his expression, and said in a deep voice, "We are the same person. Apart from hating you, cursing you, wanting to replace you, I have no other differences from you.
"And none of that matters."
"Indeed, none of that matters." Lumian finally smiled and walked toward his mirror self.
He extended his fair, slender hand with skin like congealed cream.
His mirror self also smiled.
"Since replacing you isn't the most important thing. between reconciliation, being enslaved, and being infatuated with you, I'll definitely choose reconciliation."
As he spoke, he also extended his right palm.
A broad, strong hand with bronze-colored skin.
The two hands, noticeably different in size, clasped together.
Lumian instantly felt the mystical connection between them become almost tangible, as if forming ropes, forming a spider web that enclosed them both.
In his eyes, his mirror self's face suddenly twisted.
The Mirror Person burst out cursing. "Son of a sow! Do you know that every time you use Mirror Substitution, I die once and then split off from you again?
"You piece of shit, let's switch places once, let you experience how

painful it is!
"Trapped in this pitch-black place every day, no one to talk to, no one to interact with, I've nearly gone crazy. might as well die, but Aurore hasn't been revived yet!
"Haha, I'm always happy when you're suffering, so you have times like that too!
"Dammit, but I suffer while being happy, because what causes you pain makes me feel pain too, when you're in despair, I'm in despair too!
"Sometimes I think, letting me replace you to face all this. I'd rather die a few more times!
"My little cabbage, why can't you be happier, enjoy more, make me jealous, make me strongly want to replace you?
"..."
Lumian listened to his mirror self's angry curses without suppressing the emotional waves in his heart, as if he too was howling and venting similarly.
The two people in their handshake hadn't moved forward, yet they seemed to be getting closer and closer.
At this point, the mirrored Lumian stopped cursing.
He looked at Lumian, his expression serious, and said in a low voice, "We must revive Aurore."
He paused, then gritted his teeth and shouted. "Otherwise I won't let you off even as a ghost!"
"I won't let myself off either," Lumian responded in a deep voice.
As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly felt his perspective change.
He saw his female self with eyes as clear as a highland lake, features bright and dignified, carrying a peculiar sharpness, and he saw himself with a blood-stained face, expression no longer so twisted.
At this moment, Lumian had an understanding.
Using the help of the Demoness's spider silk, he took out with one hand from the Traveler's Bag the Demoness of Unaging's Beyonder characteristic that resembled a transparent spring eye, different parts of corpses to replace Mirror God fragments and Gorgon blood, drops of water from drowned people's lungs collected over these two days, and an antique mirror from the early Fifth Epoch.
Under the guidance of invisible spider silk, first the slightly yellow-tinted blood was poured into a glass cup, a full 80 milliliters, then the spring-like crystal, glass shard-like objects, blackened drops with pus, and the copper mirror with damaged decorations around its edges were successively placed into that cup of blood.
In an instant, the glass cup took on a grayish-white color, and all

items inside quickly merged, gradually becoming illusory.
Soon, a glass of grayish-white liquid that clearly reflected the surrounding mirror world appeared before Lumian's eyes.
The "Unaging" potion!
Lumian, simultaneously having two perspectives, raised his left hand and brought the transparent grayish-white cup to his lips, drinking the potion inside.
He first tasted a mixture of soil and stone, then hist senses were numbed.
Wherever the potion passed, his tongue, mouth, esophagus, and stomach lost sensation, turning grayish-white.
This grayish-white was still seeping into his soul.
At this moment, Lumian felt his spirit float into the air, arriving at his mirror self's side, watching as his Demoness form gradually turned to stone, seemingly becoming a statue.
His mirror self also underwent corresponding changes, just much more slowly, much more gradually.
Lumian's spirit quickly descended, using his mirror self to maintain consciousness and avoid complete petrification.
He suddenly understood why the Demoness of Unaging's ritual involved enslaving one's Mirror Person, or making him infatuated, or reconciling with him, because otherwise, after taking the potion, as the body petrified and the spirit wandered toward the mirror self, it would meet the Mirror Person's strong resistance, and at this time one's strength could only be exerted to a limited degree, making the situation very precarious.
When the Mirror Person was also severely petrified, Lumian's spirit floated up again, returning to his body.
By now, his body had adapted to the potion and, under returning consciousness's drive, gradually shed its petrified state.
Then, he saw his mirror self changing, transforming toward femininity, and not far away, one after another version of himself emerged from the darkness-him when he had just become a Demoness of Despair, him when he was still an Pyromaniac, him when he had just arrived at Cordu Village, him when he was still wandering, him in childhood...
Every time he looked in a mirror, it left certain traces in the mirror world, and now they all appeared!
You can choose one of these selves, fixing that state...
This is the secret of how the Demoness of Unaging can restore youth...
No matter which state is chosen, it will inevitably feminize...
My mirror self has actually become a woman too... Is this because I chose reconciliation rather than enslavement or making him

infatuated?
So it can work like this...
Lumian, still gradually relieving his petrified state.
watched as his mirror self became increasingly beautiful, becoming more and more like himself, but vaguely carrying some of Aurore's qualities.
Just as feelings of joy began to arise, a scene suddenly appeared before his eyes:
in endless darkness, an indistinct figure suddenly turned toward this direction.
In just the blink of an eye, this figure arrived at the edge of that darkness, quietly looking down at Lumian.
This was similar to the Primordial Demoness's gaze when Lumian advanced to Demoness of Despair, but somewhat different.
Under this gaze, Lumian instantly lost most sensation, left with only a hazy consciousness struggling not to sink.
Shortly after, he opened his eyes to find himself wrapped in layers of grayish-white spider webs, like prey stored by a spider, or like a newborn in an egg.
The next second, the spider web silently collapsed. falling to the ground. Lumian's ordinary clothes, weakened by the earlier petrification and current recovery, quickly turned to powder and drifted away. revealing lustrous, delicate white skin.
While taking out and changing into clothes from the Traveler's Bag, Lumian looked around.
He then saw his Demoness-state mirror self.
He smiled, and that Mirror Person smiled too.
They were no longer separate-Lumian was both the self outside the mirror and the self inside the mirror, both the past self and the present self.
This was a Demoness of Unaging.

Chapter 1043: Unaging

While changing clothes, Lumian examined the changes in himself after becoming a Demoness of Unaging.

Because of the reconciliation, his Mirror Person's consciousness had returned to his body. Whether it was his reflection in the mirror or himself outside it, they were now both him - different parts sharing a single consciousness.

In other words, he had the sensation of being both outside and within the mirror simultaneously. Even walking in sunlight, he would partially experience another self-moving hesitantly forward in darkness.

This also allowed him to see both the reality and the changes within mirrors simultaneously.

Furthermore, in the past, when a Mirror Person died, it would split off from the body again to revive. Now, the body had the same privilege-if it died, it would revive through the Mirror Person.

Simply put, the death of either the body or the Mirror Person alone was no longer true death for a Demoness of Unaging - it was more like a partial injury that could be healed.

Additionally, a Demoness of Unaging could have multiple Mirror Persons. Lumian could use environments with multiple mirrors to temporarily multiply his Mirror Persons-as long as one survived, he wouldn't truly die. He could also use blood, hair, skin, or other media to create a Mirror Person sleeping within a mirror, hiding that mirror in a secret place under anti-divination conditions, cutting off corresponding mystical connections to prevent curses and other harm from affecting the sleeping Mirror Person.

This way, even if his body and other Mirror Persons were killed, as long as this hidden mirror remained unfound, Lumian could revive through the sleeping Mirror Person.

This was the source of the Demoness of Unaging's bizarre resistance to death and skill at revival: the self in the mirror and the self outside are both me!

Without this special characteristic, revival through this method would be impossible, which was why Lumian couldn't help others create sleeping Mirror Persons.

Does reconciliation mean both inside and outside the mirror are me? While enslavement and infatuation mean the mirror self is either not me or just my appendage? Just as Lumian thought this, an illusory starfield suddenly appeared before his eyes, revealing countless brilliant stars.

Some of these stars were very bright and large, hidden in the depths of darkness, while others seemed nearby yet remained

untouchable.
Wh-Lumian's pupils, clear and dreamy like a highland lake, suddenly dilated.
He felt his Unaging potion had been completely digested!
What's going on?
How had it been fully digested right after drinking it and completing the advancement?
He hadn't even begun acting the role of a Demoness of Unaging yet!
Amid confusion, bewilderment, and perplexity, various thoughts flashed through Lumian's mind until he arrived at an extraordinarily joyful speculation:
This was brought about by the further awakening of Aurore's soul fragment!
Has Aurore further awakened through this state of being both inside and outside the mirror, through me and my Mirror Person? She's now effectively part of me, and any part of me can eventually be revived through the Mirror Person, so has she gained this characteristic too?
Given the name, surely the act of a Demoness of Unaging doesn't require maintaining an unaging mentality and appearance over hundreds or thousands of years? The unaging appearance is easily solved-a Demoness of Unaging naturally maintains their appearance. But an unaging mentality is much more difficult and would take a very long time. Yet Aurore is from thousands or tens of thousands of years ago, or even longer, and has been sleeping the whole time. Upon returning to reality in the current era, her mentality is indeed still quite young, completely unaging...
Aurore is now part of me, one of my aspects. If her mental, spiritual, and soul state perfectly matches the requirements of the Unaging potion, it's as if I match them too, so the potion naturally digested quickly...
Lumian nodded thoughtfully.
What made him happiest wasn't that the Unaging potion had been completely digested in such a short time, but that he had truly seen and felt Aurore's awakening.
This was indeed the first step in reviving Aurore!
Lumian continued examining the changes in his state.
Hmm, I can separate out Mirror Persons for special hiding, and since the potion is fully digested, it's increased to two.
I've truly gained the Petrification ability, no longer requiring hair contact. However, Petrification still can't take effect on targets across thin air-either it must spread inch by inch from nearby until it reaches and covers the enemy, or it must use the

Demoness's spider silk to transmit the corresponding power...
My eyes are now equivalent to mirrors. Whatever I see can become a target for curses, and I can use my eyes as a medium along with my Mirror Person transformation to directly enter the mirror world.
If I manifest an incomplete Mythical Creature form, my hair will become serpents, each with a clear black and white eye on its head. Whatever these eyes see can be petrified from thin air...
My utilization of the mirror world has clearly strengthened. I can forcibly pull people of lower standing into the mirror world without them noticing. For Saints and Angels of equal or higher standing, success and detection depend on their state. I can even pull an entire house or street into the mirror world-what exactly gets pulled in is up to me, it doesn't have to be done as a whole...
I can now directly transmit power through the mirror world. Combined with Mirror Projection, I can sit at home and 'manifest' power anywhere in Trier using positioned mirrors. The power attached to this Mirror Projection cannot exceed Sequence 4...
"The Hunter pathway is still only at Sequence 5, with no new fusion abilities, but Precision can help me 'manifest' power in three different places.
All Mirror Projections cannot leave their corresponding mirror's reflection range...
At the Demoness of Unaging level, I can control mirrors within a fifteen-kilometer range and those I've visited before-this can cover an entire small city...
The Plague range has reached ten kilometers and can spread outward on its own, though the types of plagues haven't increased...
Each spider silk is now like my arm...
I can perfectly display the charm of women at every age, with skin condition and facial features either matching or contrasting....
As long as there's a physical medium, Curses can not only affect the target but also their direct relatives. With large-scale, special black magic, crucial media, and arrangements, curses might even harm Angels. Other aspects haven't changed much...
Other Demoness abilities have also improved accordingly...
That bizarre state of the Demoness of Black earlier really had nothing to do with the Demoness of Unaging itself, or perhaps it depends on which ritual was chosen during advancement?
After this examination, Lumian looked around, then traversed back to his bedroom.
By this time, Madam Magician was gone.
Madam Magician said that the magic robe couldn't be worn too

long. After confirming you were fine, she left to get some rest and will return later," Jenna explained upon seeing him.
Franca asked eagerly, "Did the ritual succeed? Are you now a Demoness of Unaging?"
Her spiritual intuition told her this was the case.
Lumian nodded and smiled, "Yes, we reconciled."
Before Franca could ask more, he casually said, "The Unaging potion has also been completely digested."
"Huh?" "What?" Jenna and Franca exclaimed in surprise.
Lumian smiled at Franca. "If you became a Demoness of Unaging, you'd be able to digest the potion quickly too."
"Ah, me?" Franca paused, pointing at herself, then asked with some speculation, "Does the acting of a Demoness of Unaging focus on time scale and the unaging state?"
She thought carefully-she really was an ancient relic. and she truly wasn't aging now, in any aspect.
With a nod, Lumian replied, "I believe the most important acting principle is maintaining an unaging mentality over the erosion of time, over hundreds or thousands of years."
"It's true then..." Franca nodded slowly, "Did the Celestial Worthy make us hang on that light gate for thousands or tens of thousands of years, causing us to perfectly match such acting? His intentions were bad, but the outcome was good?"
Understanding what they were talking about. Jenna looked at Lumian and asked, "You relied on Aurore?"
"I now truly feel that Aurore is one of my aspects, a part of me," Lumian didn't hide it.
Jenna smiled with complex emotions and empathy, "That's wonderful."
She thought of her mother and father-she also had people she wanted to revive, but there was no hope now.
Lumian then told Franca and Jenna in great detail about his dialogue with his Mirror Person and his feelings during advancement, finally saying. "Reconciliation brings unity between the self in and outside the mirror. The other two methods probably don't work-the Mirror Person would remain one's male self.
"I think the prerequisite for reconciliation is that both parties have a common goal for which one is willing to sacrifice themselves, and the Mirror Person has no better options. Then negotiations become possible."
Franca fell into deep thought.
Lumian looked at Jenna and after some consideration said, "If earlier my Mirror Person had deceived me, instigated me, replaced me, since his core is male, the advancement ritual would have

failed. From this, you could have determined that the one who came out of the mirror was the Mirror Person and responded accordingly.

"But for purely female demonesses, there isn't this restriction. If your Mirror Person replaced you, they could still perform the ritual and become a Demoness of Unaging. This would make it impossible for anyone to notice that the real you had been silently replaced."

"You think this might be related to the potential horrifying experiences pure female demonesses might face when advancing to Demoness of Unaging?" Jenna understood what Lumian was really trying to warn about.

Lumian nodded. "This surely isn't everything, but it might be part of it."

After talking further, Lumian asked Franca, "Do you want to perform the ritual today, or prepare for a while longer?"

Franca ruminated for a few seconds before saying, "I want to try.

"If my Mirror Person has my memories from before transmigrating, rather than being dominated by the original body's residual consciousness, I think.. I think I might be able to persuade him."

Chapter 1044: Lingering Thoughts

When Madam Magician returned, Franca, like Lumian before her, entered deep into the mirror world with the help of the Angel of the Door pathway's positioning and containment, and saw her Mirror Person sitting cross-legged on the ground.

Her Mirror Person bore the original body's appearance, his face stained with blood, his eyes filled with contempt, disdain, and resentment.

"You dare show your face to me?" the Mirror Person shouted before Franca could speak.

Franca's mouth half-opened as she said, both angry and amused, "What do I have to be ashamed of?

"I didn't cause all this. You're a part of me, split from my soul. When we drank the Witch potion back then, can you say you didn't agree, that it wasn't with your permission?"

Why blame each other when we're both responsible?

"I'll admit to that.

The Mirror Person was silent for two seconds.

"But you clearly had a chance to become a man again, yet you refused. Have you become addicted to being a woman? What right do you have to face me?

"Have you forgotten your original appearance and conviction?"

Franca was momentarily speechless, and only after about ten seconds said, "I feel that gender isn't important, what's important is a person's character spirit, morals..."

"Don't try to pacify me with that Instigator rhetoric, know you too well! We're the same person!" the Mirror Person interrupted Franca.

Being able to talk is good, being able to talk means there's room for discussion... Franca sighed and said, "After knowing we can't go back, I only care about certain people and things now. I don't want to lose anymore, to have any more major upheavals...

"Besides, you're right, you're not wrong! Maybe I've been a woman for too long, I've gotten somewhat used to it. Since I fear change, staying unchanged is acceptable too."

The Mirror Person sneered, "You admit it then? You can fool others, but you can't fool yourself!"

Franca said self-mockingly, "Besides, it's almost the apocalypse, even the deities and angels think so. Let's do meaningful things first, leave other matters for after the apocalypse. We can make changes then, maybe we'll have new ideas by then. If we can't survive the apocalypse, everyone's finished anyway, so thinking about these things is meaningless."

She paused, then said softly, "And we can't avoid the Demoness Sect matters, someone has to help him after all."
The Mirror Person shot Franca a glance. "Don't you know how dangerous it is?"
"I know, but I'm the only suitable one." Franca suddenly smiled. "If I were in a similar situation, needing someone to take a great risk to do something. I believe both Lumian and Jenna would do it."
Her voice was soft, but without a trace of doubt.
The Mirror Person looked at Franca, his eyes gleaming with envy.
After a moment, he sat cross-legged and sneered, "Whatever. Whether you become a man or court death, it's all the same to me now, it has nothing to do with me."
As he spoke, his eyes grew dim, his whole person becoming dejected.
"After knowing we can't go back, nothing matters anymore."
Franca recalled her emotions when learning the truth and said empathetically, "We can only gradually accept our current life, accept this reality.
"At least there are still people we care about, people who care about us, life still has some meaning."
"That's you!" the Mirror Person cursed, "What does that have to do with me? If I were to turn the tables and replace you, do you think Jenna and Lumian would maintain the current relationship, or eliminate me on the spot?"
The Mirror Person looked up at Franca, his expression suddenly turning sad. "I have nothing left."
Franca fell silent, her mouth slightly closed, saying nothing.
The Mirror Person sighed again and said, "My greatest wish originally was to find a chance to replace you, to lock you in this dark prison while I lived the good life in the real world, searching for ways to become a man again and return home. In the end, I would return home with a handsome face, strong masculine physique, and many superpowers, becoming an urban hero like Batman, admired by many, pursued by girls I liked..."
As he spoke, the Mirror Person's voice gradually lowered.
After several seconds, he said quietly, "Now, I have nothing left..."
As Franca listened to the Mirror Person's fantasies, she suddenly truly recognized that he was indeed a part of herself.
Those fantasies, except for the reversed roles of inside and outside the mirror, were all things she had once imagined, the thoughts that had helped her persist in this world.
At this moment, Franca had a sudden realization.
There was one more prerequisite for reconciliation that Lumian hadn't summarized-the host had to truly acknowledge that the

Mirror Person is a part of themselves, another aspect of themselves, rather than harboring deceptive intentions and using the Instigator's abilities to persuade.
Recognition should be mutual, only then can reconciliation occur, only then can consciousness be unified.
Moved by this understanding, she said, "You are me, and I am you. What I have is also yours. Let's reconcile, let's merge."
The Mirror Person, still sitting cross-legged on the ground, was stunned for a moment before once again speaking mockingly, "Forget it, we can't go back anyway, what's the point of saying these things?
Franca walked toward the Mirror Person, crouched before him, and extended her hand.
She smiled and said, "Let me help you up.
The Mirror Person stared at her steadily, and after a long while smiled and said, "You probably thought you could Charm me, make me fall for you. You know, I'm most vulnerable to feminine wiles.
"Actually, thinking about it. If I really replaced you, leaving aside whether Jenna and Lumian would accept it, I couldn't continue being a woman either. I'd definitely switch to War Bishop, then live a life of debauchery, sleeping with women everywhere, cursing while sacrificing myself when the apocalypse comes?
"Thinking about it, it's all rather pointless..."
The Mirror Person fell silent for a few seconds, then suddenly extended his right hand, grasped Franca's hand, and stood up following her pull.
He looked at Franca's beautiful lake-colored eyes and slightly darkened flaxen hair, clicking his tongue as he smiled.
"I haven't forgiven you.
"And I don't accept your reasoning."
Suddenly, his whole person relaxed, and he said in a low, gentle voice, "I just have no more lingering thoughts..."
"I still have some." Franca smiled bitterly.
That Mirror Person also chuckled. "So, you continue on. I won't be joining you."
Hearing these words, Franca truly felt the distance between them closing, their mystical connection transforming into something substantial.
A phrase suddenly flashed through her mind "Yesterday's matters die with yesterday, today's matters live with today."
This too was a way of reconciling with oneself.
...
"The ritual succeeded, the Primordial Demoness just watched for a

moment, who knows what She's waiting for." In a bedroom of the luxury villa. Madam Magician said to Lumian and Jenna, "I'll change clothes and come back."
With that, she opened an illusory door and walked through.
By the time she had changed back into her orange dress and returned to Lumian and Jenna's side, Franca, who had finished examining her own state, walked out of the full-length mirror.
Seeing that Franca's eyes had become slightly bluer and her hair slightly darker and thicker, Jenna asked expectantly, "Have you also fully digested the Unaging potion?"
Franca smiled, seemingly brightening the entire room.
"Yes, Lumian's analysis of the Demoness of Unaging's acting principles should be correct."
Her current bearing was that of someone twenty- seven or twenty-eight, someone with both life experience and sophistication.
Madam Magician chuckled. "Your advancement speed and digestion rate would make many of the Major Arcana card holders envious."
But not you? Lumian thought privately,
Madam Magician continued, "But don't think about rushing to the Angel level yet. At Sequence 3, you still have many things to do.
"Most importantly, anchors-faith anchors.
"Without proper preparation in this aspect, even if you have the potion formula and are lucky enough to collect the corresponding materials, the probability of losing control during advancement will still far exceed the probability of success.
"The apocalypse is approaching, many of the earlier Sequences have become easier, but becoming a true Mythical Creature remains difficult and dangerous."
"Faith anchors? We need to establish our own faith and spread it?" Franca, well-read as she was, immediately understood Madam Magician's meaning.
But establishing a new faith in lands that worship true gods could only be done secretly, or in the Southern Continent.
Seeing Lumian also looking at her, Madam Magician pondered before saying, "If you don't mind, the Church of The Fool can list you as Saints, assign corresponding parishes, and make you the patron saints of those areas. This way, you can quickly gain followers through the Church of The Fool's influence and Mr. Fool's authority-followers who are subsidiary to Mr. Fool.
"All orthodox churches help their Angels and Saints this way."
After exchanging glances, Lumian and Franca said, "We have no objections."
Madam Magician smiled again.

"Then quickly design honorific names that point to you, five passages, and send them through a messenger to Judgment.
"Also, you're planning to stay in Trier, right? I'll have the Church of The Fool assign two cathedrals in Trier to you-ah, there's another one now, in the suburban area. This way, when followers pray, you'll be able to respond, and the more miracles there are, the more believers there will be.
"That's one aspect, you'll also need to do things to increase your own anchors.
"Well, you've just advanced, rest first, and seriously consider these matters tomorrow."
With that, Madam Magician hurriedly left.
"Let's rest first," Lumian then said to Franca,
Although the potion had been fully digested, advancement was a battle, and his body, mind, and spirit were still exhausted.
"Alright," Franca agreed.
Without waiting for nightfall, they both fell asleep in their respective bedrooms.
Lumian had a dream where he returned to Cordu. In that house In Cordu Village, Aurore was waiting for him, and had even prepared a guest room for Franca and Jenna.
The mountain pastures were green as carpets, the sunlight abundant, and Lumian was reluctant to wake up.
The mountain pastures were green as carpets, the sunlight abundant, and Lumian was reluctant to wake up.
Lumian got out of bed and walked toward the door when suddenly, he saw a white paper on the desk, with an ink bottle pressing down one corner.
It wasn't like this before I slept... Lumian was stunned for a moment as he looked carefully.
His gaze suddenly froze.
There was a line of words on the white paper, in handwriting he knew very well.
That was Aurore's handwriting!
Aurore's handwriting... Did she become active while I was asleep? She wrote this note, was she trying to remind me of something? Lumian approached the desk with dilated pupils and read the paper's contents.
It was a short line in Intis: "Summon White Paper!"

Chapter 1045: White Paper

Summon White Paper?

When Lumian saw the words on the paper, he was clearly stunned.

A strange trembling, surprise, and fear immediately welled up from the depths of his heart.

Had Aurore, whose soul fragment had further awakened and merged with me, struggled to control my body while I slept, just to leave this reminder?

Theoretically, this should be very important.

But why White Paper?

Lumian certainly remembered what White Paper was - it was Aurore's contract creature, very weak, from the spirit world. Besides being spiritually connected to Aurore, its only function was to temporarily carry one Beyonder ability of the contractor, and even then, it was limited to simple and weak types.

What was there to care about with such a contract creature?

The real reason for Lumian's intense emotional reaction was: he had originally thought everything about Cordu Village was very clear, that every important symbol had been interpreted, that who all the participants were and what roles they played were sufficiently clear, with no more questions, lacking only some specific details that didn't affect the overall truth.

But now, after Aurore's soul fragment had further wakened, the first thing she did was tell him to summon the contract creature White Paper!

Are there still important symbols in the Cordu Village incident that haven't been interpreted?

Is the current truth not the complete truth?

Are there still crucial secrets hidden?

Lumian forcefully suppressed the turmoil in his heart and quickly reviewed the key points of the Cordu Village incident.

Initially, Madame Pualis followed her husband, the local administrator, Béost, to Cordu, secretly planning to develop Cordu into her 'territory' to establish her own Paramita;

Madame Pualis began an affair with the padre and became pregnant;

Aurore, influenced by members of April's Fool attempted a Soul Summoning and ran into problems;

Aurore sought treatment from I Know Someone, her mental state fluctuating until ultimately allowing Roche Louise Sanson to return;

Some villagers who were close to Aurore were influenced by Roche

and believed in the constellation heresy, gradually spreading it outward;
The padre, while dealing with those involved in the constellation heresy, was bewitched by Roche and became a believer in Inevitability:
At this time, or perhaps later, the deity worshipped by the Aurora Order noticed Aurore's abnormality and the problems in Cordu Village, and began plotting Amon's return;
Several shepherds began bringing 'sacrifices' into the village, secretly conducting several ritual;
Reimund, Ava, and others discovered the village's abnormalities and were subsequently silenced;
I stumbled upon this matter and was nearly killed by the padre's group, fortunately saved by Aurore;
She also discovered something was wrong, we began seeking help from the outside world, but the truly useful approach was blocked by the tiny lizards;
Aurore was increasingly becoming Roche Louise Sanson;
They raided Madame Pualis's castle, and the padre killed his own child;
Madame Pualis left Cordu with her husband, butler, and maid, but left behind that empty cradle and other hidden arrangements, achieving some purpose through the final ritual;
The ritual officially began, Aurore pushed me off the altar, and Cordu was subsequently destroyed....
Lumian carefully recalled everything but couldn't find where White Paper had played any important role or key part in these events.
It had only served as eyes for Aurore or Roche at certain moments, helping them observe corresponding targets and specific battlefields.
Among all the key points, the only unclear one is what role Madame Pualis's empty cradle, and hidden arrangements played, but preliminarily it can be linked to the true birth of the Mother's Child of God Omebella, which isn't very questionable-this was confirmed by both Mr. Star's previous interpretation and the later scene of Madame Pualis appearing with baby Omebella...
Did White Paper observe some detail then that Aurore found useful, or rather, strange?
Just as Lumian thought this, he heard a knock at the door.
"Come in." His emotions had largely calmed down.
Franca and Jenna opened the door and entered. The former looked around and said, "We sensed you were awake but hadn't opened the door, so we came to check on you."

Lumian pointed to the paper on the desk and said. "While I was asleep, Aurore might have briefly awakened and used my body to leave this message."
Both Franca and Jenna were startled and quickly came to the desk, looking at the paper pressed down by the ink bottle.
"White Paper your sister's contract creature?" Jenna recalled Lumian's previous accounts.
"Why did Aurore want you to summon White Paper? Franca asked, puzzled.
Lumian shook his head slowly, "I don't know either.
"I thought everything about Cordu Village was already clear, but now..."
Franca suddenly had an inspiration and said thoughtfully, "Could this be the useful change that would appear after becoming a Demoness of Unaging in Mr. Fool's revelation?
"Is this the correct interpretation of that prerequisite?"
After thinking for a while, Lumian said, "Very likely.
"I had previously examined the characteristics and abilities of a Demoness of Unaging and hadn't found anything that could play a key role in subsequent events. I thought something would only emerge when I brought the Gift of the Land to meet the Hand Bro in the City of Exiles.
"Now it seems Mr. Fool required me to advance to a Demoness of Unaging before borrowing the Gift of the Land because once I became a Demoness of Unaging. Aurore's soul fragment would further awaken and better merge with me, able to provide very important reminders."
"So you're saying White Paper might have recorded key information about Madame Pualis and her baby Omebella?" Jenna made this conjecture based on Lumian and Franca's words.
Lumian nodded. "Go get Anthony and Ludwig upstairs. I'm preparing to summon White Paper now.
"Since Aurore hasn't completely died, her contract with White Paper still exists, and since Aurore is now part of me, I can summon White Paper in her name."
Lumian wanted Anthony and Ludwig present because he wasn't sure what state White Paper would be in- perhaps they would need a Spectator or Gourmet to interpret the corresponding information.
"Alright." Franca and Jenna easily understood Lumian's intentions.
After Anthony and Ludwig arrived in the bedroom and found their positions, Lumian quickly set up the altar.
Finally, he took out his Major Arcana card: "The Chariot"!
While placing "The Chariot" card at one corner of the altar, he took out The Fool's Sacred Emblem and pressed it on top of "The Chariot"

card.
This matter might involve the Great Mother, so he had to be careful.
After completing all preparations, Lumian watched the quietly burning candle flame and, within the wall of spirituality, stepped back twice and called out in ancient Hermes, "I!"
Then, Lumian switched to Hermes.
"I summon in my name:
"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, a friendly creature that can be subordinated, a Contract Companion that belongs solely to me..."
After reciting the incantation, Lumian saw the candle flame gently start to flicker, taking on a ghostly blue tinge.
A cold wind suddenly swept through, and a transparent, blurry sphere like a soap bubble appeared above the candle flame.
It quietly faced Lumian, giving him a sense of both familiarity and strangeness.
This was indeed White Paper, just as he remembered it, yet there was also an inexplicable sense of unfamiliarity.
As I remembered... Lumian suddenly felt a pain in his head.
He slightly furrowed his brow as images flashed through his mind.
He remembered now that he had never actually seen White Paper because before Cordu's destruction, he wasn't yet a Beyonder, and even with Aurore's guidance, he hadn't successfully activated Spirit Vision, and at low to middle Sequences, one couldn't see White Paper without Spirit Vision.
His memories of White Paper's appearance all came from Aurore's soul fragment.
As scene after scene flashed by, Lumian, through the further awakened soul fragment of Aurore, barely recalled the circumstances of her first summoning of White Paper.
At that time, White Paper was also such a fragile, soap bubble-like sphere, but there seemed to be liquid inside the sphere-clear liquid with hints of pale yellow and milky white.
And as time passed, those liquids gradually disappeared, and White Paper eventually settled into its current form.
Why had there been such a change? Lumian looked at White Paper, feeling it was indeed spiritually connected to him.
But spiritual connection didn't mean White Paper had enough intelligence to understand the meaning of words-it could only accept simple commands and couldn't answer Lumian's questions.
"There's nothing abnormal, nothing noteworthy..." Franca frowned, turning her gaze to Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig.
Jenna and Anthony shook their heads in turn, indicating they also

hadn't seen any important information contained in White Paper.
Ludwig licked his lips and said softly. "It used to have a very tempting scent, but now it's gone."
"Used to have a very tempting scent..." Franca fell into thought.
Jenna muttered to herself, "This indicates there was indeed a problem, there used to be a problem?
"The knowledge Aurore used to summon White Paper came from the infusion of that evil god Hidden Sage... an intentional infusion?"
"Mm." Franca nodded slowly and solemnly, "What was the problem that used to exist?"
She looked at Ludwig again.
"Don't know." Ludwig shook his head.
At this point, Lumian, who had been watching White Paper and listening to his companions' dialogue, spoke in a deep voice.
"If we treat the Cordu Village disaster as a story, what does White Paper symbolize in this story?"
Franca and the others looked at each other, each lost in thought.
After a few seconds, Franca carefully said, "I don't know what the contract creature White Paper symbolizes, but when the concept of white paper is connected to the story, it symbolizes..."
She paused, her throat inexplicably tight, her voice unconsciously becoming deeper.
"It symbolizes the state before a story is written-it symbolizes the beginning of everything."

Chapter 1046: Hidden Sage

"The beginning of everything..." Lumian softly repeated Franca's interpretation.

Jenna listened with inexplicable terror.

"Did the Cordu Village disaster actually start when Aurore summoned White Paper, rather than when April Fool's set their sights on her?

Lumian stared at White Paper for a while, then dismissed the summoning.

Then, he muttered to himself, "From Aurore's memory fragments and grimoires, she was first infused with knowledge about White Paper, and it was only several months later that Madame Pualis followed her husband to Cordu.

"I originally thought Madame Pualis was simply looking for a rural village with weak church and government influence to develop her own 'territory' and prepare for the formation of Paramita and obtain higher boons, which is why she targeted Béost who was about to become the administrative officer and territorial judge of Cordu. Now it seems this may not have been a coincidence.

"She came specifically for Cordu Village, though she may not have known why she needed to do this-she likely just received divine revelation from the Great Mother.

"Yes, that's right!"

At this point, Lumian's lips curled into a slightly grotesque smile.

"This answers why Omebella's first incarnation was in Cordu!"

A flash of insight struck both Jenna and Franca.

The former blurted out.

"Madame Pualis's affair with the padre and her pregnancy happened before Aurore used Soul Summoning, or before her condition worsened due to the treatment from I Know Someone, which led to the spread of the Inevitability faith."

"Unless someone had prophesied the development and outcome of the entire Incident, Madame Pualis probably hadn't thought about using the Inevitability believers' ritual sacrifices at that time-Cordu didn't even have any Inevitability believers then!" Franca followed up, "And the Cordu incident involves very high levels, so even the Great Mother probably couldn't see the specific shape of the results in the initial stages."

Lumian nodded.

"Simply seducing the padre of the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, having an affair near the cathedral altar, becoming pregnant, and obtaining the corresponding symbolism-couldn't this have been accomplished in any remote village? Why did only Madame

Pualis in Cordu succeed? When she successfully became pregnant with Omebella, there wasn't even any power of Inevitability to utilize!
"Thinking about it in reverse, we can reach a conclusion: when Aurore summoned White Paper certain things related to Omebella secretly arrived in Cordu, nurturing power invisibly, and then Madame Pualis received divine revelation to come to Cordu."
Reflecting on the changes in White Paper's state before and after, Lumian thoughtfully said, "Amniotic fluid?
"Did White Paper once carry the amniotic fluid that nurtured Omebella?
"After the amniotic fluid came into reality, did it quickly merge into Cordu's overall environment?"
"Amniotic fluid..." Franca and Jenna were momentarily bewildered.
Lumian briefly described White Paper's appearance when first summoned and its subsequent changes, then gave a cold laugh.
"If this is true, that infusion from the Hidden Sage was definitely not random, but intentional."
Jenna quickly nodded.
That's what she had said earlier.
Franca spoke with confusion, "But the Hidden Sage didn't gain any benefits from this whole incident. So far, we haven't seen how He benefited from it...
"Pure harm without self-benefit?
"Also, wasn't April Fool's targeting of Aurore also a coincidence? They weren't aiming for Omebella's incarnation..."
"We need to reassess what we know about April Fool's now; we can't fully trust it." Lumian scoffed, "After experiencing the dream city, don't you have a deeper understanding of 'foolery'? What April Fool's believes may not be the truth, just like in the sea prayer ritual. they overlooked some key issues, being presumptuous and ultimately becoming the jester."
"Is the Celestial Worthy secretly helping the Great Mother?" Franca suddenly realized, Lumian gave a sound of agreement.
"As for why Hidden Sage deliberately infused that knowledge, I can't think of a reason right now, but I'll ask Him eventually."
As he spoke, Lumian paused.
"I remember Ma'am Hermit's main task was to investigate Hidden Sage's condition and the reason His mutation back then caused the one from the Church of Steam to leave the Moss Ascetic Order...
"Did His coming to life, His abnormality, come from the Great Mother's influence?
"How was it accomplished? The barrier was still quite solid at that time..."

Franca, Jenna, and Anthony exchanged glances, with the former reminding.
"Should we report this to Mr. Fool?"
"I'll pray now." Lumian nodded slightly.
After Mr. Fool had initially awakened through the image of Gehrman Sparrow, praying to him wasn't as troublesome as before when they needed to leave long intervals between two prayers.
Soon, Lumian completed his prayer, reporting everything about the changes brought by Aurore's soul fragments further awakening after he became a Demoness of Unaging, White Paper's symbolism, the new interpretation of the Cordu Village incident, and his speculations about Hidden Sage.
"Mr. Fool only said he knows." Lumian told Franca and the others, "It seems we'll have to wait until I bring the Gift of the Land to the City of Exiles and meet with Hand Bro before getting new revelations."
"Alright." Franca sighed.
Lumian thought for a moment and said,
"I'll also synchronize my speculations about Hidden Sage with Ma'am Hermit later, hoping it might give her some inspiration."
After Anthony took Ludwig downstairs to prepare dinner, Lumian looked at Franca and thoughtfully asked,
"Do you plan to tell all members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society the truth about the transmigration?"
Franca appeared troubled.
"I'm afraid the shock would be too great, some people might not be able to accept it and lose control on the spot."
As she spoke, she mocked herself.
"If I still hadn't digested half of the Despair potion, saying this much is about all that's needed."
She made a sound of agreement and continued,
"I plan to meet with Madame Hele first, give her a hint of it. She's emotionally stable and should be able to accept it, then we can discuss how to proceed."
After pondering for a moment, Lumian said.
"By the way, help me ask when the next gathering will be."
"Do you have something in mind?" Franca asked curiously.
Smiling, Lumian replied.
"I want to clarify one question:
"Why Aurore?"
"Why Aurore..." Jenna pondered, "Why did Hidden Sage specifically choose Aurore as the target for infusing that knowledge?"
Lumian clicked his tongue and continued,
"The conditions of being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's

aura, being female, and being a Warlock- almost no one in the outside world could satisfy all of these simultaneously, but within the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, there are several who do.
"Why did the Hidden Sage pick Aurore?
"Was there something else about Aurore herself, was Cordu already harboring abnormalities, or was she simply unlucky and randomly chosen by Hidden Sage?"
"Indeed." Franca nodded in agreement. "We should investigate this."
After discussing these matters, Jenna intentionally changed the topic to keep the atmosphere from becoming too heavy.
She said to Franca and Lumian,
"You need to design your honorific names now."
Lumian and Franca, both with relevant mystical knowledge, looked at each other, feeling inexplicably awkward.
Of course, besides feeling awkward, Franca was also a bit excited.
I'm going to have an honorific name, this is unprecedented!
"I'll go first," she volunteered.
Seeing both Lumian and Jenna looking at her, she took paper and pen from the table, saying with a smile,
"The phrase 'the Great Franca Roland' needs to be there, but how embarrassing as an ending."
As she spoke, she wrote down this phrase.
"The other descriptions should reflect your abilities and characteristics." Lumian reminded her.
Franca thought for a moment and spoke,
"Should the first line be Demoness of Unaging? No. wouldn't that affect Mr. Fool's reputation? As his saint, I should lean towards the positive side. Hmm, 'One Who Never Ages.'
"Should the second line be 'Spreader of Diseases and Plagues'? That sounds like a villain; need to rephrase it, 'Keeper of Diseases and Plagues,' what do you think? This implies both the containment of plagues and the authority to bestow illness as punishment."
"I think that works," Jenna expressed agreement, and Lumian had no objections.
Franca pondered for another while.
"I think the description of Demoness should be m included, as that's my current essence, but it needs to sound better.
"The Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe? Hehe, I'm not the one creating the strife and catastrophe, they just follow me around, Good, that's the third line.
"For the fourth line, should we showcase a Demoness's charm or my personal characteristics? But if we add 'pleasure' to the

description, what if people start praying to me for pleasure?"
"As a saint of the Church of The Fool, we should indicate your relationship with the Church." Lumian helped think. "Also, don't use pleasure, that's too suggestive. Use joy, it encompasses more meanings, and you do bring joy-it's your characteristic."
Lumian paused and said,
"Fourth line: 'The Cup Bearing Joy and Pain.'
"The Cup refers to the Cup card, Indicating I'm Mr. Fool's Minor Arcana card, using his status? Mm, the Cup card also symbolizes emotions and feelings, which perfectly matches the joy and pain brought by a Demoness. Perfect, let's use that!" Franca clapped her hands and smiled brightly.
She quickly wrote down the complete honorific name:
"The One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland."
After reading it several times, Franca said with lingering interest,
"I see many Sequence 3 Saints have 'protector of something' in their honorific names, should I add that too?
"But I don't have anything to protect right now, I still lack accumulation and have been a saint for too short a time. I can't be the protector of Lumian and Jenna. can I?"
"Protector of Human Trials and Spirit of Adventure?" Lumian joked.
Franca rolled her eyes at him.
"Your turn!"

Chapter 1047: Honorific Name

Lumian took the paper and pen from in front of Franca and said with a smile, "We can always add descriptions about being someone or something's protector later when it actually happens. After all, every demigod can have many descriptions, though they don't use all of them."

He then wrote down the last line of his honorific name with the pen: "The Great Lumian Lee."

Then he smiled at Franca and Jenna. "The first line should leverage Mr. Fool's status."

As he spoke, he wrote down his first honorific line: "The Chariot of Mr. Fool."

Before Jenna and Franca could speak, he made a self- deprecating comment. "The second line will continue to leverage, this time from 0-01."

"Proxy of the God of War?" Franca blurted out.

"No good," Lumian shook his head. "Lady Magician mentioned before that the title 'God of War' refers to both 0-01 and Red Angel Medici. If I call myself the Agent of the God of War, He might laugh uncontrollably -wouldn't that be like giving Him a free gift?"

"Try something else, like Proxy of the Lord of War?

These will all point to 0-01 anyway," Jenna suggested.

"I think it should be more conceptual, to minimize Red Angel's influence as much as possible," Lumian thought for a few seconds and wrote, "Proxy of Chaos and War."

Seeing this description, Franca suddenly laughed.

"If you really want to leverage, you should continue. Let me do a count.

"Heir of the Blood Emperor, Divine Child of the Great Mother, Friend of the Underworld Daoist, One Who Serves the Peak Beings of Both Calamity and Sacrifice Pathways...

"Tsk, better forget those. If you really added them as your honorific name, you might drop dead on the spot."

"A room can't hold that many people." Lumian glanced at Franca, responding with an old joke.

Holding the pen, Lumian continued, "I thought of the third line before going to bed."

"What is it?" Franca asked curiously.

Instead of answering her, Lumian directly wrote down a description: "The Dual-Bodied One Forged by Fire and Frost."

"Dual-Bodied One." Jenna read the latter part aloud. suddenly understanding this was preparation for Aurore's further resurrections, allowing the corresponding anchors to point to her

as well.
"Dual-Bodied One refers to both you and Aurore, and also to the female Demoness and male Hunter, as well as the me outside the mirror and the me inside it. Brilliant!" Franca sincerely praised. "Fire and frost correspond to the Hunter and Demoness abilities, and being forged by fire and frost would inevitably bring intense pain-only sufficient obsession and strong will could endure it. This also represents your journey to become who you are now..."
As she spoke, Franca shut her mouth.
Then, feigning world-weariness, she sighed and patted Lumian's shoulder. "Things will get better!"
"Indeed," Jenna said hopefully.
"After reconciling with myself, my condition has actually improved quite a bit." Lumian laughed, looking at the paper on the table. "For the fourth line, I want to show both my current highest Sequence characteristics and point out how I differ from most Beyonders on the Demoness and Hunter pathways."
"You have abilities merged from two pathways, most notably the Fire of Destruction. And the most obvious trait of the Demoness of Unaging Sequence is eternal youth," Franca pondered.
Lumian nodded slightly and wrote carefully: "Unaging Saint Holding Destruction?"
"Make it 'Bearing'-although 'holding' makes me imagine a beautiful Demoness extending both hands holding black flames of destruction, 'Unaging Saint Bearing Destruction' sounds better." Franca imagined the corresponding scene.
"That works too," Lumian accepted Franca's suggestion.
Finally, his honorific name was determined as: The Chariot of Mr. Fool, Proxy of Chaos and War, the Dual- Bodied One Forged by Fire and Frost, Unaging Saint Bearing Destruction, the Great Lumian Lee."
Putting down the pen. Lumian made a self - deprecating comment. "Just thought of a hellish joke - I could also add 'Protector of Cordu' to my honorific name."
Jenna and Franca exchanged glances, both feeling that Lumian's mental and spiritual state had indeed improved somewhat.
"Alright, we can now summon Madam Judgment's messenger to inform her of both our honorific names, and ask her to contact the Church of Knowledge on our behalf, hopefully getting an opportunity to visit the City of Exiles soon. Hmm, only after the time is confirmed can I go borrow Gift of the Land-that Sealed Artifact is too dangerous, I can only use it briefly." The latter half of Lumian's words were meant for Jenna.
He knew that although Jenna appeared calm on the surface, she

was quite anxious inside.
Obviously, Jenna hoped to become a Demoness of Despair before Julien returned to Trier, which was only a week away.
"Alright." Franca didn't delay.
After sending letters to both Madam Judgment and Ma'am Hermit through their respective messengers, the three Demonesses waited for Madam Judgment's possible reply.
Franca looked out the window at the early evening lights and said somewhat emotionally.
"The scenery here is beautiful, and the environment is nice, but it feels somewhat stuffy living here."
This luxurious villa had just been gifted to them yesterday by Madam Justice, as additional compensation for awakening Mr. Fool.
Franca had also moved her belongings, especially that small analyzer machine, and announced her return to the telegraph group last night.
"Stuffy?" Jenna was a bit confused.
Franca smacked her lips and said, "Maybe I'm just not the type who likes living in villa districts.
"I prefer having lots of shops downstairs, street vendors gathering in the morning, but sleeping in a room away from the street to avoid being disturbed.
"Whatever I want to eat, I can go down and buy it anytime. When there's nothing to do, I can stand by the living room window and watch children chase and play, see how vendors do business, watch what stories passersby might act out, and sometimes, with a non- ordinary one's hearing, faintly catch some gossip and rumors."
Franca's voice grew softer, as if immersed in such scenes.
After a few seconds, she sighed and said with self- mockery, "Living here is good too, at least we don't have to worry about affecting Innocent people when fighting."
"With Saint-level abilities, that would be difficult," Lumian reminded her.
To this, Franca could only respond with a brief interjection, "Ah..."
Soon after, Madam Judgment replied through her jellyfish-like messenger Ongla: "Results from communication with the Church of Knowledge will come tomorrow at the earliest, or the day after tomorrow at the latest."
"Tomorrow or the day after..." Lumian nodded and smiled, "Then there's nothing urgent for now, we have some leisure time."
He then left the bedroom and went downstairs.
Then, he went to the study, took several popular novels and a pile

of recent newspapers and magazines, came to the living room, and started reading under the bright crystal gas chandelier, appearing very relaxed.
"Why are you reading these?" Franca asked curiously.
Lumian didn't hide anything and said with a slight sigh and smile, "The conversations with Mr. Fool and the exchange during self-reconciliation helped me understand some things. Since the end of the path is already determined-whether it's the apocalypse or resurrecting Aurore-then during this journey, if there really isn't anything urgent, I might as well be a bit kinder to myself."
Yes, Lumian Lee deserves to enjoy life too! A smile gradually bloomed on Jenna's face.
She extended her right hand to Lumian. "May I invite you to watch a play or opera tonight?"
"Sure." Lumian reached out and touched hands with Jenna.
Jenna then turned to Franca. "May I invite you too?
"Of course, I thought I was going by default," Franca tried to smile lightly, but it turned out quite radiant.
Jenna then looked at Anthony, who was also reading newspapers in the living room.
Anthony put down his newspaper and cleared his throat. "I'll pass. After staying in the dream city for half a month, I haven't contacted many of my intelligence sources in reality for a long time. I already have appointments tonight."
"Alright." Jenna then said to Ludwig, who was waiting for the stew to finish cooking in the kitchen, "You must come."
Otherwise, no one would watch him!
Ludwig only raised one question, "Does the theater have food?"
"We can get you candy-like food, the kind that doesn't make noise when you eat it," Jenna smiled and said.
Franca then said to Ludwig. "You really should experience more things, life isn't just about eating."
Ludwig looked at her, his gaze full of "I don't think so."
Speaking of eating, Franca suddenly got excited. "How about hot pot tomorrow?"
"Does Trier have all the ingredients for a hot pot base?" Jenna looked toward Ludwig.
Before Ludwig could respond, Franca said quite happily, "We can have another version of hot pot, with bone broth. It's not as complicated, and we can use garlic, Feynapotter chili, salt and such for dipping sauce. It's equally delicious-those who want spicy can add spice, those who don't want it don't have to, everyone chooses for themselves.
"Hmm, we can use pork bones or beef bones for the broth, add

some common spices, plus mushrooms..."
Hearing this, Lumian, Anthony, and Jenna said in unison, "Skip the mushrooms!"
After discovering their very "unanimous" opinion, the three immediately burst into laughter.
"Gulp." Ludwig, who had been made hungry by the talk, swallowed his saliva.
This made Franca laugh too.
Laughter echoed in the living room.
...
When they returned from the opera, it was already late at night. Franca walked back to her bedroom with light steps.
In one corner of the bedroom sat that small analyzer machine connected to a mechanical typewriter and wireless telegraph transceiver.
I'll chat a bit before sleeping. Franca walked to the complex machine and said silently to herself. How should I tell 007 and others tactfully and without showing off that I'm now someone with an honorific name?
Oh right, first summon Madame Hela's messenger to request a meeting in reality!

Chapter 1048: Information Revealed by 007

After sending the meeting request through the skull- headed messenger, Franca turned on the wireless telegraph transceiver and small analyzer machine.

Click-clack, messages were typed onto paper by the mechanical typewriter one after another,

Franca read for a while before joining the group chat.

"I'm the group's early sleep assistant. Those members who haven't gone to rest yet must pay a fine-only gold accepted!"

As she sent out the telegraph, she recalled life in the dream city.

Group chatting over long distances in the real world is so difficult! Franca felt inexplicably melancholic and nostalgic, suddenly losing the desire to show off her honorific name.

What about Sequence 3? Even Sequence 3 can't solve the problem of real-time long-distance group chat!

If we ultimately survive the apocalypse, I hope the God of Steam and Machinery-no, the God of Electric Power and Information Technology will bring about a new industrial revolution.

I am a Demoness of Unaging, I can wait!

Moon King was the first to reply to Franca: "Look at my nickname-obviously the type who's only active late at night!

"By the way, Hidden Blade, you haven't been online for almost a month. What kind of mission doesn't even leave you time in the evenings?"

"Look at you, not even knowing that secret missions require turning off phones and cutting off all contact with the outside world. You clearly haven't dealt with such things before, 007, am I right?" Franca suspected Moon King was joking with her, but had no proof.

007 replied: "I was also locked away for a while."

Franca immediately perked up. "You... advanced to Sequence 4?"

"Yes, I got the qualification." 007 didn't hide it.

The other group members exploded:

"The demigod?"

"The first Saint among us!"

"Besides Hela and Gandalf, this is the Research Society's third demigod, right?"

"007, didn't you say that even with the qualifications, you'd have to queue and wait for a long time?"

After the rapidly spitting paper slowed down, 007 explained: "I also thought I'd have to wait longer, but recently, the Church not only brought out many stored Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristics, but also crushed some Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts.

Most candidates who currently qualify and meet all prerequisites have been scheduled for advancement, though some failed.
"This situation makes me suspect major events will occur within the next year or two, which is why the Church is mass 'producing' demigods regardless of consequences and costs."
This matches the speculation about the apocalypse coming early-the Eternal Blazing Sun Church thinks so too? Franca noticed the other group members suddenly fell silent, clearly also thinking about the major crisis, wondering if they would be affected and whether they could handle it.
Franca could tell that 007 probably knew part of why the Eternal Blazing Sun Church was doing this, given that he was now a Saint, but he couldn't say directly and could only hint at it.
"Did you become an Unshadowed?" France changed the subject.
She actually didn't want 007 to continue advancing on the Sun pathway, feeling that the Unshadowed were too pure, and being within the Church, would inevitably become fanatical. If so, the 007 who would complain about her always finding things to keep him too busy to rest might never speak such words again.
This gave Franca the feeling of watching a friend gradually slip away before her eyes.
However, she had never tried to persuade 007, only pointing out the possible changes that becoming an Unshadowed might bring, letting 007 make his own decision with full knowledge.
Everyone's life should be their own to control-she had always believed this.
She was also grateful that when she was hesitating between becoming a War Bishop or advancing to Demoness of Unaging: Lumian and Jenna only presented options without trying to persuade her. Although they probably had their own thoughts and preferences, they never showed them, never manipulated, never pressured. Judge actions, not thoughts-that was very, very good, since everyone inevitably had dark and selfish thoughts, but ultimately not acting on them showed they'd overcome themselves, proving they're not that kind of person.
An Unshadowed might not have dark, selfish thoughts, but I actually hope 007 does... Franca silently sighed.
007 quickly replied to her: "Yes."
Staring at this word on the telegraph paper, Franca let out a long sigh. "Ah..."
007 continued: "Some colleagues have switched to other pathways, and some colleagues not in neighboring pathways have also gained advancement."
At this point, Franca quickly adjusted her mindset.

She kept telling herself, 007 just deliberately hinted and reminded everyone to prepare for major events and disasters, showing he still retains his positive emotions and humanity!
As people age, everyone changes and becomes somewhat different from before, 007 has just changed a bit more, but in terms of friendship, he's still that same 007.
"What major events will happen in the next year or two?" Another telegraph group member Wind Sound pressed.
"I'm not sure," 007 answered concisely.
"Stop asking, stop asking." Franca forcefully inserted herself into the conversation to prevent 007 from being put in a difficult position. "What we can do is take opportunities to improve ourselves and enjoy life in the meantime."
"Hidden Blade, you seem to know something?" Moon King telegraphed.
Franca wasn't bound by secrecy restrictions, but she didn't dare speak too clearly, fearing some group members might become too desperate and turn to extremes.
After careful consideration, she said: "If I tell you that the apocalypse is approaching, but there's hope of surviving if tall figures shield us and everyone is prepared, would you believe me?"
The previously constant incoming telegraphs suddenly stopped.
After a long while, 007 replied: "I believe you."
"Dammit, I'm panicking."
"Great Lord Hidden Blade, introduce me to a Demoness, I'm going all in!"
"Damn, I hope it won't be a case of dying before spending all my money."
"I need to buy land and dig a bunker..."
With 007's endorsement, Wind Sound and others truly believed Franca's words.
Those who could join this telegraph group were either laid-back, good-natured, or decent people. Although they were all quite nervous and worried at the moment, they could still express their inner emotions in rather lively and playful language, with no one particularly depressed or desperate.
Seeing her initial purpose achieved. Franca seized the opportunity to say: "I've actually become a demigod too."
"Now I really believe something big is going to happen."
"Good heavens, Hidden Blade has become a demigod?"
"Still a Demoness, or did you switch to the Hunter pathway?"
"..."
The group members Immediately burst into chatter.
Don't you know to chat! Franca snorted and responded: "Still a

Demoness."
"Demoness of Despair?" 007 suddenly inquired.
What does 007 mean? Right, he's already an Unshadowed, a church higher-up, and while Demonesses mainly operate in Intis and the Southern Continent, even if he doesn't know the exact Despair potion formula, he must know ow the corresponding advancement ritual to detect anomalies and stamp out plague outbreaks early... Franca replied with understanding: "Don't worry, I didn't harm any innocent people, and I used a shortcut method."
"Shortcut? Rituals can have shortcuts?" Moon King's words revealed surprise.
Wind Sound sighed: "Hidden Blade, how can you advance so quickly, are you even human anymore? Oh right, not human, half-god half-human..."
Franca considered carefully before saying: "Actually. we transmigrators all possess certain special qualities.
When conditions are met and the pathway is suitable, these qualities manifest, helping us make tremendous progress at certain stages.
"In a sense, we are chosen ones."
Chosen by the Celestial Worthy!
Afraid the group members would become arrogant. she quickly added: "This isn't entirely a good thing."
"What special qualities?" 007, Moon King, and others telegraphed almost simultaneously.
Franca chuckled and typed quickly: "Can't say, if you know, you know. You'll know when you encounter it."
Not giving the group members a chance to ask follow- up questions, she quickly changed the subject: "007, are you still in Trier?"
Now that he was an Unshadowed, an archbishop or senior deacon, he would need to guard a diocese, and the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had sufficient forces in Trier, even with Angels hidden there.
"Still in Trier," 007 replied. "Many of the Saints who advanced this time have stayed in Trier as mobile forces."
Many stayed in Trier? Franca suddenly became alert.
Does the Eternal Blazing Sun Church think Trier is where problems are most likely to erupt?
Franca couldn't help but lower her head to look at the floor.
What she was really looking at was the Fourth Epoch Trier and the special mirror world sealed beneath Trier.
Will the apocalypse's outbreak start from beneath Trier rather than the high-altitude barrier? Franca slightly furrowed her brows

as this thought fleshed through her mind.
At this moment, Madame Hela's silver skull-headed messenger returned, letting a paper held between its teeth float down before her.
Franca caught and read it: "Tomorrow morning at ten, Rue Ancienne, Little Dairy Cow Café."
...
Quartier de l`Observatoire, Rue Ancienne.
Franca, who only dared go out after using Lie to lower her looks and suppress her charm, arrived at the Little Dairy Cow Café fifteen minutes early.
She sat by the window, watching with interest as people came and went outside, as bicycles, bionic mechanical devices, and steam robots hurried past.
Soon after, Hela, dressed as a black widow, appeared at the door.
The moment she saw this lady, Franca suddenly had a strange feeling that she walked between darkness and sunlight, death and life.
Hela's complexion had grown slightly paler, the sense of being alive seemingly fainter.
Has Madame Hela advanced again? Indeed, if the Eternal Blazing Sun Church is mass-producing demigods, how could the Evernight Goddess Church not do the same? She switched back to the Death pathway, Sequence 3 Ferryman? Wonder what special abilities come from combining the Darkness and Death pathways... Franca now had very rich mystical knowledge.
"Good morning." She stood up, smiling in greeting.
After Hela replied, she said to the café welter, "A glass of absinthe, and a triple espresso shot."
After they both sat down, Franca fiddled with the veiled hat placed beside her and said with a smile,
"I went to a place recently with skyscrapers, electric cars, mobile phones, and the internet. Unfortunately, it was just a dream."
Madame Hele listened carefully before nodding slightly. "I know you went there."
"Uh Franca was stunned.

Chapter 1049: Patron Saint

After being stunned, Franca's first reaction was, *How does she know?*

Although Franca had long suspected that the one at the Star Dream Provisions Store was the Evernight Goddess, and believed that Madame Hela was highly valued by this deity; otherwise, that ancient palace in the Nation of the Evernight wouldn't have been offered as a meeting place for the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society. She never imagined that the Evernight Goddess would tell Hela about something as trivial as their entry into Mr. Fool's dream.

Shouldn't She have only mentioned Mr. Fool's initial awakening?

Hela continued, "Actually, I've known the truth about the transmigration for a long time."

Franca, who had carefully prepared an explanation and planned to gradually tell Madame Hela about the transmigration to avoid shocking her too much, was completely dumbfounded.

When did this happen?

Before we knew?

How does she know?

At this moment, the waiter brought over a glass of absinthe swirling with dreamlike green color and a triple shot of Reem coffee.

After drinking the glass of absinthe in one go, Hela's pale, cold face showed a bit more expression.

"After Port Santa's sea prayer ritual.

"After seeing the fairy tale-like magic used by the helper you invited."

"Like Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, Sleeping Beauty?" Franca recalled Ma'am Hermit's performance then, muttering, "I thought they came from Emperor Roselle's fairy tales..."

Hela gazed at Franca with her pitch-black eyes.

"I requested materials about this and learned what the core ability of Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway is.

"It's called Mystical Re-enactment, which can draw power from mystical knowledge to create magic or witchcraft. The less known and spread the corresponding mystical knowledge is, the stronger the created spells become."

Franca vaguely began to understand.

"Those fairy tales aren't just stories, but mystical knowledge?"

"This proves they actually happened, in this current world," Hela stated her conclusion. "From that day on, I knew we had always been in our original world, only time had passed."

Franca suddenly remembered Hela's gaze and attitude when she mentioned Harrison and the hope of returning home at the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society gathering.
At that time, she had already guessed the truth...
At that time, she was looking at us with sadness and pity...
Hela finished her triple shot of Reem and continued, "I had originally planned to hint at this to you all, but then the Harrison incident happened, and many of you became very excited, very hopeful."
"Like me," Franca said with a self-deprecating smile.
She took a sip of her coffee and hesitantly asked, "Madame Hela, should we tell the other members the truth about the transmigration?"
Hela had already thought about this. "Not for now. Let those who haven't accepted reality live with hope.
"After we survive the apocalypse, if everyone's still here, we can gradually tell them the truth."
"Indeed, having something to hold onto is good," Franca sighed in agreement.
She added, "However, we can't let these hopes become too strong, too intense, or too urgent. Otherwise, I'm worried some of them might make rather extreme choices and actions."
After speaking. Franca saw a slightly relieved expression appear on Madame Hela's face.
Hela nodded and said, "This is good enough for now. don't actually catch Harrison."
"Even if we catch him, we can't tell them," Franca replied, showing their mutual understanding.
She then inquired, "Should we talk about the apocalypse?"
"We can mention a bit, focusing on emphasizing hope," Hela answered.
Just like what I was thinking... Franca proceeded to ask. "When is the next gathering?"
"Aiming for sometime this week," Hela decided.
Having discussed the important matters, Franca gazed at Hela's pitch-black eyes and pale face, remained silent for a few seconds, then spoke from her heart, "Speaking of hopes earlier, do you have any hopes left?"
This wasn't really a question-she didn't expect an answer. She was just reflecting.
To her surprise, Hela actually answered. This lady dressed as a black widow said with a faint smile,
"My biggest hope now is to survive the apocalypse.
"If the apocalypse crisis is resolved, and we're all still alive..."

As she spoke, she seemed to drift into memories.
"The most memorable gift in my life was the telescope my parents gave me, because I loved watching stars since childhood, and loved imagining what existed in that vast cosmos.
"If we truly survive the apocalypse, I have two dreams:
"First is for this world to develop into something Nike our original one-it doesn't have to be exactly the same, just similar.
"Second, provided those evil gods are gone and I can protect myself, I want to use my abilities or help from certain Sealed Artifacts to explore the stars, visit different galaxies, and experience different civilizations...
Franca gradually became lost in the reverie.
Such a life doesn't sound bad...
Usually staying in Trier, enjoying modern life, and when bored, inviting Jenna, Lumian, and Aurore, along with Anthony, Ludwig. Madam Judgment, 007 and others to form a travel group, touring other countries, continents, planets, and civilizations together...
The cosmos is indeed dangerous, and we might not survive the apocalypse, but people need something to hope for...
Looking at Hela speaking softly, Franca suddenly felt this lady's image become much more vivid in her mind.
She waved over the waiter who had been sneaking glances at her from afar, and ordered two glasses of sweet wine and two glasses of absinthe.
Picking up one glass of sweet wine, she made a toasting gesture. Hela didn't quite understand but still raised her absinthe.
"This toast is to our homeland," Franca clinked glasses gently and drank her sweet wine.
After Hela finished her glass of green liquid, she picked up another glass of sweet wine and said, half-smiling. half-wistfully. "This toast is to distant horizons."
With a gentle clink, the two different colored liquids swayed, their contained light dispersing outward.
...
After returning to the luxurious villa in the arts district. Franca said to Lumian, "Madame Hela said she'll convene a meeting this week, aiming for before Saturday."
Lumian nodded and continued, "Madam Judgment has also replied to us. The Church of Knowledge has agreed to our request, but they need to do some preprocessing and necessary preparations. The time to go to the City of Exiles is set for next Monday."
"That's good, Julien won't return to Trier until next Thursday." Franca looked toward Jenna beside her. "Honestly, we need to trick your brother into leaving soon and not return to Trier for two

years. If the information from 007 is correct, Trier will be a key point in the outbreak of the apocalypse."
Jenna nodded solemnly. "I'm working on it."
"There's suddenly nothing much to do." Lumian smiled as he picked up his wide-brimmed hat with veil from beside him. "Let's go for a walk."
"Your attitude has really improved. In the past, you would definitely have been anxious-waiting time was always the hardest to endure," Franca remarked teasingly.
Jenna asked instead, "Where to?"
Lumian smiled.
"Let's go to Lavigny Docks, to Mr. Fool's cathedral. The establishment and preaching about the patron saint should have already begun.
"I want to go listen."
"Listen to others talk about yourself? Wouldn't that be too awkward?" Franca's face showed resistance.
Neither she nor Lumian had told Madam Magician which cathedral they wanted to be assigned to, because they both wanted to be modest, yet felt the other wouldn't agree, so they simply let the Church of The Fool decide.
"I don't mind," Lumian smiled. "Besides, we should also look around the area to see if there's any way to collect anchors."
"Fine," Franca sighed. "If this were in the dream city, I'd debut as a celebrity! Those fans would be my anchors! Though there are problems with that too these kinds of anchors have an expiration date and can't be passed down. Plus, the different attitudes and focus points from fans would bring conflicting perceptions, which might affect my state."
"That's one way," Lumian looked at Jenna. "When you reach Sequence 3, you could consider becoming the most famous theater actress in the Northern and Southern continents. Of course, this is assuming you receive Mr. Fool's protection, or..."
Lumian didn't finish his sentence.
...
At the square district, Lavigny Docks, inside Mr. Fool's cathedral with its wide, clear windows.
Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, wearing hats with lowered veils, settled into a corner of the rows of seats.
At this time, the half-giant bishop-with golden hair, standing over 2.5 meters tall, wearing a custom-made coat and silk top hat-was preaching.
On one wall that had previously been bare, artists were using scaffolding and various tools to create new murals.

In this world where the Church held such high status, being commissioned to create religious murals for a cathedral was the highest recognition and praise a painter could receive.
Shortly after Lumian and the others sat down, removed their hats, and lowered their heads, the half giant bishop proclaimed in a solemn, resonant voice "Let us praise Mr. Fool."
"Praise The Fool!" All the believers, including the bishop, stood up and pressed their hands to their chests.
The half-giant bishop continued, "Let us also praise this cathedral's patron saint, the great Saint Franca.
"Our cathedral is thus named!"
Franca's toes began to curl tightly inside her boots.
The half-giant bishop continued, "Saint Franca is Mr. Fool's cup, bearing people's joy and pain, keeping disease and plague at bay, she is the ageless one, the Demoness who spreads strife and catastrophe to enemies...
"She once walked in Mr. Fool's dream, working for the Lord's return, she broke through illusion and reality, bringing the Lord's grace to the land..."
Dammit, they make me sound so impressive. Franca felt both embarrassed and somewhat pleased.
After recounting Saint Franca's deeds, the half-giant bishop said, "Let us praise Saint Franca!
"Praise the One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland!"
The believers began to pray along with the bishop.
Franca suddenly froze, and turned her head toward Lumian and Jenna with a slightly bewildered expression.
"I hear some illusory voices, and I see some points of light..."

Chapter 1050: Response

Lumian recalled the faith-related materials provided by the Tarot Club and carefully said, 'This should be the mystical manifestation of faith anchors, and the result of chanting your honorific name.'

'Oh, oh, oh, I'm receiving their prayers...' Franca suddenly understood.

She immediately continued, 'Fortunately, we're now unified both inside and outside the mirror, with our consciousness existing both within and without. This allows our mirror self to handle matters related to believers without affecting our daily life and combat state. Otherwise, if we were suddenly hit with prayers during intense combat, it would be easy to get distracted and have accidents.

'However, I think some pathways' Sequence 3 should be able to effectively use these prayers to temporarily strengthen themselves, like the Sun pathway?'

'War Bishop,' Lumian smiled. 'Within a certain range, the more anchors, the stronger a War Bishop becomes. His soldiers are all his anchors.'

Franca nodded, browsing the points of light with interest and listening to the illusory voices to understand what the believers were praying for.

'Continued good health...

'Family being safe and sound...

'Business success...

'No dangers during sea adventures...

'Stay away from chaos and war...

'These are all generic prayers, I can't respond or help—they're too vague,' Franca muttered to herself.

She glanced at Lumian.

'Your fate domain powers could actually be useful here—there's nothing that good luck and fortune-turning can't solve.

'*Why isn't anyone praying to curse their enemies?*'

At this point, Franca paused. 'There's one prayer asking for their illness to be cured...

'I'm professional at making people sick, but healing isn't within a Demoness's authority...'

Jenna thought for a moment and said, 'Don't you still have some of those healing agents left from Mr. Moon?' Jenna thought for a moment and said.

Lumian had 11 bottles in his Traveler's Bag, while Franca, Jenna, and Anthony each had two bottles.

'You're right, nobody said a patron saint can't use external help,'

Franca immediately took out a potion from the Traveler's Bag.
While recalling the mystical materials provided by the Tarot Club, she imitated their contents along with knowledge from pre-crossing textbooks, magnified the corresponding prayer light point, and extended her Demoness spider silk—so fine it was invisible—into it, quietly inserting it into that believer's nostrils and reaching their stomach.
During this process, she used her Petrification powers to make the flesh touched by the spider silk enter a paralyzed state, preventing the prayer from noticing anything unusual.
Then, Franca unscrewed the healing agent's cap and let the liquid flow along the spider silk to its destination.
After completing all this, she withdrew the spider silk and removed the paralysis.
That plainly dressed believer with many patches suddenly felt their stomach become slightly heavier, as if they had unknowingly drunk a glass of water.
They didn't pay it much attention and finished their prayer, continuing to listen until the half-giant bishop completed the sermon and began distributing communion.
Just then, that believer let out a surprised sound. 'Huh...'
Seeing people around looking at them, he said with both confusion and joy, 'My spirit feels better, my body feels lighter...
'My illness is cured!'
They finally realized what had happened and told the fellow believers watching them with some fanaticism.
'I just prayed to Saint Franca for healing from illness!
'She blessed me!
'Praise you, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, Great Franca Roland!'
Hearing this from her corner, Franca felt both embarrassed and secretly delighted.
Helping others feels pretty good!
Getting sincere praise from others feels nice too!
After this batch of believers left Saint Franca Cathedral, Franca lowered her voice and said to Lumian and Jenna, 'We can't rely on healing agents every time, right? Since my honorific name includes Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, future prayers will definitely include plenty of such requests.'
Without waiting for her companions to respond, Franca muttered to herself, 'Actually, at Sequence 4, one can create their own unique plague varieties or mystical pathogens. I want to invent a mystical pathogen whose characteristic is devouring other pathogens, while its effect on humans is just causing drowsiness, fatigue, or laziness for a period of time. This could cure most diseases in

ordinary people except for their own physical mutations...'
'If you succeed, this could also be used in battles with other Demonesses,' Lumian was quite looking forward to the mystical pathogen Franca described.
Of course, this was just a concept, and whether it could actually be created remained unknown.
Franca thought seriously for a while, then suddenly smiled. 'There's another illness that Demonesses can cure.'
'What?' Jenna asked curiously.
'Functional disorders in that matter.' Franca clicked her tongue both self-mockingly and with feeling. 'Just throw a Charm at them and it works for a certain time, though it can't be permanently cured. Damn, what kind of thing is this...'
Lumian and Jenna fell silent for a moment.
Franca thought for a bit and continued, 'When I advanced the other day, I felt there were anchor points besides you two, some others seemed to come from the market district...'
'The dancers and streetwalkers you helped before? Especially those who changed their lives through learning theater performance?' Jenna realized.
'That's another kind of anchor...' Franca sighed. 'No good deed goes unrewarded. However, with the Savoie Mob gone and us being forced to leave the market district, their situation must have worsened again, so they miss the past. I'll return to the market district later, find the people currently in charge of related matters, 'persuade' them, and control them. It's a pity this is Trier, and we can't completely solve these problems. If we don't have to stay in Trier in the future, I want to find a place to build a new society!'
Acting on her words, Franca and Jenna quickly left the cathedral for the market district.
Lumian didn't follow them, worried that doing so would split Franca and Jenna's anchors.
He chose to take a carriage to the outskirts to look at Saint Lumian Cathedral.
On the way, fifteen to twenty points of light suddenly appeared before his eyes, and illusory prayer voices echoed in his ears.
The preaching about me has begun too... Lumian nodded imperceptibly and browsed through the different believers' prayers.
As Franca had said earlier, the vast majority were vague, difficult to achieve, everyday requests, and Lumian temporarily had no intention of using his fate domain powers to help turn their luck around.

While browsing, he discovered a relatively special request.
This wasn't actually a request, but rather an elderly woman telling the patron saint about her regret.
When she was young, her family was poor and couldn't afford photographs. By the time their circumstances improved, she had aged and could no longer capture her youth, leaving that part of her life unrecorded.
I also regret not cherishing those early years in Cordu properly...
After pondering for a moment, Lumian decided to respond to this request.
He magnified the corresponding light point and saw the old lady with obvious wrinkles wearing a conservative black dress.
Layers of mirror worlds then appeared in Lumian's eyes, reflecting the old lady's different stages of life—her as a child, her innocent self, her youthful and simple self, her mature and steady self, and her kind and benevolent self...
Sitting in the carriage, Lumian quickly chose the mirror trace of her at seventeen or eighteen years old.
The wrinkles on the praying old lady's face visibly contracted, and her skin quickly gained luster.
This was an application of the Unaging characteristic, but when used on others, it could only last for a very short time, no more than half an hour, since the mystical connection was only established with the illusory trace in the mirror—not real and not stable.
In Lumian's view, this was half temporary rejuvenation, half mirror illusion.
After the old lady returned to her seventeen or eighteen-year-old appearance, Lumian transmitted a message in a female voice, 'Hurry.'
The old lady immediately broke from her prayer state, not knowing where that somewhat cold and deep but pleasant female voice came from.
'You, you...' Those around her all widened their eyes.
'*What about me?*' the old lady asked these fellow believers in confusion.
The next second, she discovered her voice had become quite sweet, just like when she was young.
'You, you, you...' The nearby believers still couldn't form proper sentences, but someone handed over a mirror.
The old lady looked in the mirror and froze in her seat.
This, isn't this me when I was young?
What's going on?
Have I regained my youth?

Did my prayer to Saint Lumian receive a response?
As thoughts raced through her mind, the old lady recalled the female voice she had just heard. 'Hurry.'
She suddenly understood, abruptly stood up, and said to the surrounding believers with a smile, 'I'm going to get my photograph taken!'
She quickly squeezed out of that area and walked briskly toward the cathedral door.
As she walked, she lifted her skirt and began to run, getting faster and faster, just like when she was seventeen or eighteen and ran desperately for a job opportunity.
She ran to the nearest photo studio and sat in front of the backdrop.
Click, a flash of light captured a youthful and radiant smile.
In the moving carriage.
Having responded to the prayer, Lumian seriously considered a Demoness's faith anchor issue.
War Bishop is actually simpler—recruit soldiers, cultivate a team, and that's it...
Most of a Demoness's abilities tend toward disaster, making it difficult to use them positively to develop believers... Those Demonesses of Unaging in the Demoness Sect probably rely on seduction, charm, and fear from disasters...
In the early stages of faith, making people fear is also a method of developing believers, the most standard method...
But since we're affiliated with the Church of The Fool, we can't do that...
Fear...
Lumian suddenly thought of a sect that deliberately spread fear of disease.
The Sick Church!
His eyes, like highland lakes, immediately brightened.
Is it possible to take over the Sick Church, eliminate all the Blessed and those corrupted by evil gods, then steal the faith directed at evil gods and make certain alterations?
This is somewhat similar to that section about the Sea God Church in scripture... This could also weaken the corresponding evil gods' influence on the real world...

Chapter 1051: Protector

Having considered his next direction, Lumian looked out the carriage window.

By now, the hired carriage had reached the gray-white city walls encircling Trier, queuing to leave the city.

The Church of The Fool's newly established cathedral in Trier was located in the suburbs, right next to where the Srenzo River curved. The river was wide there, with convenient transportation, both a dock and a station, in a picturesque town.

After arriving at this town called Ramb, Lumian discovered it wasn't small at all, with numerous steamships at the dock and streets bustling with people, extraordinarily lively.

After asking the carriage driver, Lumian roughly understood the reason.

Most goods entering Trier had to pay an entry tax. though rates varied. Therefore, many goods that didn't need to be sold in Trier or transit through it were unloaded at Ramb and sent to surrounding towns. This gradually made the town prosperous, attracting many maritime merchants, adventurers, and sailors, bringing with them the faith of The Fool.

Lumian had heard from Franca that the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had long wanted to abolish the entry tax to promote commerce and improve circulation, but this tax was one of the Intis Republic's main sources of revenue, and Trier's entry tax alone equaled the sum of several major cities' entry taxes. The government simply couldn't give it up.

Lumian put on a wide-brimmed hat, letting the black veil fall, and began wandering around Ramb.

Soon, he found what was now called Saint Lumian Cathedral, the Church of The Fool's location, but didn't rush to enter. He just stood on the street for a while, admiring the large glass windows and plain walls.

I hope one day, no clergy will say that Saint Lumian will have to make do with their actions... After making this self-deprecating joke, Lumian continued walking.

The main faith in this town was the Eternal Blazing Sun, worshiping Trier's patron angel Saint Vièvе.

Lumian examined the white stone angel statue for a few moments before walking into a bar diagonally across the square.

This bar had good business, and on weekends, many people from Trier would come to freely enjoy various alcoholic beverages that didn't require entry tax.

As soon as Lumian pushed open the bar's heavy wooden door, he

felt gazes turn toward him-some surprised, some amazed, some greedy, some excited, and some like snakes slowly slithering across his body.
He then remembered that he was now a lady, an extremely charming lady, even with her face hidden behind a veil.
It was never like this when he was a man before-at most, thieves would observe to judge if there was any value or possibility of theft... Ah, the sense of belonging at "home" is gone... Lumian slowly shook his head and directly took out a revolver from his Traveler's Bag.
He placed his hand on the doorframe, pointed the revolver at the ceiling, and pulled the trigger without hesitation.
Bang!
The bullet brought down clusters of dust, and the people in the bar, like athletes hearing the starting gun, quickly scattered in all directions.
This left Lumian a spacious path to the bar counter.
When the chaotic scene of people taking cover had somewhat settled, Lumian deactivated the Bottle of Fiction and, holding the revolver, walked toward the bar counter while saying in an icy but soft voice, "I just want a drink."
He then sat on a barstool, tapped the counter, and said to the bartender who was staring at him blankly. "One La Fée Verte"
The bartender finally snapped out of it and hurriedly poured Lumian an absinthe with a splash of lemon juice.
Lumian didn't remove his hat or lift his veil, slowly sipping the bitter and fragrant liquor.
The other people in the bar gradually returned to normal. In this small town frequently visited by pirates and adventurers, they were used to such things, which explained their practiced response earlier.
Lumian quietly listened to their chitchat and whispers. trying to discover useful intelligence, especially anything pointing to the Sick Church.
But unfortunately, what he heard was mainly discussion about himself.
The most discussed topic was what it meant to be a person of dual bodies.
There were artistic interpretations, such as "having a male body but also a female side, being both flame and frost," and there were vulgar ones, like "busty up top, hard down below."
Lumian turned his gaze toward the drunk who had said the latter.
His highland lake-like eyes were like mirrors, reflecting the other's figure.

The drunk was making obscene gestures to accompany his earlier description when his chest and lower body suddenly experienced intense pain, as if being burned by flames.
He screamed in agony and fell to the ground, rolling in pain.
This stunned those around him who had been agreeing with his joke.
After about ten seconds, the drunk finally came back to life. He supported himself on a nearby chair and stood up trembling.
"What just happened?"
"Sudden illness?"
"You should go to a clinic right away!"
The people around him spoke up in a jumble.
The drunk shook his head in confusion.
"It just hurt suddenly, but now I'm fine..."
As he spoke, he looked down to check his physical condition and was surprised to find his chest had strangely swollen from unknown burns, while his lower half had become like stone, tenting his pants.
Almost simultaneously, those around him also noticed this condition.
"Busty up top, hard down below..." someone repeated the drunk's earlier words.
Wh- The people around quickly moved away from the area, all looking at the drunk with wary gazes: It was him who insulted the saint, it has nothing to do with us!
We weren't standing next to him either, don't let the lightning strike affect us!
In their fear, everyone present unconsciously had the same thought: Is the Church of The Fool's new patron saint really this efficacious?
Lumian withdrew his gaze, letting the reflected figure in his eyes disappear.
This was a small punishment, not affecting any essential functions or physical health.
For Lumian, he didn't care at all if someone insulted him-he would just find an opportunity to play a prank. But insulting Aurore was not acceptable.
Moreover, this was also an opportunity, a chance to reasonably use fear to spread faith.
It could also help digest the Witch potion.
Lumian looked at the absinthe in his hand, seeing his veiled, half-visible face reflected in the dreamlike green liquid.
...
The deep red wine swirled gently, with three faceless wooden dolls

placed beside it.
Franca leaned back in her chair, leisurely admiring the blood color permeating the wooden grain and the hair that had slipped into the crevices.
After looking for a few seconds, she turned to look at the three men standing in front of the desk and smiled, saying, "I only have two requirements for you:
"First, help me collect various intelligence, and second, follow these thirteen rules I've established and treat those dancers and streetwalkers well."
After Franca finished speaking, Jenna, standing beside her, held up the paper and began reading.
"First, no coercion,
"Second, ensure adequate rest;
...
"Thirteenth, provide basic medical care."
"We're the mafia, not some damned charity!" burst out the most hot-tempered of the three.
Franca laughed.
"Right, I'm not doing charity either."
She then flicked out a quiet black flame, letting it fall on one of the wooden dolls.
The doll was immediately covered in black flames. silently burning.
The gang leader who had just spoken suddenly screamed in agony as strange black flames erupted from within his body.
He fell to his knees in pain, his face contorted as he shouted, "I-I was wrong.
"I am doing charity!
"I agree! I agree!"
Neither Franca nor Jenna responded, watching silently until the gang leader collapsed to the ground, convulsing until death.
Only then did Franca look at the other two gang leaders and ask with a smile, "Any objections?"
"None." The two gang leaders seemed to be competing to see who could shake their head faster.
After Jenna posted the paper with the thirteen rules on the wall, Franca stood up and said.
"Remember to look at it every day, and if there's any violation..."
Franca picked up the remaining two wooden dolls.
"You should know what they represent-they're a Demoness's curse medium."
After becoming a Demoness of Pleasure who could directly curse through mirrors, Franca no longer used such black magic in battle,

but mirror curses were real-time and couldn't be fixed in place. To control these two gang leaders and make them obey, she still needed to make media like dolls using their blood and hair.
And for a Demoness of Unaging, possessing such media could also affect the targets' direct relatives.
"We know, we know." The two gang leaders began their nodding competition again.
Jenna thought for a moment and said to Franca, "May I add one rule?"
"Of course." Franca smiled.
Jenna picked up the pen and added another rule to the posted paper: "Rule Fourteen, loan shark annual interest cannot exceed 36%, and no additional fees such as handling fees or service charges can be collected."
"No problem, right?" Jenna turned and smiled.
The two gang leaders being questioned dared not object.
Franca put away the two curse dolls and casually said as she walked toward the door,
"I know you have some supporters behind you. I don't care what they think, nor will I interfere with your territory disputes or making money here. I only want those two things I mentioned earlier.
"If your supporters aren't satisfied, let them come see this statue."
As she spoke, strands of gray-white light spread out and fell on the dead gang leader's body.
The corpse quickly turned into a stone statue.
"No problem with that, right? You'll quietly notify me if they want to move against me, won't you?" Franca turned back to look at the remaining two gang leaders and asked with a smile.
The two gang leaders first showed uncontrollable fascination, then hurriedly responded, "We will! We will!"
Leaving the room, Franca walked toward the dancers and streetwalkers waiting nervously at the stairway.
"Boss..." several girls called out joyfully.
Franca nodded gently and said, "Things will go back to how they were before.
"But I still want to say, this isn't a long-term profession."
...
Across from the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons, Franca and Jenna sat on a street bench, calmly watching the audience and actors coming and going.
"Not going over to say hello?" Jenna asked.
Franca smiled. "No need, since they're doing fine, there's no need to go over."

"That's true." Jenna nodded slightly.
Franca then turned her head and said, half serious and half joking. "This is left for you-in the future, you'll be the protector of actresses."
After watching for a while longer, they returned to the luxury villa.
By this time, Lumian had already returned and was saying to Anthony, "Help me collect intelligence on the Sick Church."
"The Sick Church..." Franca suddenly understood what Lumian wanted to do and quickly smiled, "I have intelligence sources now too, I'll have them keep an eye out!"

Chapter 1052: Reluctantly Showing Off

Late at night.

Neither Anthony's intelligence channels, nor Franca's gang informants, nor Jenna's neighborhood contacts were able to provide any information related to the Sick Church.

Franca sat down at the mechanical typewriter, turned on the wireless telegraph transceiver, preparing to ask 007 if the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had gathered any valuable intelligence.

'Ding, group message notification: Hidden Blade, who did another good deed today, has joined the chat!' Franca announced her arrival in the telegraph group.

Before she could send a second message, she saw a telegram come in with 007 as the header: 'Hidden Blade, you didn't actually advance to Sequence 4, but to Sequence 3, right?'

The other telegrams that should have responded to Franca suddenly came to a halt.

Franca was stunned at first, then understood.

Wow, I originally didn't want to show off about this, but you helped me do it anyway?

She felt she should display three parts helplessness, three parts pain, three parts confusion, plus one part inevitable secret joy, so she carefully replied: "Ah... yes."

After a brief, indescribable silence, one telegram after another was spat out by the small analyzer under queue control, accompanied by clicking sounds.

The mechanical typewriter seemed overwhelmed, working so hard it might start smoking.

"Are you serious?"

"Hidden Blade, that kind of joke isn't funny, it's too cruel!"

"Hidden Blade, I remember you mentioning just a month ago that you were a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction, and now you're Sequence 3 in just a month? Even a rocket isn't that fast!"

"Have you been blessed by the God of Fortune lately?"

"A Sequence 3 Demoness, I can't imagine how beautiful and charming..."

"Really, are there any secrets to advancing? Name your price, we brothers might be able to scrape together a down payment."

"Hidden Blade, did something happen to you? Do you need any help? At my sequence, I might not be able to participate in combat, but I can help curse those people!"

"..."

"007, how did you know?"

After the expression of various emotions and feelings, someone

finally brought the topic back on track.
007 replied: "Hidden Blade is now a patron saint of a cathedral, with her own honorific name."
Sure enough, the changes at Saint Franca Cathedral had been noticed by the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, and 007 had known before that I was "Red Boots" Franca Roland... Franca's speculation was confirmed.
"Patron saint... honorific name... I really can't connect these two terms with the "life is short, why not give it a shot" Hidden Blade. "Moon King was the first to marvel.
"Indeed." Wind Sound sent a telegram in response. "It's too surreal, too surreal, more surreal than any fantasy novel!"
"Please show some respect to the great Hidden Blade!"
"Lord Hidden Blade, is there any chance you could take me as your apprentice?"
"You want to become a Demoness too? If I remember correctly, you can switch."
"I can't accept that the strongest in the research society is now the silly Hidden Blade..."
"Hey, if you put it that way, wouldn't that make us even more silly and stupid?"
"..."
Looking at these telegrams, Franca couldn't help but curl her lips into a smile.
I have to say, showing off like this feels pretty good!
Moreover, those joking remarks gave her a sense of still being grounded, still connected to the masses.
"Hey hey hey," she quickly typed out the words, "You don't really think I'm brainless, do you? I was just being approachable before, trying to get along with you all."
Then, she humbly added: "Madame Hela should also be Sequence 3 now, either a bit earlier or later than me.
"As for the President, I'm not quite sure."
"So you really are Sequence 3... Is there anything you can tell us about it?" Wind Sound and others asked in succession.
Franca elaborated a bit more than before: "In advancing to Sequence 4, digesting the Sequence 4 potion, and advancing to Sequence 3, I met some special conditions as a transmigrator that allowed me to take shortcuts, so I became a Saint with an honorific name within a month."
She didn't mention that she had completely digested the Sequence 3 potion, after all, the telegraph group had quite a few members, and most of which she hadn't met in the real world. Although she was willing to trust their character, she couldn't gamble on their

circumstances—critical information about her Sequence abilities still needed to be kept secret.
Besides, if someone asked what a Sequence 3 Demoness was called, Franca didn't want to hide it, because after 007 pointed out that she was already a patron saint of a cathedral, her honorific name couldn't be hidden from those who paid attention. This way, some telegraph group members might make certain connections between the instant digestion of a Sequence potion and the name Demoness of Unaging.
"One month..."
"Really only took one month..."
"..."
At this point, Moon King, Wind Sound, and others seemed to have lost even the mood to joke.
"So what kind of Demoness are you now?" After a while, group member Little Peppa asked.
I knew it! Franca immediately replied: "Demoness of Unaging."
"Unaging... eternal youth?" Little Peppa seemed somewhat envious.
Moon King then asked: "Can you also extend lifespan?"
"Theoretically speaking, living another two thousand years wouldn't be a problem." Franca tried to control her pride.
"So envious..." Group members responded with similar words.
One after another, all expressing genuine feelings.
Who wouldn't want to be immortal and ageless?
As for the negative effects of the potion, there were no ordinary people in this group!
Franca thought for a moment, then typed out more words: "For those in the Trier region, if you have difficulties and need help, you can recite my honorific name.
"For those not in the Trier region, I can't help—I won't hear it and can't respond.
"My honorific name is:
"The One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland."
Seeing this honorific name, seeing the prefix "Great," the telegraph group members truly realized that Hidden Blade had obtained godhood, was half-god half-human, and possessed an honorific name, was a patron saint of a cathedral, could respond to prayers, and bestow power.
After a while, Little Peppa sighed.
"I feel like there's now a sad, thick barrier between us..."
"Want to call me lord and let me hear it?" Franca very skillfully responded to these words.

After discussing her own matters and explaining that Cup took its concept from the Tarot Cup cards's corresponding symbolism and the sacred object that bore joy and pain, she finally asked 007:
"007, do you have more intelligence about the Sick Church?"
Based on their team's collection and analysis of information, they believed that the Order of All Extinction and the Sick Church probably worshiped the same evil god, but the former mainly corrupted the upper and middle classes, while the latter targeted the lower classes, preaching about the authority of the Malady God and the terror of illness, developing followers through intimidation.
007 typed neither fast nor slow, with telegrams coming in line by line: "The several Sick Church-related cases discovered earlier have been handled, and the corresponding Blessed have been eliminated, but we still haven't found their upper ranks.
"Those followers who only know the name Malady God, we now have sufficient manpower, with Mid-Sequence Beyonders watching them, to see if anyone will contact them or if any unusual events occur.
"Besides these, there's no other intelligence. The cultists in Trier have been very quiet for the past month or two, hiding very deep."
Very well-behaved? This is very similar to the state before the Hostel incident... Is something big really going to happen within a year or two? Other great existences might not know what the Great Mother wants to do and how She would do it, but They should have foreseen that something would happen, after all, we've all made some guesses, so They've restricted the Blessed in Trier, letting them either transfer elsewhere or wait patiently to fish in troubled waters when the time comes? Franca made her own speculation based on 007's words.
At the same time, she also caught another hint from 007.
Followers who only knew the name Malady God could be saved.
Indeed, those great existences all preach using aliases, not letting followers truly understand Them. This isn't because They're merciful, but because truly understanding Them inevitably leads to corruption. Some might be fine, only experiencing personality alteration and extreme mentality, but most would have their bodies collapse, becoming monsters that constantly spread corruption, making it impossible to preach in secret, as it would be easily discovered by official forces... Franca muttered silently.
One reason why seeking boons required performing rituals was to protect the corresponding humans through the ritual, and after establishing a stable but temporary channel, the corresponding being could consciously contain the mental and will corruption in

the boon, preventing the bestowed from collapsing on the spot.
Even Saints like Franca and Lumian's understanding of those great existences was limited to aliases, but compared to other Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 demigods, they also know that these existences stand at the top of multiple paths.
In reality, among the great existences, the only one who didn't preach using an alias was the Mother Tree of Desire.
Madam Magician mentioned that Mother Tree of Desire was a small segment of the corresponding existence's long string of honorific names. There were two reasons why understanding and reciting it didn't directly bring corruption: First, it was only a small segment, incomplete; second, the Mother Tree of Desire indirectly controlled the one worshiped by the Rose School of Thought in the real world and the Devil Monarch in the Abyss, so when this honorific name was mentioned, under conditions of limited understanding and while the barrier still existed, the proximity-based mystical phenomenon occurred, making it not so dangerous.
"What can we do..." Franca didn't hide the troubles of a Saint with an honorific name.
007 quickly replied: "Trier has gathered a large amount of official force, those cultists won't surface for now. Later, we'll have enough manpower to investigate everyone in key positions."
"That's how it is in Trier, but in the marginal towns of the Trier region, in places where the Church and government forces are weak, there might still be active cultists. You can go look in those places."
Right, with Trier's current situation, we definitely won't find anyone, but we can search in the suburbs and villages... Indeed, only official Beyonders have this kind of vision and experience, we would have wasted some time before possibly thinking of this... Franca immediately replied to 007: "Genius!"

Chapter 1053: A Demoness's Visit

The confluence of the Srenzo and Ryan Rivers created a fertile valley region in the Trier district, with villages and estates dotting it like jewels, strung together into what was considered the most beautiful and expensive necklace in all of Intis.

Vival Town was one of the most peripheral towns in the Trier district, quite ordinary in both geographical location and resources, and had never received much attention.

In the basement theater of the Wild Rabbit Cafe, though there was no puppet show at the moment, twenty to thirty spectators had still gathered.

Some were clearly townspeople, while others seemed to have just arrived from the surrounding countryside, with mud spots still visible on their trouser legs.

Under the yellowish light of the gas wall lamps, the cafe owner Dalberro, standing at center stage, looked around before raising a black and white photograph in his hand.

"You've all seen Niel's death photo very clearly.

"He tried to betray us, and then the great Malady God brought down punishment."

In the photograph, a man in his thirties had his eyes wide open, frozen in fear, his face showing obvious signs of decay in several places, with white bone visible in many areas.

Dalberro was a typical Intis gentleman, with beautiful blue eyes, slightly curled brown hair, neatly trimmed beard, and a ruddy but thin face that made him popular with ladies.

But at this moment, his expression was unusually gloomy and cold as his gaze swept across the face of each Malady God follower.

Those caught in his gaze involuntarily lowered their heads, muttering, "Welcome the Malady God, drive out disease!

"Welcome the Malady God, drive out disease!"

Dalberro finally withdrew his gaze and nodded gently.

"Disease has long been scattered throughout this world. Through the great Malady God's grace, they haven't devoured most humans, only dealing with those who abandon the deity.

"I saw with my own eyes how Niel died in pain and regret, tormented to the point of breakdown by an incurable disease.

"Remember, devotion is the best medicine, devotion alone can keep you away from disease!"

After completing the daily sermon and receiving offerings from each follower, Dalberro had the congregants leave in batches to avoid drawing attention.

Then, he returned to his bedroom upstairs and placed the newly

acquired money in a metal safe.
After finishing all this, Dalberro was about to head for the door when he suddenly saw his reflection in the full-length mirror undergo a strange transformation.
The person in the mirror quickly became a woman, wearing a black robe with the hood down.
The woman appeared to be only around twenty years old, with cascading black hair, each strand glossy but slightly thicker than normal, and eyes like highland lakes—clear, bright, and dreamlike, making Dalberro's soul seem to drown in them.
For a moment, Dalberro forgot to be surprised, forgot to be cautious, forgot to be afraid, and just watched as the lady in the mirror walked out and approached him, giving him the feeling that a beautiful dream had finally come true.
"Oh, goddess of my dreams, angel more beautiful than the entire Trier valley, my soul, my heart, what can I do to serve you?" Dalberro reflexively praised her, expressing the burning in his heart.
You Trieriens... even after worshiping an evil god, receiving boons, and having your personalities altered, it doesn't stop you from spreading your peacock feathers in situations like this? Lumian showed a slight smile.
"Are you a Disease Envoy?"
Franca had already obtained some information about the Malady God from 007, learning the names of several boon Sequences.
Among them, Sequence 9 was Patient, also called Rotting Patient, Sequence 8 was Secretary, Sequence 7 was Vermin, also known as Corruptor, Sequence 6 was Disease Envoy, Sequence 5 was Child of Decay, and Sequence 4 was Doomed One.
Dalberro suddenly shuddered, breaking free from the beauty's charm through his faith in the Malady God. "I don't know what you're talking about." He knew he should try to find a way to escape contact or suddenly attack and control her, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.
Lumian curled his lips and said, "Would you like to hear how I found this place?
"First, I used Magic Mirror Divination to determine the general area, then infiltrated official channels to get data on disease-related deaths from recent years for comparison. After that, I had inconspicuous Beyonders ask around bars and such about anyone who had fallen seriously ill but suddenly recovered in the past few months. Finally, I checked the bodies in the hospital morgue.
"Perhaps blessed by the gods, I had good luck and discovered Niel, who died with his entire body rotting.

"That doctor and those two orderlies are followers of the Malady God, right? Thanks to them, similar punishments were never exposed, and afterward 'helping' with cremation requests was no problem."
Dalberro swallowed hard with difficulty and complexity. "Wh-what do you want?"
"I am a Demoness, you know what a Demoness is, right?" Lumian asked with a smile.
Dalberro suddenly understood. "I know a little, no wonder..."
No wonder she has such great charm!
Just her appearance, figure, and temperament make one want to worship!
Although the Church always emphasized that Demonesses were enemies, establishing connections wasn't impossible—any faction could cooperate briefly if their current interests aligned!
"Then you should also know that we Demonesses are classified as a cult by officials and suppressed everywhere," Lumian said with rather helpless eyes. "We can barely stay in Trier anymore and want to cooperate with you."
"Cooperate?" Dalberro was willing a thousand times over in his heart, but still maintained basic vigilance based on his faith in the Malady God.
"Yes, the Primordial One hopes to receive the great Malady God's protection in the future, She is even willing to become the Malady God's consort," Lumian said with an ambiguous smile.
Before Dalberro could respond, he slightly raised his chin and said, "Report to your superior. You certainly can't make decisions about this matter."
Dalberro immediately felt stifled, which gave rise to an impulse.
Kill the superior, become the superior, then gain the qualification to properly discuss cooperation with the beautiful Demoness before him!
How could he let her look down on him?
Final rationality made Dalberro control himself, and he said sincerely, "I-I will find an opportunity to report this."
His hidden meaning was that he couldn't do it under her watch, and he needed to find a safer environment.
Lumian nodded slightly and smiled. "Are you secretly spreading disease, trying to weaken and control me?"
Dalberro's face instantly turned red, and he stammered, "I-it was just an instinctive choice.
"You came so suddenly, I had to do this."
"I can understand," Lumian said with a smile. "But I should warn you, diseases have little effect on Demonesses."

After speaking, his figure suddenly faded and disappeared right before Dalberro's eyes.
This was just a projection that Lumian had manifested through the mirror world!
She's so nice, even warning me... Dalberro gazed longingly at the full-length mirror in the room and where the Demoness had stood, feeling that a faint fragrance still lingered in the air.
After fifteen or twenty seconds, he finally managed to break free from his current state. Looking at the bright sunlight outside, he quickly left the master bedroom and came to the study, opening a secret room.
The secret room was empty, with bare walls, peeling paint, showing signs of decay.
Dalberro lit a white candle, locked the secret room's door, and carefully checked his surroundings.
After confirming there were no abnormalities, he knelt down, assuming a posture of penitent prayer.
Then, he chanted in an ancient and desolate language that seemed to be losing its very meaning, "Envoy of Depravity and Corruption, Witness to Humanity's End, Child of Rot and Disease, Palm of the God of Decay, the great Malady God..."
He was praying and beseeching his superior—the first few lines were directed at them, but the Malady God part wasn't—his superior had deliberately borrowed their worshiped deity's alias to conceal their true name, saying they could respond based on proximity using the previous four descriptions and current environment.
As Dalberro chanted devoutly, the already dimly candlelit secret room grew darker, the candle flame flickering, about to go out.
Meanwhile, in a room opposite the Wild Rabbit Cafe.
Lumian held a plain silver mirror, reflecting the cafe and the building above it.
In reality, pedestrians were coming and going on the street, and the cafe had neither many nor few customers, but in the mirror, only the corresponding buildings and rooms existed, with no traces of humans or other living beings.
No, there was one.
In a windowless secret room somewhere in the mirrored building, Dalberro was kneeling before an increasingly yellow and dim candle flame, praying devoutly.
In reality, the secret room in the building still existed, but there was no lit candle, nor was there Dalberro.
When Dalberro finished chanting the honorific name, Lumian immediately felt information trying to drill out from the mirror,

establishing some kind of mystical connection.
He neither blocked nor influenced it.
Soon, Dalberro heard a low, hoarse voice: "What is it?"
Dalberro immediately reported, "A Demoness has found me; she represents the Demoness Sect in seeking cooperation."
"Demoness..." Dalberro suddenly heard his superior curse with anger, "Idiot, damn it!"
Uh... Before Dalberro could come to his senses, his body began rapidly decaying, intense pain stabbing into his mind.
He was already certain to die.
But before this, Lumian in the real world had already sensed consciousness drilling into the mirror world along the previously established mystical connection, falling toward Dalberro.
He immediately reached out his right hand and stroked the surface of the silver mirror.
The consciousness from afar instantly left traces in the mirror world.
Beside him, Franca held another mirror, using it to perform Magic Mirror Divination by questioning her own spirituality, "Where is the source of the traces...
"Where is the source of the traces...
"..."
In the blink of an eye, Franca's mirror reflected a scene: Darkness, enclosed, seemingly the interior of a coffin, seemingly containing a corpse that hadn't completely decayed yet.

Chapter 1054: Left Hand

As soon as Franca tracked down the source of the traces in the mirror, Lumian immediately grabbed her shoulder and teleported to the location indicated by that scene.

In just two or three seconds, Lumian's figure materialized in a cemetery between mountains, appearing before a gravestone.

Franca had gone somewhere unknown.

Lumian cast his gaze toward the gravestone, seeing a memorial photo embedded in it and a name engraved: "Mocoxidos."

"So you've long been 'dead,' buried in a cemetery. No wonder the two Churches could never find the high-ranking members of the Sick Church, and who knows how you managed to avoid purification or cremation..." Lumian said mockingly while looking at the gravestone.

He had anticipated various methods of contact Dalberro might use, intercepting the corresponding information and establishing connections by placing him in the mirror world.

Before Lumian could finish speaking, the ground in front of the gravestone suddenly exploded with countless pieces of stone and soil.

They shot toward Lumian like bullets fired from a steam rifle, whooshing through the air.

At the same time, Lumian saw a hand.

The hand was entirely cyan in color, swollen to the point of being translucent, with yellowish-green pus flowing inside, making every capillary abnormally clear.

These capillaries and palm lines together formed complex symbols and patterns. Just looking at them made Lumian freeze in place.

At this moment, his field of vision was completely occupied by this hand. Compared to it, the shooting stones and soil seemed as tiny as dust.

Lumian began to tremble, his frost-white, cream-like skin instantly developing deep black spots.

These spots rapidly eroded inward, causing his flesh to quickly rot.

Lumian couldn't move, couldn't use any of his abilities, and even his thoughts were rapidly decaying.

This was no Saint's hand.

This was clearly the left hand of a deity!

Don't look directly at God.

Lumian trembled in fear, his mind sinking into silence, unable to make any effective response, as if destined to walk toward the end of decay.

Everything about him was decaying.

Suddenly, his right palm became scorching hot, bringing an obvious stinging sensation.
Lumian abruptly had an impulse to extend his right hand and touch that left palm, to let the black "pinhole" in his palm touch the other.
This allowed him to barely regain some self-awareness.
However, it was too late.
The shooting stones and soil hit his body, creating ripples and the sound of breaking glass.
Behind Lumian, a hidden mirror revealed itself.
This current Lumian wasn't his true form, but rather a projection manifested through the mirror world!
Of course, Lumian was also nearby. After teleporting to the cemetery, he had concealed himself and thrown out a mirror.
But the impact of directly looking at a "deity" still affected him, severely wounding him, leaving him unable to move or take any measures to dodge.
As the ground's stones and soil quickly weathered, that cyan, terrifying, strange hand pressed against Lumian's projection.
The projection instantly shattered, each illusory fragment rotting and fading.
A series of cracking sounds came from Lumian, who was hiding behind a nearby tree—the sound of all his Mirror Substitutions breaking.
Even with the repeated substitutions of Mirror Substitutions, the black spots and deep decay on Lumian's body persisted.
Just a second or two later, his gaze lost focus, and his living presence disappeared.
Thud!
He fell in a highly decayed state, his Traveler's Bag raising dust from the weathered soil.
He died on the spot.
At this moment, the figure before the gravestone fully appeared.
It was a middle-aged man wearing a black suit without a hat. His face was somewhat long, with rotting spots showing bone on both sides, and his skin was pale, as if it hadn't seen sunlight for a long time.
His left hand hung naturally, its cyan-green swollen state completely different from the rest of his body.
Before Mocoxidos could check the situation, surging, quiet, indifferent gray-white appeared from behind the gravestone, rapidly spreading over.
Wherever the gray-white passed, whether floating dust or weathered ground, everything instantly became solid and heavy,

losing all other colors.
Mocoxidos didn't panic, extending his left palm with its yellowish-green capillaries and cyan patterns toward this gray-white expanse.
Though there was no physical contact yet, the gray-white slowed down, becoming increasingly sluggish, even developing cracks within itself.
At this moment, a mirror flew out from the fallen Traveler's Bag.
From that mirror, Lumian, wearing a black robe with the hood down, appeared, walking back to reality with a smile on his lips.
His highland lake-like eyes had already captured Mocoxidos's figure.
Almost simultaneously, two black flames containing destruction and madness leaped from Lumian's pupils.
"Ah!"
Mocoxidos immediately screamed in agony as bursts of black flames erupted from his rotting flesh, both igniting his soul and burning his decaying body composed of various pathogens.
He hurriedly withdrew his left hand and tore open his abdomen, as if trying to pull out the source of the black flames, but this was a Demoness curse—the true source was with Lumian.
Lumian had disappeared, perhaps teleporting to somewhere distant, or perhaps hiding in the mirror world.
As Mocoxidos's left hand collided with the Fire of Destruction, the corresponding black flames began to weaken, flickering as if about to die out.
But the black flames didn't extinguish completely, stubbornly continuing to burn Mocoxidos's flesh and soul, though their intensity began to rapidly decay.
While Mocoxidos dealt with one threat, he couldn't handle the other—the previously suppressed gray-white became surging again, crossing the barriers and spreading to his side.
His clothes quickly took on the gray-white color, turning to stone.
Mocoxidos's body suddenly emitted a putrid aura, with cyan-green yellowish pus oozing from the rotting areas where bone was visible.
This pus instantly covered Mocoxidos's body, causing him to decompose into countless pathogens and disappear on the spot.
Some pathogens were still entangled with black flames and quickly annihilated, but others that weren't originally affected managed to escape the burning of the Fire of Destruction,
At this time, the gray-white color symbolizing Petrification grew more intense, engulfing many pathogens and turning them to stone fragments that drifted to the ground.

Lumian's figure materialized at the side of the gravestone, smiling as he raised his right palm.
Throughout the entire valley cemetery, from sky to earth, strange and quiet black flames ignited silently.
In this black flame hell, every tree and blade of grass withered, collapsing as the surviving pathogens around the gravestone lost their spirituality and life one by one.
After about seven seconds, Lumian heard a shrill, unwilling, ethereal, cursing scream in the air.
From this, he knew Mocoxidos had completely died.
And due to the burning of a Demoness's black flames, the other's spirit would completely dissipate in the next few dozen seconds, unable to channel his spirit or do anything else through those means.
Lumian flipped his hand, using the mirror to pull the area around the gravestone and Mocoxidos's spirit into the mirror world, thereby affecting the return of the boon powers.
He and Franca then crossed through the silver mirror surface, arriving in the corresponding area behind the mirror.
During this process, Lumian couldn't help but reflect on the recent battle.
Mocoxidos's performance had exceeded both his and Franca's expectations.
That cyan-green swollen left hand was like one belonging to a true deity—merely seeing it and being pressed by it from afar completely crushed Lumian's resistance, making even dodging impossible.
This definitely surpassed Sequence 3, reaching the power level of an Angel, perhaps even higher!
Most Sequence 3 Saints from other paths would have died irreversibly facing that attack just now. Fortunately, Lumian was a Demoness of Unaging, peculiarly difficult to kill and skilled in revival and rebirth.
Moreover, other Demoness of Unaging couldn't manage this so easily—they would likely have their normal Mirror Person die along with them, only able to revive through a pre-placed mirror in a hidden location, largely disconnected from themselves, containing a sleeping Mirror Person. This would take dozens of minutes or even hours, making further participation in this battle impossible.
Lumian had something special in his right palm, and thanks to the stimulated residual aura of the mutated Blood Emperor, he managed to break free from that left hand's influence slightly earlier to some extent, actively using Mirror Substitution.

Even so, all his Mirror Substitutions were destroyed, and his true form had to die once, though it didn't affect his self in the mirror.
If not for Franca's assistance and containment, Mocoxidos would have escaped before he could revive and return.
That left hand was indeed formidable, with a terrifying divine descent quality...
But aside from the left hand, Mocoxidos's other aspects seemed quite ordinary, even inferior to the Sequence 4 demigod of the same path I killed before...
Did the existence of that 'left hand' suppress the manifestation of Mocoxidos's other abilities, causing his thinking and reactions to decay to some extent?
Since Amon could modify the ability manifestations of various sequences in the Marauder pathway, surely the great existence using 'Malady God' as an alias can do the same. When bestowing power, He deliberately adjusted the sequence abilities, lowering the rank of His own or a left hand projection of some Angel near the divine throne to Sequence 3, but had to reduce other abilities as a result and make the bestowed pay an additional price?
As these thoughts flashed through Lumian's mind, he glanced at Franca and took out his Chariot card and The Fool's Sacred Emblem.
For the upcoming theft and manipulation, they would definitely need to beseech Mr. Fool's help!
Lumian himself didn't have such abilities. If he could control Mocoxidos and have enough time to use large-scale black magic, using this Saint as a medium to slowly establish contact with all Malady God believers, he might barely be able to take over the Sick Church by himself, but now, less than thirty seconds remained.

Chapter 1055: Double Gods

As Lumian watched the cemetery turn gray-white and the faintly visible fragmented spirit, he quickly lit three candles. With one hand holding The Fool's Sacred Emblem and the other holding the Chariot card, he began chanting in Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era,
"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog,
"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.
"I implore you,
"I beseech your assistance..."
Regarding the Sick Church matter, Lumian had already reported to Mr. Fool beforehand, explaining his thoughts, so there was no need for detailed descriptions now, nor for setting up an altar.
After completing the imitation ritual's supplication, Lumian and Franca's thoughts became slightly sluggish, like when they had to study after pulling an all-nighter before gaining their supernatural abilities.
Then, they seemed to see a hand wearing a black glove.
That hand covered the high sky, ethereal and illusory, not actually present.
Almost simultaneously, tiny fragments of spiritual light gathered, reassembling Mocoxidos's nearly-annihilated soul body.
Around this soul body, illusory points of light appeared one after another, while from its body extended an insubstantial cyan-green yellowish line stretching infinitely upward.
That line suddenly wavered, pulled back by an invisible force, connecting its ends to form a closed system, no longer maintaining contact with the outside world.
Only this way could Lumian and Franca's theft of the Sick Church's faith avoid being corrupted by the corresponding horrifying will.
For a great existence of this rank, bearing His name meant becoming Him, even if it was just one of His aliases.
Since no one had preached in the name of Malady God before, and this title "Malady God" had subsequently established a connection with Him over time, this was Him, just not as closely bound as His true honorific name.
After the illusory line connecting the anchor and object of faith entered a self-cycling state, those points of light surrounding Mocoxidos's remnant spirit quickly floated toward Lumian.
Scenes then appeared before Lumian's eyes, representing each bestowed who knew Mocoxidos's honorific name.
Ordinary believers weren't qualified to know and chant the name of the Malady God's envoy.

They would only pray silently according to those preachers' intimidation and sermons, adding prefixes to "Malady God" and His messengers based on their own understanding.
This was also an anchor, but wouldn't have such points of light.
Lumian quickly scanned through them all, discovering that among these bestowed, only one possessed godhood, and clearly didn't have "God's Left Hand" like Mocoxidos.
Only one Sequence 4? The rest are all mid to low Sequences... Is this all the power the Sick Church has in the Trier region? Must pay extra attention to the Sequence 4 demigod, he might see through my and Franca's disguise, realize it's blasphemers deceiving for faith... He must possess part of the Malady God's honorific name, maybe even the complete name... Just as Lumian had this thought, he saw the Doomed One in the light point take out a pair of black gloves from somewhere, put them on, and gently nod across the void.
Is he controlled by Mr. Fool? Parasitized? Lumian's confidence doubled. He put on the Lie earring, altered his throat structure, and began issuing commands to each bestowed represented by the light points in Mocoxidos's voice: "The situation has changed. From now on, the great Malady God will gradually descend into reality in twin form. They are the 'God of Plague' and the 'God of Disease;' They are both male and female..."
This would point to Lumian and Franca, matching their essence.
As for Jeanna, there was no reasonable way to add her now. Once Lumian and Franca truly controlled the Sick Church in the Trier Region, changing the doctrine and adding new saints would be very easy, since Jeanna was still far from Sequence 3.
Lumian continued speaking rapidly, "Spread the new doctrine to believers quickly, urge them to master the honorific names of both deities and pray to Them.
"One is:
"The Lady more ancient than the times, Servant of Calamity, Child of Plague and Disease, Destroyer who walks in Shadows, Guide of all lost lambs in Trier, the great God of Plague."
Here Lumian borrowed his sister Aurore's uniqueness, then pieced together his own specialties—whether "Serving Calamity," "Child of Plague and Disease," or "Destroyer," all came from the top powers of the Hunter and Demoness pathways that had given him the boon and caused his palm to mutate somewhat. This matched the explanation of the Malady God's division and wouldn't make the bestowed suspicious.
This way, even without using his true name but referring to himself with the false God of Plague, he could be precisely

indicated, because even without the last line, the previous five lines in standard format could lock onto him.
This was also adding anchors for Aurore.
"The other is:
"The Ancient One who transcends time, One who remains forever young, Envoy of Disease and Plague, Lady who spreads pain and despair, Protector of humanity's adventurous spirit, the great God of Disease."
This would point to Franca.
To ensure these descriptions combined with precise accuracy, Franca also imitated Mr. Fool, incorporating her uniqueness as a transmigrator into the description.
Currently in the Northern and Southern Continents, only she and half of Aurore were both transmigrators and Demonesses of Unaging.
Of course, Franca didn't dare bet that no other high-ranking beings in this world matched just the two descriptions of "Ancient One who transcends time" and "remains forever young." In the depths of space and various alternate dimensions, there might truly be beings who had lived from before the Primordial One's awakening until now and didn't age, since apparently only Earth's living creatures had encountered the apocalypse back then.
But such beings surely could no longer be called "human."
After initially anchoring herself with the first two descriptions, Franca took several titles she had considered before but weren't suitable for inclusion in the Church of The Fool's patron saint name, selected those that fit the Sick Church's doctrine, and added "Protector of humanity's adventurous spirit"—a title that had earned her mockery but actually wasn't bad upon careful consideration.
This could effectively distinguish her from Aurora while remaining neutral, potentially serving as an entry point for her and Lumian to gradually transform the Sick Church's doctrine later.
And with these five honorific names, "the great God of Disease" became optional.
However, it wasn't completely useless. As time passed, the title "God of Disease" would gradually become associated with Franca. If she could become an Angel in the future, "God of Disease" would truly become equivalent to her.
After explaining the most important matters, Lumian saw those illusory points of light return to their original size, still surrounding him.
They had been grafted onto him.

Of course, this wasn't permanent, and Lumian hadn't intended it to be.
If he hadn't needed these bestowed to preach and change the believers' understanding, he would have eliminated them all on the spot, leaving no survivors.
These were severely corrupted people who had received boon from the corresponding existence. To Lumian, who had usurped the position of Malady God, they were genuine time bombs with basically no possibility of salvation.
"I'll need to watch them constantly. Once most of the Malady God believers in the Trier region establish connections with me and Franca, I'll immediately eliminate these bestowed... The Grafting of faith anchors can last at least a month, that's enough..." Lumian slowly exhaled, sincerely thanking Mr. Fool for his help.
The power that had made his and Franca's heads feel insufficient then receded.
Next, Lumian looked at Mocoxidos's remaining spirit floating in mid-air, slightly surprised to find it hadn't completely dissipated.
According to Lumian's previous estimation, after entering the mirror world, Mocoxidos would completely pass away in just over thirty seconds, unable even to channel spirits, but now it seemed he could still hold on for about twenty seconds.
And what they had just done couldn't have taken only ten seconds —just speaking the honorific names took longer than that!
Did Mr. Fool's gaze make time slow down?
No, not slow down, my actions and words didn't become slower...
Did time slow down only for Mocoxidos's Spirit Body? Or did Mr. Fool grant Mocoxidos's Spirit Body more time?
An application of high-ranking Marauder pathway abilities?
As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, he quickly employed a Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell.
There should still be time to ask one question!
Lumian wasn't worried this would lead to him being noticed by the entity worshiped by the Sick Church, because Mocoxidos's connection with that being had been cut off, its ends joined to form a cycle.
Regarding Mocoxidos and Sick Church matters, Lumian actually had quite a few questions: From those prayer light points just now, the Sick Church had only ten to twenty bestowed in the Trier region, clearly not a large scale.
But among fewer than twenty bestowed, there was actually the Sequence 3 Mocoxidos and a Sequence 4 Doomed One.
Wasn't this ratio too extreme?
Back then, 007 as a Church deacon for a district in Trier was only

Sequence 5, with two teams of Beyonders under him—nearly fifteen people.
Even though bestowed couldn't be directly compared to those who advanced through potions, the Sick Church's situation was puzzling.
Normally, such a team composition with a Sequence 4 demigod would already be the limit, and that only because the Trier region was very important.
So, Lumian wanted to ask what special contribution Mocoxidos had made to receive the Sequence 3 boon, which had also led to some of his subordinates receiving advancement.
Perhaps very important secrets were hidden here.
Soon, Lumian completed the Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell taught by Franca.
In the makeup mirror he took out appeared Mocoxidos's increasingly fading spirit.
Lumian asked quickly, "What incident led to you receiving a boon to that left hand?"
Obvious fanaticism appeared on Mocoxidos's increasingly pale and transparent face.
In a deep, hoarse voice, he mused, "After the Vortex incident..."

Chapter 1056: Gathering

"After the Vortex incident..." Mocoxidos continued, "God specifically bestowed upon me, telling me to stay in Trier, not to do anything else, not to expose myself."

"It wasn't because you made some special contribution?" Lumian quickly followed up.

When he heard the word "Vortex," he thought he'd found a key point, but unexpectedly, Mocoxidos's answer was completely different from what he had imagined.

This was even more suspicious!

"Because I am devout," Mocoxidos said fanatically. "Compared to the Order of All Extinction, we are the overlooked faction, doing less. God specifically bestowing upon me could only be because of my devotion..."

Before he could finish speaking, his remnant soul had faded too much to sustain the spirit channeling.

Lumian and Franca could only watch helplessly as he completely dissipated.

Franca took out the Inevitable Gun and placed it where the cyan-green yellowish light points were gathering and floating upward.

Since this was an ordinary mirror world, the return of the boon was only partially affected. While it settled down again, most of it still broke free and disappeared.

While waiting for the Inevitable Gun's power to be replenished and show more mutations, Franca said to Lumian, "Getting a Sequence 3-equivalent boon without needing to make any contribution?

"I thought becoming a Demoness of Unaging was already easy enough, but I didn't expect there could be something even easier."

Smiling, Lumian replied, "Didn't you notice this when you were in the Savoie Mob? If they suddenly give you a gun, it's definitely to make you do something dangerous, to use you as cannon fodder."

"Right, there's no such thing as a free lunch—the more free it seems, the more expensive it actually is." Franca understood Lumian's meaning. "The entity worshiped by the Sick Church gave Mocoxidos and others more boons, instructing them to lie low in the Trier region, because in the near future they'll be made to do something quite crucial, something they must do even if it leads to all their deaths?"

Lumian nodded. "It's unfortunate that the Sick Church is a fringe sect. If we had captured a Sequence 3 Saint from the Order of All Extinction, we might already know what the issue is."

This could be seen from the names of the first few boon sequences of the Patient pathway—the followers of that great existence

naturally tended toward infiltrating Trier's upper and middle classes, gradually corrupting the entire system.
Disease and plague were just two among that being's many authorities.
"Indeed." Franca sighed. "Whatever the case, removing one nail is still one nail removed. We don't need to worry about the Sick Church for now."
At this point, her Inevitable Gun showed some changes, expanding slightly overall and taking on a faint cyan-green tinge.
Franca retrieved the revolver with spider silk and learned the final "results" by querying her own spirituality.
The shots with either Certain Death or Sure Hit effects were restored to 13 times, and an additional new effect was added that could stun enemies, cause their thoughts to decay, and significantly affect their thinking and actions.
This didn't require actually hitting the target to take effect—as long as the target was locked onto and the shot was fired, they would experience similar conditions.
And if a bullet with this effect actually hit, unless the target had previously used a body double ability, their original body would inevitably decay and move toward death, though this wouldn't affect the mirror that the Demoness of Unaging had hidden away earlier with most mystical connections severed.
"It can't compare to the original left hand—it won't make targets truly feel like they're facing divine descent, completely unable to move or even think. Let's just say it can be useful in split-second moments, leaving enemies no time to react..." Franca casually explained.
She quickly named this effect "God's Gaze," which could only be triggered once.
Franca then sighed.
"It's a pity we were too rushed—if we had brought Anthony's Winter is Coming, his weapon could have been replenished too."
Franca and Lumian had originally thought Dalberro's superior would at most be a Sequence 4 Doomed One. Although they had made contingency plans for encountering a Sequence 3 Saint, that wasn't their main focus, so the execution was inevitably somewhat hasty. Many preparations they should have made weren't done, and they could only rely on the Demoness of Unaging's bizarre unkillable trait to forcefully confront and block the target.
"There will be other chances." Lumian smiled slightly.
He was referring to the Sequence 4 demigod currently under Mr. Fool's control.

Of course, this was assuming Mr. Fool didn't plan to use that puppet for something else.
Franca made an affirmative sound, then said, "The gathering time is set for 10 pm Saturday. You got the message, right?"
"I did." Lumian nodded.
...
Saturday night at 10pm, in the ancient and dilapidated palace of the Nation of the Evernight, Lumian's figure quickly materialized.
He was once again dressed as a warlock, wearing a silver-white half mask.
After waiting another five minutes, Hidden Blade Franca, still wearing her assassin outfit, walked to the huge stone chair and cleared her throat.
"Everyone, I have announcements to make."
Her voice wasn't loud, but it transmitted through the mirror items carried by many Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members, allowing everyone to hear clearly.
"That's a nice trick, Hidden Blade," someone immediately praised.
Hidden Blade's past actions and previously established image meant people didn't respect and revere her like they did Hela and Gandalf, instead treating her more like a friend they could tease.
Franca's lips curled into a smile. "You're right. The first thing I want to announce is:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I've become a demigod!"
As the many Research Society members stared in shock, unable to believe it and about to express their emotions with profanity, the flaxen-colored long hair extending from under Franca's hood floated up, becoming slightly darker and thicker.
This made the vast majority of Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members inexplicably alarmed, instinctively lowering their heads as if threads of electricity were coursing through their bodies.
This wasn't displaying an incomplete Mythical Creature form—Franca wouldn't dare do that. She was merely showing a hint of her godhood's aura to make her words more convincing.
The entire ancient palace suddenly fell silent.
After a moment, when everyone came to their senses, they instinctively wanted to express various opinions and use different tone words, but instantly remembered Hidden Blade's previous display and closed their mouths again.
That was the aura of godhood.
Hidden Blade was now half-god, half-human.
Franca's deliberate showing off was mainly to strengthen the persuasiveness of her subsequent words. Seeing their reaction, she

smoothly continued, "We're still brothers and sisters, don't be so formal.
"After all these years, don't you know what kind of person I am?
"If you don't curse a bit, don't marvel at how Hidden Blade suddenly became so powerful, don't express your inner shock and admiration, wouldn't my showing off be for nothing?"
Right, right, right, Hidden Blade's air is back! The Research Society members immediately relaxed considerably and, like those people in the telegram group, began expressing their shock and admiration.
Franca immediately harvested joy from this.
She had to admit that a small part of her deliberate showing off was for the showing off itself.
When everyone's discussion had somewhat subsided, Franca said in a low voice, "The second thing I want to announce is that I've received intelligence that those evil cults across the Northern and Southern Continents and the Five Seas will do something big in the next year or two, which might bring apocalyptic scenes.
"If you have chances to advance your Sequence, try your best to do so. If not, that's fine too—just enjoy life and when the time comes, hide in places like the cathedrals in major cities.
"As long as the true gods can hold on, things won't be too hopeless. If They can't hold on, everyone should first preserve their useful selves and decide what to do based on the specific situation. Personally, I think catastrophe will inevitably come, but it's possible to survive them."
The Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members looked at each other, both bewildered and confused.
If Hidden Blade hadn't become a demigod Demoness, they would have thought she was joking, playing a prank.
How could the apocalypse come so suddenly?
Were there no omens or prophecies?
Everyone turned their gazes toward Hela and Gandalf—compared to the newly-made demigod Hidden Blade, these two had more authority and were more trustworthy.
Hela walked to Franca's side and looked around. "Members in Trier, try to leave within half a year. This city will be one of the key nodes where problems erupt.
"Even if you really like life in Trier, you can return after things are over."
This indirectly endorsed Franca's previous words.
The Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members immediately erupted, asking all at once, "What exactly is going to happen?"
"Which places will be safer?"

"Will remote villages be affected?"
"..."
Franca pressed down with one hand, gesturing for everyone to calm down.
"The specifics aren't clear.
"Just treat it as a prophecy made by a prophet—there might not be only one interpretation."
As everyone discussed, she and Hela walked down the steps.
Gandalf came to where they had just been standing, showing no surprise or shock about the apocalyptic matter.
This president of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society looked at everyone and said, "Let me add one more point:
"Try to hide in big cities, but not the capitals of various countries."
The successive confirmations made the gathering's atmosphere suddenly heavy, though not to the point of freezing or despair.
The Academy group's gathering spot had the same atmosphere.
Professor, wearing a butterfly bow tie, looked at Lumian and asked, "Muggle, you're quite familiar with Hidden Blade. Have you heard more details?"
"No," Lumian added, "I only know that the Eternal Blazing Sun Church has placed nearly half its forces in Trier."
After Periodic Table, Isotope, Associate Professor and others discussed for a while, Lumian thoughtfully said, "I have something to remind you about. After becoming a Warlock, I was infused with quite a bit of knowledge by the Hidden Sage, some of which was about summoning special creatures from the spirit world.
"This had significant problems. It took me a long time to resolve them, so I have some experience.
"Have you been infused with knowledge in this area? Something about weak balls of telepathic connections."

Chapter 1057: The Key Point

Lumian deliberately spoke very clearly to ensure no one would overlook it.

Moreover, he pointed out that this matter was dangerous, and he had experience in how to resolve it.

This way, if any of the present Warlocks had been infused with mystical knowledge about summoning White Papers and hadn't yet undergone complete personality alteration, they would surely be alarmed, become fearful, and then either openly or secretly seek him out to discuss whether the problem truly existed and what solutions there might be.

Professor, who represented the Academy group's Warlocks, thought for a moment and shook his head. "I've never been infused with knowledge in this area."

After the other Warlocks gave similar answers, a man who had spoken little in the previous discussion suddenly said, "The weak ball that can telepathically connect with me, right?

"I received related knowledge."

Lumian's heart leaped with joy as he looked at this Academy group member who was also dressed as a warlock, remembering his codename: Condensed Matter.

"Yes," Lumian nodded, glancing around before asking Condensed Matter, "May I ask you some questions in private? If you're unsure about me, we can have Madame Hela present."

Worried that he might already have hidden problems due to that mystical knowledge, Condensed Matter didn't refuse Lumian's invitation. "Okay."

Soon, in a corner of the ancient palace, with Hela witnessing, Lumian questioned Condensed Matter, "Have you used those descriptions to summon the corresponding spirit world creature?"

"I have," Condensed Matter couldn't help asking, "Is there something wrong with that?"

Lumian's brows furrowed slightly beneath his silver-white half mask, and instead of answering, he asked, "Can you sense anything special about me?"

He wanted to see if the other person could detect Omebella's bloodline.

"Does being particularly charming count?" Condensed Matter answered honestly.

"It does," Lumian smiled behind his silver-white half mask, "When did you first summon that spirit world creature?"

"Around June or July two years ago," Condensed Matter recalled.

June or July two years ago... By then, Madame Pualis and the

padre already had the child... Lumian thought for a moment and asked,
"After being infused with this knowledge by the Hidden Sage, you didn't try it immediately?"
Condensed Matter shook his head. "When I received the related knowledge, I was traveling—traveling with family; so I couldn't try it. Later, I was infused with more knowledge and also traded for a grimoire, so I forgot about it until remembering much later."
"I see..." Lumian's tone suddenly carried a hint of sighing.
This wasn't for Condensed Matter, but for Aurore.
He then said, "Can you describe what the contracted creature you summoned looks like?"
Condensed Matter described his contracted creature's appearance in detail, which was almost identical to the White Paper Lumian had summoned.
"When you first summoned it, did it have slightly milky and pale yellow clear liquid inside its body? It might have disappeared later," Lumian asked as if confirming something.
Condensed Matter thought carefully before saying, "No."
"No..." Lumian sighed as if he had expected this.
He then said to Condensed Matter, "The one you summoned probably doesn't have any problems."
"That's good, that's good!" Condensed Matter turned his head with undisguised joy, glancing at Hela as if hoping this lady would endorse this assessment.
At this point, Lumian added, "But I can't be completely certain yet. There are still a few questions I need you to answer. This might involve your privacy, but you don't need to be too detailed—I just need to grasp the general situation."
After hesitating for a few seconds, influenced by multiple factors including his desire for a definitive answer, the other party's extraordinary charm, and Madame Hela's presence as witness, Condensed Matter finally nodded and said, "Ask away."
Lumian sincerely said, "Thank you."
He then posed his question. "Which deity do you worship? If it's not one of the orthodox gods, you don't need to answer."
Finding the question simpler and less awkward than imagined, Condensed Matter quickly answered, "Eternal Blazing Sun."
Eternal Blazing Sun... *Is this the common point?* On the surface, they're all casual believers of the Eternal Blazing Sun... But surely among the Warlocks in Trier like Professor and the others, there must be some who praise the sun daily to conceal their identity... Are they deliberately concealing it, not mentioning it? Also, Condensed Matter is male, Aurore is female, so gender clearly isn't

why the Hidden Sage targeted her... Lumian was initially pleased but quickly sank into deep thought.
"How old were you when you transmigrated, and how old was the body after transmigration?" Lumian further asked.
"My last memory was lamenting that I was almost thirty and had achieved nothing," Condensed Matter for a moment before saying. "When I occupied this body, he was just twenty-five."
Different from Aurore's body state before and after transmigration... Lumian quickly considered which aspects he should look for common points.
While thinking, he casually asked, "Are the current body's parents still alive?"
"They passed away long ago," Condensed State answered concisely.
"Do you have children?" Lumian continued digging in this direction.
"Yes," Condensed Matter clearly didn't want to say more.
There really aren't any common points with Aurore... At this moment, Lumian recalled something Condensed Matter had said earlier and thought for two seconds before asking, "You said when you were infused with the corresponding knowledge, you were traveling with family—which family members?"
Condensed Matter still only spoke generally, "My wife, and my elder sister's family."
"Elder sister..." Lumian's pupils suddenly dilated, as if he'd been struck by lightning.
Condensed Matter nodded slightly. "Yes, the sister who raised this body of mine."
Lumian stared at Condensed Matter, falling completely silent.
He felt he had found that key point.
The key point beyond the three words "Warlock," "transmigrator," and "gray fog aura": Sister and brother!
Elder sister and younger brother!
Lumian began silently talking to himself.
He kept repeating two names.
Omebella, Zedus...
Omebella, Zedus...
Suddenly, Lumian remembered something else from the past.
When Madam Magician mentioned the empty baby cradle, she used the word "lost."
This meant that in the eyes of this Angel who had a relatively deep understanding of the Cordu Village incident, according to her spiritual intuition, the cradle was empty because the child was "lost," which wasn't exactly equivalent to death.
And the subsequent intelligence from Madame Pualis and

everyone's deductions indicated that baby Omebella had died early on, killed by her father, her direct relative the padre.
At the time, neither Lumian nor Madam Magician thought there was anything wrong with this—death was indeed a form of loss.
But now, Lumian had a new conjecture:
Could it be that Madame Pualis didn't give birth to one child for the padre, but to twins, a sister and brother?
Then, one was killed, one mysteriously disappeared, achieving some purpose through the ritual of the Inevitability believers?
The killed baby Omebella has now returned to Madame Pualis's embrace but can't come to reality yet—what about the mysteriously lost child?
Thinking of this, Lumian suddenly smiled.
He felt this might have something to do with himself.
He began to suspect that his selection of the Abscessed Hand profile from such a large collection of spirit world creature materials, making it the first creature for a Contractee to sign with, wasn't coincidental but stemmed from some mystical connection.
Similarly, when he first arrived in Trier, his choice of the market district and the Auberge du Coq Doré wasn't just because that's what the deity worshiped by the Aurora Order arranged, but perhaps also because of the Poison Spur Mob supported by the Nightstalkers there.
If this was true, then later meeting Father Montserrat and obtaining Omebella's remaining umbilical cord was destined, an inevitable fate!
This also clarified why Madame Pualis had to find him specifically in the dream city!
Ignoring Condensed Matter's surprised and confused gaze, Lumian half-closed his eyes and silently said to himself, Hand Bro, I'll bring Omebella's remains to see you as soon as possible!
...
Trier, fourth level of the catacombs.
Lumian held a lit white candle, accompanied by Jenna who also had yellowish light spreading from her hands, as they walked step by step toward the ancient tomb containing the Samaritan Women's Spring.
Before going to Morora to help Jenna advance to Demoness of Despair, he wanted Jenna to meet with Krismona's shadow to see what changes might occur or what hints they might receive.
"Can't Franca come here anymore?" Jenna asked curiously.
Lumian nodded. "After obtaining godhood, one should visit Trier's underground—especially places like this—as little as possible.

Unless absolutely necessary, it's best not to come."
"Aren't you a demigod too?" Jenna asked, both amused and concerned.
Lumian chuckled. "It's different.
"For me, entering the catacombs feels as comfortable as returning home.
"If I weren't worried about making others nervous, I wouldn't even need to light a candle."
He raised his right hand, exposing his palm with its pale skin, dark red marks, and black pinhole to the cold air and candlelit dimness.
Then he blew out the candle in his hand, suddenly enveloped by darkness with only Jenna's candlelight revealing his silhouette.
"Don't take risks!" Jenna was startled.
Lumian obligingly relit the candle with a smile.
"I was right, wasn't I?"
"You scared me to death!" Jenna glared at Lumian.
As they talked, they finally reached the ancient tomb chamber.
Lumian looked at the tomb door for two seconds and sighed.
"Too bad we didn't encounter Krismona's shadow on the way.
"I feel she's more friendly outside the Samaritan Women's Spring, while inside she tends to be more..."
Lumian paused, then said in a low voice, "Evil."

Chapter 1058: Meeting

In front of the grayish-white fog surrounding the area of the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Lumian and Jenna both lowered their heads, pressed their hands to their chests, and recited Mr. Fool's honorific name.

When they raised their heads, they had already arrived on the other side of the gray fog.

The two followed the slope downward, and soon heard faint, ethereal splashing sounds.

A few steps later, they saw the figure of a beautiful and holy woman in white robes.

The child of the Primordial Demoness—Krismona.

Jenna examined the target's pale, transparent face for a few seconds and stepped forward on her own, to see if her special nature would elicit any additional reaction.

Suddenly, a gleam of light appeared in Krismona's empty, blank eyes.

It was sharp, cold, and extraordinarily vicious!

Almost simultaneously, around Lumian and Jenna, from the sloped ground, the gray mist above, and the air in all directions, emerged one thick, slippery black poisonous snake after another, each with distinct black and white eyeballs rolling on their heads.

In less time than it takes to blink, this place had become a forest of black snakes, obscuring the earth and piercing the sky.

With these changes, the temperature dropped dramatically, and the area around the Samaritan Women's Spring instantly became a world ruled by ice and snow.

Icicles were interspersed among the dense black snakes, covering them with a layer of crystalline white.

Jenna had already frozen stiff, with ice particles and icicles forming on her flaxen hair, face, and all over her clothes.

Around Lumian, intense white flames with a blue tinge burned, but these flames were also freezing rapidly, with crystalline ice layers spreading quickly.

For Lumian, blocking for this brief moment was enough. He raised his right palm, activating the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his palm.

The splashing sound instantly intensified, and Jenna, who was already nearly frozen and petrified, immediately lost consciousness.

Lumian felt the familiar aura of madness and the deathly cold emanating from the Underworld Daoist.

The water of the Samaritan Women's Spring receded into its deep

source, pulling Krismona's shadow along with it, making it bob up and down.
Both the Black Snake Forest that filled this space and the frost world that was cold enough to be almost unbearable even for a Sequence 3 Saint dissipated.
Everything returned to normal.
Jenna gradually regained her thoughts, and as the spring water began flowing again, she heard Krismona's fearful, hateful voice filled with intense cursing: "Do not advance to Demoness of Unaging!
"Do not advance to Demoness of Unaging!"
The high-tier Demoness's figure lingering near the spring water repeated these words, Her voice shrill and terrifying.
Seeing that the world of ice and snow was about to descend again, and thick hair like black poisonous snakes was about to pierce from the ground toward the sky, Lumian pulled Jenna back two steps.
Krismona's figure no longer showed any abnormality, Her eyes once again becoming empty and blank.
"How do you feel?" Lumian had also heard what Krismona was shouting, but he was more interested in knowing if the pure female Demoness had any special sensations.
Jenna paused for two seconds, then recalled, "It's different from what I sensed during an advancement. The current Lady Krismona is more like the Primordial Demoness...
"This isn't about similarities in temperament or feeling, but rather that the malice toward pure female demonesses is almost identical—the kind of malice that would personally strangle the corresponding possibility. Well, there are still subtle differences—Lady Krismona's malice stems more from fear.
"She seems terrified of seeing a Sequence 3 pure female demoness..."
"Is the Krismona here a remnant of obsession and malice, so it manifests more directly and obviously?" Lumian nodded with understanding. "Looking at it this way, there shouldn't be much problem with pure female demonesses advancing to Sequence 4. The hidden danger and risk lie in reconciling with the Mirror Person when becoming Sequence 3."
Lumian gazed at Krismona's figure beside the Samaritan Women's Spring and said thoughtfully,
"What was Her relationship with Her Mirror Person—enslavement, infatuation, or reconciliation?"
"You suspect something went wrong with Lady Krismona before She perished?" Jenna asked, turning her head.

After pondering for two seconds, Lumian said, "The one lingering around the Samaritan Women's Spring might be fine, but who knows what the one near the Krismona Night Pillar in Fourth Epoch Trier is."
Jenna nodded solemnly.
"Let's go, we can't communicate normally anymore." Lumian turned around.
He then smiled and said, "This isn't necessarily a bad thing. Normal communication might involve instigation and deception, while curse-like shouts based on obsession are more authentic. Through this, we can confirm there are no hidden dangers in advancing to Demoness of Despair."
As he spoke, Lumian turned back to look at Krismona's body.
Through the thin gray fog, he saw the holy and beautiful high-tier Demoness continuing to wander beside the spring eye flowing with pale water, day after day, year after year, Her face pale and transparent, Her gaze empty and blank.
Suddenly, Krismona looked toward them.
This time, inexplicable fear appeared in Her blank eyes.
The gleam of fear vanished instantly, completely swallowed by endless emptiness.
"What did She see?" Lumian muttered as he walked back.
But with just himself there, Krismona showed no reaction. When Jenna joined, the previous events merely repeated, with no additional information gained.
At this point, Lumian and Jenna finally abandoned their desire to continue probing and left the Samaritan Women's Spring.
...
The next morning, in the New City of Silver, at the bottom of the spire, at the end of the mottled stairs, in a room filled with morning light, black hair strands, various plants, and different mushrooms.
Under Mr. Sun's watch, Lumian walked to the brownish soil pile and placed both hands on the withered, huge grayish-brown tree trunk.
At this moment, Lumian felt as if the human-like patterns on the tree trunk were staring at him intently.
Two huge crimson flowers served as the eyes.
"Best not to exceed two minutes, or random effects will occur," the tall Mr. Sun reminded Lumian.
Lumian made a sound of acknowledgment, then exerted force with both hands to forcibly pull up Omebella's remains, known as the Gift of the Land.
The entire New City of Silver suddenly shook, as if experiencing a

mild earthquake.
The morning light in the room grew brighter, and the surrounding black hair strands, plants, and mushrooms began to grow and multiply at a visible rate.
Lumian quickly placed the Gift of the Land into a specially allocated space within the Traveler's Bag, then teleported to somewhere in the mirror world.
Madam Magician—wearing the previous silver-starred black robe—along with Jenna and Franca, were already waiting for him in the dark, pitch-black mirror realm.
According to the agreement with the Church of Knowledge, Lumian and Jenna couldn't go to the City of Exiles through normal means, but the Church would create a gap in Morora's seal somehow, allowing them to enter using the power of the mirror world and high-tier beings of the Door pathway.
"I borrowed it," Lumian said extremely concisely about the result.
Madam Magician nodded, making all the silver stars on her wizard robe light up.
A dreamlike starry sky appeared, and endless stars quickly formed a passage.
Surrounded by brilliant light, Lumian and Jenna instantly arrived in the City of Exiles Morora, at the square outside the cathedral.
Using the authority of 0-01, Lumian gathered enough serious criminals to meet the ritual requirements—a sea of people. These exiles were already nearby, as if waiting for the reaper to arrive.
Without wasting time, Lumian quickly said to Jenna, "Finally, let me tell you a fact."
Jenna had already begun quietly spreading the plague using the Demoness of Despair's Beyonder characteristic and the Sequence 5 level charm given by Franca. "What?"
Lumian said seriously, "Even if you really become a Sequence 4 demigod, you won't be able to do much when the apocalypse comes. Whether you can protect your loved ones and friends is another matter entirely."
Jenna opened her mouth but couldn't refute.
She actually understood this clearly but was unwilling to accept it.
"Are you in despair?" Lumian smiled. "If you're in despair, then go ahead and advance. Advance with this despair, with the intense desire to change this reality."
Jenna understood Lumian's intention, sighed softly, and said with a laugh, "Dammit, good thing I'm relatively strong, otherwise I'd definitely lose control during the ritual."
"I wouldn't say this to someone who isn't strong," Lumian didn't delay any further and, relying on the mystical connection between

himself and 0-01, directly entered the underground mausoleum.
Jenna turned around and looked at the criminals bound by commands in the square.
Her gaze was like water, both deep and calm, as if looking at the villains from her past life and their various endings, both good and bad.
After a while, Jenna walked through the crowd, heading outside the square.
This was to ensure that the serious criminals at the edges also received fair treatment, experiencing the same plague.
When thousands of exiles showed symptoms, growing weaker amidst violent coughing, Jenna took out the ingredients and began preparing the potion.
As one wave after another of serious criminals fell to the ground, she drank the liquid in one gulp.
As soon as she began advancing, Madam Magician used the pre-given mental imprint to transfer her out through the beautiful dreamlike starry sky to an area in the mirror world shrouded in thin gray fog.
As long as the ritual was achieved and the time limit hadn't passed, advancement could occur anywhere—it didn't have to be in Morora!
Of course, this assumed the seal's gap still existed and Jenna's connection to the ritual hadn't been severed.
This thin gray fog was obtained by Franca through prayer to Mr. Fool, aimed at deceiving the Primordial Demoness and preventing Her observation.
During Jenna's advancement, Lumian also arrived at the mountain peak of corpses where 0-01 was planted, next to Hand Bro who patrolled back and forth like the steel puppets and undead soldiers, nearly perfect, like a work of art.
With time running short, Lumian directly pulled out the Gift of the Land from the Traveler's Bag and planted this withered, huge trunk in the wilderness.
The Abscessed Hand, who had been walking, suddenly stopped, His beautiful crystalline crimson eyes looking over.
His face, which was almost at the limit of beauty, instantly twisted, with emotions like pain, hatred, malice, pleasure, and mockery overflowing.
He opened his mouth and shouted fiercely in the Jotun, "Omebella!"
"I curse you!
"I curse you to die by the hand of your direct descendant!"

Chapter 1059: Zedus

Lumian had advanced too quickly and hadn't yet mastered many mystical languages. He had only learned part of Jotun so far, but he had a contractual connection with the Abscessed Hand, allowing him to directly understand the meaning through the thoughts transmitted by the other party.

At that moment, he was completely stunned by the Abscessed Hand's reaction and words.

He had originally imagined that after thousands of years, the reunion of brother and sister would be sad yet heartwarming, like when Hand Bro had just become a 0-01 soldier and called out the name "Omebella" with such depth.

Instead, there was not a trace of warmth, only bone-deep hatred.

As the Abscessed Hand's voice echoed, the area around Him lit up, as if crimson moonlight was falling from an unknown place onto this wilderness—evil, cold, and bloody.

Then, within the crimson moonlight, one after another illusory and complex Doors of Summoning split open, connecting to different places, with some indescribable horror growing behind them.

On the wilderness ground, countless plants sprouted, creeping toward the withered trunk that had evolved from Omebella's remains.

The Gift of the Land, stimulated by this, also reacted, with the soil below splitting apart, leaving nothing growing.

This power, rich with death and return, met the lush scene of new life.

Standing between Omebella's remains and the Abscessed Hand, Lumian was instantly affected, uncontrollably regressing into a mirror that cracked with a snap.

This influence continued to expand rapidly, not giving Lumian, who was trying to redraw his silhouette, a moment's peace.

At this moment, streams of invisible flames shot up from various parts of the wilderness, the sky above taking on the color of burning, as a terrifying will that could conquer everything suddenly descended.

The flesh in the middle of the Abscessed Hand's brow writhed, pulling at the skin.

The distortion of His face quickly returned to normal, and around Him, whether it was the crimson moonlight, the numerous Doors of Summoning, or the various newly grown plants, all instantly vanished.

The Sealed Artifact Gift of the Land also returned to silence, the

desolation no longer spreading.
As the invisible flames extinguished, this blood-stained wilderness before the mountain of corpses was once again shrouded in darkness.
Lumian looked toward the peak of the corpse mountain and couldn't help muttering, "Boss, aren't you being a bit too hasty?"
He had wanted to observe for a while longer before using 0-01's power and authority to suppress the Abscessed Hand and the Gift of the Land, but unexpectedly, 0-01 had reacted to the stress.
This left him quite helpless.
However, there was nothing he could do about it—after all, 0-01 was the boss, and he was just the proxy.
And 0-01 was actually in a state of deep sleep, reacting purely on instinct, not something Lumian could "persuade" even if he wanted to.
Confirming Hand Bro's reaction and hearing those words is enough. Some of my previously unclear thoughts and speculations have either been overturned or connected...
Heh heh, Hand Bro, should I call you Zedus from now on?
Lumian muttered for a while, then put away the Gift of the Land which had been suppressed and become quiet, with no random effects likely to appear for some time, and teleported back to the square in front of the Church of Knowledge.
Here, wailing and groaning were everywhere, with many having already lost their lives.
Lumian swept his gaze around, quickly left Morora, and appeared back in the area behind the mirror, appearing beside Franca.
At this time, Jenna had just completed her advancement, her hair slightly darker and thicker, her eyes an even more beautiful blue.
"Where's Madam Magician?" Lumian took his gaze off Jenna and asked Franca.
Franca made a tongue-clicking sound and chuckled.
"After confirming there were no problems with Jenna's advancement, she went back to work on her manuscript.
"She said if you have any findings or speculations, either summon her messenger or report directly to Mr. Fool."
"This time I'll need a signed book." Lumian laughed, then said to Franca and Jenna, "Let's go to the New City of Silver first."
...
After returning the Gift of the Land to the room at the bottom of the spire, Lumian went to the Church of Fool headquarters and entered the confessional that Mr. Sun had specially prepared for him and the others.
He immediately created a ball of blazing white flame, letting the

light fill every inch of space inside the confessional, then began telling Franca, Jenna, and Mr. Sun, who had come specially to listen, about his "brother-sister" speculation, the names Omebella and Zedus, the Abscessed Hand's recent reaction and His spoken words.

"You mean Omebella and Zedus are both children of the Great Mother,'the former being the elder sister who inherited the power of the Earth pathway, and the latter being the brother on the neighboring Moon pathway, and they were possibly twins?" Franca tried to sort out the logic.

At this point, Jenna's face showed a grave expression. "Zedus was killed by Omebella, for unknown reasons?"

"Perhaps with the help of Omebella's husband, the ancient god—Giant King Aurmir. They were worried about Zedus's resurrection, so they deliberately dismembered Him into multiple pieces and sealed them in different places. This is also why the Sanguine never heard of such an Angel of the Moon pathway.

"Yes, this event probably happened quite early, before that Sanguine ancestor partially regained consciousness in the Second Epoch and became an ancient god. I've been saying, it doesn't make sense that there was only a Sanguine ancestor in the Second Epoch. Since one of the Sequences in the Beyonder characteristics is called Vampire, there should have been Vampires as creatures in the early Second Epoch, or even the First Epoch, regardless of whether they had rationality or were completely equivalent to monsters—this doesn't affect the essential definition," Lumian spoke slowly, thinking as he talked.

Mr. Sun offered an explanation on behalf of the Sanguine, "The Sanguine don't consider such monsters as their kin."

"So it's Sanguine ancestor, not Vampire ancestor?" Lumian thought that if Mr. Moon were present, there might be some unpleasant incidents.

After one divine assembly and one small gathering, he had gained a preliminary understanding of Mr. Moon's personality and concerns.

Mr. Sun answered very fairly, "That's what they call it."

But you people of the New City of Silver think vampires and the Sanguine are essentially the same? Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, all three Demonesses, could hear what Mr. Sun left unsaid.

What a considerate person... Lumian sighed inwardly before continuing, "Before His death, Zedus cursed His sister Omebella, cursing Her to die by the hand of Her direct descendant, and this curse came true."

At this point, Lumian suddenly paused, and after two seconds, said

in a low voice, "Zedus, as an Angel of the Moon pathway, was killed by Omebella of the Earth pathway, who might have also stolen His identity, while Omebella ultimately died at the hands of the Sanguine ancestor, an ancient god of the Moon pathway who might no longer have had true god status at the time, and then had Her identity stolen.
"This is an inevitability..."
Lumian felt profound emotion.
When he had stolen the power of Inevitability, he had no clear understanding, but the more he learned, the more he felt that inevitability was an issue that even Angels, true gods, and great beings couldn't avoid.
After discussing for a while longer, Lumian stood up and said, "I need to report to Mr. Fool; he might provide new revelations."
He began praying right there in the confessional.
Suddenly, thin grayish-white fog appeared before his eyes, and his ears seemed to hear terrifying chaotic sounds.
In just the blink of an eye, Lumian saw himself sitting at the bronze long table, in the position representing the Chariot, while at the head of the long table, in that huge stone chair, Mr. Fool's figure, wearing a top hat and coat, was faintly visible, hidden in the mist.
"Good morning, Mr. Fool." Lumian immediately stood up and bowed.
He had intended to report to Mr. Fool through prayer but was directly pulled up to the gray fog instead.
The Fool nodded slightly, his voice carrying more gentleness than the coldness of the last gathering.
"You have found the answer?"
Lumian sat down. "I have become a Demoness of Unaging, borrowed the Gift of the Land, and went to see the Abscessed Hand in the depths of Morora..."
After repeating Mr. Fool's previous revelation, he shared all the information he had collected and all his speculations, finally asking, "Mr. Fool, did Madame Pualis deliberately hide the infant Zedus in Cordu to use the ritual that the Inevitability believers would ultimately perform?
"Was the infant Zedus's mysterious disappearance due to that ritual?"
The Fool, shrouded in thin gray fog, nodded. "Yes."
Lumian suddenly smiled, laughing for several seconds.
Then, he sighed and asked seriously, "Mr. Fool, the infant Zedus's soul fragments are within my body, right?"
Since the one worshiped by the Aurora Order could use that ritual

and Mr. Fool's seal to let Amon return within the barrier undetected and steal Termiboros's power and identity, the Great Mother could do something similar!
The infant Zedus must have also been in the destruction brought by the ritual at that time, like other villagers of Cordu, shattered into pieces, with only fragments of soul remaining, which were then sealed inside my body!
That's how he mysteriously disappeared.
The Fool placed his right hand on the edge of the long table and rapped it gently. "Yes."
Lumian gave a self-deprecating smile. "No wonder I encountered matters related to the Great Mother as soon as I reached Trier, met the priest who had nurtured Omebella as soon as I went to sea, and the first contract creature I selected was the Abscessed Hand..."
He sighed softly for a few moments, then looked back at the table before The Fool.
"Mr. Fool, can you help me remove the seal and separate the infant Zedus's soul fragment?"
The Fool said in an even voice, "Like Aurore's soul fragments, he has already merged with you."
Lumian was stunned for a moment, shocked yet feeling this was natural.
The special quality possessed by Aurore's soul fragment was obviously also possessed by the infant Zedus's soul fragment.
The two of them were different from other villagers—if one had merged, the other would certainly not be an exception.
"Will he affect Aurore's resurrection?" Lumian asked the question he cared about most.
The Fool shook his head slightly. "He has a different gender from Aurore; he will only replace you in the future.
"He merged with you when you obtained Omebella's bloodline."
"Zedus's soul fragment, Omebella's bloodline, heh heh, I alone am equivalent to divine twins." Lumian exhaled and sincerely asked, "Mr. Fool, is there a way to resolve this issue?"
The Fool looked at Lumian for several seconds, his voice suddenly becoming somewhat drifting, as if narrating fate, "This is a hidden danger, a risk, and also a variable, an opportunity."

Chapter 1060: The First Priest

It's both a hidden danger and a risk, as well as a variable and an opportunity? I understand what the hidden danger and risk are, but how is the variable and opportunity manifested? Lumian did not ask further; his spiritual intuition told him this was a revelation, a scene that Mr. Fool had seen in the river of fate, something that could not be explained in detail.

After a moment's thought, he decided, "What should I do next?"

This was about what to do after clarifying the situation with the infant Omebella in Madame Pualis's arms and understanding what Zedus represented.

The Fool looked at Lumian, his voice still somewhat drifting. "Calamity needs to stay away from the mother."

Stay away from the mother? Does this mean avoiding meetings with Madame Pualis and the infant Omebella? I can't even touch the Great Mother unless the barrier fails, and if the barrier does fail, touching the Great Mother would be meaningless... Lumian pondered the true meaning of Mr. Fool's latest revelation.

Suddenly, he thought of more possibilities.

The mother might not only refer to the Great Mother, but also Earth Mother of the Feynapotter Kingdom!

Does this mean I have to stay away from Earth Mother and Her proxies, and even avoid touching any sacred objects that could point to Her? After all, as the Sanguine ancestor and the former ancient god of the Moon pathway, using the identity of Omebella, with the true god status of the Earth pathway, She has existed for thousands of years. Even now, after removing the "theft" and abandoning the corresponding identity, there would inevitably be a very strong mystical connection with Omebella... Lumian nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, Mr. Fool."

Regarding matters related to Omebella, he already had a very deep understanding, long knowing that the Sanguine ancestor Lilith, with the help of the Ancient Sun God, had killed Omebella, "stolen" Her identity, and then assumed Omebella's name to become Earth Mother, playing a crucial role in the war a few years ago.

When Mr. Fool indicated he could leave, Lumian made his final request, "Can you help me remove the seal on my chest?"

Since the soul fragments of Aurore and the infant Zedus had already initially merged with himself, they would not perish whether the seal was protected or not. This would allow the villagers of Cordu to find peace!

They had no hope of resurrection and would only exist in the form of Lumian's puppet soldiers, which he was unwilling to do.

"Okay." The Fool agreed to Lumian's request.
Before Lumian could speak, this great existence leaned back in his chair, speaking in a calm voice, "The seal will be automatically removed in three minutes."
"Praise you, Mr. Fool!" Lumian stood up, pressing his hand to his chest in a salute.
Returning to the real world, Lumian, accompanied by Franca and Jenna, bid farewell to Mr. Sun and returned to the luxurious villa in Trier.
After briefly mentioning Mr. Fool's new revelation and his own understanding, he chose to teleport away alone.
His destination: Cordu Village, in the Dariège region of Riston Province.
Soon, Lumian's figure took shape in that familiar yet strange "hometown".
Glancing at the blood-red pillar that wasn't particularly high yet had a mountainous feel, and then looking at his family house some distance away, Lumian walked into the buildings surrounding the pillar.
He surveyed the house ruins, some completely collapsed, others burned, trying to discern their original appearance.
Walking step by step through the broken walls and ruins, a pure and brilliant starlight emerged from Lumian's chest.
As the starlight dispersed, fragments of radiance flew out from his body, falling around him and materializing into blurry figures.
These were Naferia, Nazélie, and other elderly women, various Pierres and Guillaumes. Some gathered together, basking in the noon sun, chatting about village matters; others carried farming tools, returning home; some playing with children, chasing and frolicking, or herding a group of white geese...
The ruins suddenly became lively.
Lumian looked around, but no one paid him any attention.
Those figures were slowly fading.
Lumian smiled, nimbly climbing onto the top of a nearby building's ruins, lying down, letting his black hair pile beside him.
It was noon, bright and sunny, almost dazzling. White clouds drifted slowly across the blue sky.
The scent of spring grass and building stones, accompanied by sounds of conversation, chasing, and laughter, quickly penetrated Lumian's mind, making him feel warm in the sunlight, drowsy.
He closed his eyes, letting his thoughts drift.
The surroundings gradually became quiet, returning to silence.
...
In the previously rented apartment in Trier.

Lugano, with his handsome features and robust build, was reading the latest medical journal while skewering a piece of sausage to eat.
For nearly a month, he had been living quite leisurely, with his salary paid in advance and nothing much to do.
As a genuine Doctor, he could easily earn money even without running a clinic.
The only issue was that he could still only access the mystical circle he already knew, unable to obtain higher-sequence potion formulas or corresponding items.
He had recently discovered that the activities of that mystical circle had completely stopped, with the official forces in Trier unprecedented in their strength.
Ah, I both want the boss to come back quickly, yet fear his return... Lugano couldn't help but sigh.
At that moment, he saw the bedroom door open, and his long-awaited employer walked out, as if he had never left.
"Good evening, boss!" Lugano jumped up, reflexively greeting him.
Lumian, who had been secretly observing him for some time, nodded slightly.
"I have something for you to do."
Lugano, dazzled by his employer's appearance, instinctively asked, "What is it?"
The boss seems even more beautiful, his charm greatly increased. What happened... he muttered inwardly.
Lumian took out a list. "Visit each person on this list, tell them you are a Blessed and priest of the Malady God, and then maintain contact with them, responsible for preaching and conducting mass.
"Uh..." Lugano was stunned.
Is this a cult?
Lumian chuckled in response.
"Don't worry, the authorities have given the go ahead.
"If any of the Malady God followers have any illnesses, just treat them. The consultation fee depends on the family's situation—charge normal rates for the wealthy, and nothing for those without means."
The people on this list were all Malady God followers in Trier. Their previous Blessed had recently informed Lumian through prayer that the Beyonders from the two major Churches were watching closely, and they didn't dare to make contact.
Lumian had responded in time, granting them death.
Then, through the Church of The Fool, he communicated that a Saint from the Church of The Fool had taken over these followers

to the Eternal Blazing Sun Church and the God of Steam and Machinery Church, and would be responsible for reforming them, so they no longer needed to keep watch.
This matter of openly poaching followers, after private communication and promises, had finally been tacitly approved.
Since Lumian couldn't personally preach, and couldn't do everything himself, he thought of Lugano.
He was a genuine Doctor who could treat illnesses while preaching, truly embodying the authority of the Malady God!
Lugano suddenly understood. "The Sick Church is going legitimate? "Are you now a follower of the Malady God?"
Lumian glanced at Lugano and said with a smile, "I am the Malady God."
"..." Lugano was stunned again.
"And also the patron saint of the Church of The Fool," Lumian continued.
This was something he couldn't hide from Lugano.
My boss has become a patron saint? Become the Malady God? What am I now? Lugano was bewildered and fearful for two seconds. "What should I tell these followers?"
Do I have scriptures to read, a mass to conduct?
Lumian took out a stack of documents.
"The Malady God has now split into the God of Plague and the God of Disease—one is me, the other is Franca. When preaching to these followers, do not mention our real names or the Church of The Fool for now. Follow what's written on these papers.
"These doctrines are still quite simple, and those followers won't understand anything complex. We'll slowly modify and add to them once they truly believe in me and Franca."
"Yes, boss, no..." Lugano suddenly knelt on one knee, head lowered, "Yes, great Lumian Lee."
This is also an anchor—an anchor with potential risks... Lumian nodded satisfactorily.
"Several on the list were originally bestowed of the Malady God. I've already punished them, and they're now dead. Go to the addresses on the list to collect their bodies and take away their ill-gotten gains.
"In the name of me and Franca, return these funds to the followers, especially those living in difficult circumstances. The remainder can be used as expenses for your preaching.
"Afterwards, don't mention donations to the followers, but if they actively donate and the money won't affect their family's life, don't refuse.
"After completing this task, I'll help you find the potion formula

and corresponding Beyonder ingredients for the next sequence."
Still kneeling on one knee, Lugano's heart leaped, and he blurted out, "Praise you, great Lumian Lee!"
Lumian gestured for him to rise while saying, "Franca and I are now Sequence 3 Saints. Our honorific names are in these documents. God of Plague is me, God of Disease is her. If you have anything, contact us by reciting the honorific name."
"I shall obey your will," Lugano quickly responded.
As the boss was about to leave, he instinctively asked, "How is Ludwig? You must be very busy and have no time to take care of him. If he gets too hungry, he might eat people."
Is this the Mother pathway? Lumian thought to himself, then said with a smile, "Don't worry about him. He can now cook for himself using the ingredients we prepared."
Moreover, Ludwig was about to have a big feast.

Chapter 1061: Feast

In an apartment with insufficient lighting, the classic clock's hands ticked away.

Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony were gathered around a corpse, watching Ludwig tie a white napkin around his neck.

"He's quite well-mannered..." Lumian quipped.

The corpse in the room belonged to the remaining Sequence 4 demigod from the Sick Church in the Trier region, named Sathipo Eir. Previously controlled by Mr. Fool, he had recently completed the task of making his followers pray to the God of Plague and God of Disease. Then, Lumian received a revelation from Mr. Fool, instructing them to come to this apartment at the current time to handle the subsequent matters.

As soon as Lumian and the others knocked on the door, they saw Sathipo Eir collapse and die in front of everyone.

Fortunately, Lumian had already pulled this apartment and all its contents into the mirror world, and had Anthony quickly place the Winter is Coming pistol on the corpse.

Thinking about Sathipo Eir, who had been busily helping himself and Franca connect with followers and spread new doctrines and was essentially Mr. Fool's avatar, Lumian felt something was off.

Isn't it strange that the god he believed in would go to such lengths, meticulously and diligently running around to recruit followers, preach doctrines, and spread his honorific name?

Would a great existence be so hands-on?

Recalling the stories about Amon that Madam Magician had told him and the abilities of high-ranking Beyonders from the Marauder and Seer pathways, Lumian thought this seemed somewhat normal: A thousand avatars, all of which are oneself!

"Can I eat now?" Ludwig raised his head, looking eagerly at Lumian.

"Should we first channel the spirit?" Lumian turned his head and asked Franca.

Although Mr. Fool had certainly grasped all of Sathipo's information through Parasitism, Lumian felt that they should still channel the spirit. They couldn't always trouble Mr. Fool with everything.

Franca looked at Sathipo's floating spirit and pondered, "The decay is slower than expected. Mr. Fool must have done some processing. Let's not rush to channel his spirit. Do we know what to ask?"

Jenna chimed in, "We might as well search the apartment first and see what clues we can find. Then we can channel his spirit, which will help us know exactly what to ask."

"Okay," Lumian said, seeing many green and yellow light points had settled on Anthony's Winter is Coming revolver. He smiled at Ludwig, "Go ahead."
He had previously asked Ludwig if returning to Sequence 4, or Sea Monster, would cause him to transform into a grotesquely sized sea monster, which would make it impossible for him to stay in Trier unless he constantly hid in the mirror world.
Ludwig had looked at his hands and body for a few seconds and unexpectedly became sad, crying, "Not yet."
He was clearly disappointed.
He told Lumian that his appearance shouldn't change much, but he would need to be taken to the ocean daily to have a proper feast —something easy for Lumian, who had teleportation abilities.
With the godfather's approval, Ludwig cheered and lunged at the corpse.
Franca and Jenna instinctively turned their backs.
Amid sounds of tearing, chewing, cracking, and crunching, the two Demonesses began examining every corner of the apartment.
Mechanical music boxes, classic clocks, fabric sofas, red desks, brass gas meters, and exquisite small statues passed before Franca and Jenna's eyes.
Suddenly, Franca walked to the desk and opened a drawer.
Inside were various denominations of gold coins, including several 20 Louis d'or coins.
Franca's hand moved through the coins, picking up a coin with a dark gold, less lustrous color.
It was a gold coin, but not of any current legal tender.
Franca brought the dark gold coin close to her eyes, noticing a male head profile on the front, with long hair, wearing a crown, with rigid lips and sharp facial lines.
On either side of the male head were layered doors and a raven with one eye large and one small, surrounded by changing lines, a vertical sword, and an extended hand.
Hmm... Franca had a vague guess.
She turned the coin over, finding a number "7" on the back.
Around the "7" were images of gathered soldiers, sharp weapons, and flowing blood.
"Is this a Tudor coin?" Franca spoke aloud.
Her spiritual intuition told her so.
The Tudor dynasty of the Fourth Epoch had issued its own currency, but perhaps due to the Blood Emperor's mental state or influence from the original pathway, its value and conversion were perplexing—unlike the normal 1, 5, 10, 20, but with seemingly random values like 2, 7, and 13.

These coins had long since disappeared over a thousand or two thousand years, either remelted into new coins or gold items, or buried in ancient tombs. Currently, one could only see them in museums or some collectors' vaults.
"How could there be a Tudor coin?" Jenna looked over.
"I'm also puzzled. You can't even use this thing. Were they planning to sell it as an antique?" Franca pondered for a few seconds. "We'll ask during the spirit channeling."
While the two Demonesses carefully searched the apartment, Lumian suddenly said to Anthony, "You can pick up the revolver now."
He intuitively believed that Winter is Coming had reached its limit in bearing the bestowed power, and continuing might damage it.
Of course, no matter how damaged, it would still be a weapon with Beyonder power, though the negative effects might change and become unbearable.
Anthony, who had already quietly cast Placate on himself, squatted down and picked up the artistic Winter is Coming revolver from the bloody, mutilated corpse.
"The Certain Death and Sure Hit charges have been enhanced to nine times...
"Even if this revolver shatters, it can be reassembled...
"No other changes..."
Lumian used Magic Mirror Divination to inform Anthony about the current state of Winter is Coming.
Anthony, who had received a Traveler's Bag as a bonus from the dream mission, breathed a sigh of relief and placed the revolver inside.
At that moment, they heard a loud, prolonged "burp".
It came from Ludwig.
Ludwig had only eaten half the corpse and seemed already full.
He sat there, with what felt like a mass of air in his stomach, occasionally distending his belly and causing crackling sounds in his chest.
Beneath his facial skin, countless insects writhed, creating multiple bumps.
At this moment, Lumian and the others distinctly felt that a terrifying beast was about to tear through Ludwig's skin.
Ludwig's body alternately stretched tall, causing skin cracks, and then swelled, nearly bursting his clothing.
After ten to twenty seconds, his state finally stabilized, still looking like the same seven or eight-year-old boy.
The Church of Knowledge's seal is indeed of high quality... Lumian thought to himself.

Ludwig suddenly looked at him, his eyes filled with blood vessels and desire. "I want to go to the sea, I want to eat!"
Lumian nodded, grabbed Ludwig's shoulder, and disappeared from the room.
Somewhere in the Fog Sea.
Lumian's figure took shape in mid-air, throwing Ludwig toward the blue sea surface.
Ludwig didn't mind at all, already opening his mouth while still in the air.
That mouth kept opening wider, until eventually, his entire head and body seemed to become part of the mouth, with sharp teeth reflecting the brilliant sunlight.
With a splash, Ludwig fell into the sea.
Then, the seawater descended, and an inexplicable whirlpool appeared.
The whirlpool gradually expanded, and fish nearby involuntarily rushed over, swimming toward its bottom.
These marine creatures numbered in the thousands, streaming endlessly.
Splash! The massive whirlpool's appearance triggered changes in this sea area, with water currents becoming turbulent and massive waves rising in the distance.
A large steam ship was passing near the sea's edge but appeared tiny beneath the towering waves.
The passengers were frightened and scattered, with the captain ordering the crew to change course immediately.
Splash! A huge wave approached.
But before it could truly arrive, it suddenly froze in mid-air.
It quickly disintegrated, each fragment like a snowflake or ice crystal, beautiful under the sunlight.
In Sathipo's apartment, Franca performed the Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell.
Facing Sathipo's mirror image, she directly showed the Tudor coin. "Where did this come from?"
Since Sathipo had been Parasitized by Mr. Fool and his faith Grafted, she didn't need to worry about any corruption from divining this Sick Church demigod.
Sathipo's pale face responded mechanically, "A gift from God."
A gift from God... Wait, where did your god get a Tudor coin? This is within the barrier... Franca pressed, "Through what method was it given?"
Sathipo responded at a steady pace, "First, the great Malady God gave a revelation, telling us to wait before a mirror. Then, the coin fell out from inside the mirror."

Look at this, does this look like a gift from the Malady God? If you said it was from the Primordial Demoness, I might believe it... From what we know, the Malady God doesn't have authority over the mirror world... Franca asked again, "Besides you, who else has one?"
"Mocoxidos," Sathipo answered.
We hadn't found it back then... Well, Mocoxidos had used his rotting power to decompose himself into pathogens; everything on his body should have rotted away and disintegrated... Franca asked several more questions but couldn't get useful answers.
Sathipo didn't know what the Malady God wanted to do, only that he was instructed to wait patiently in Trier.
At this moment, Lumian returned with a soaking wet Ludwig.
"Ate about ten to twenty tons of fish and shrimp. Can't afford to feed him, can't afford to feed him," Lumian said, clicking his tongue.
Having just become a Sea Monster, his appetite had already instantly changed by orders of magnitude!
Franca echoed the sentiment, then told Lumian the spirit channeling results, adding, "Since it wasn't directly given by the Malady God, we can divine where this Tudor coin came from."
Lumian nodded, taking the coin.
Being cautious about matters involving great existences, he specially sought Mr. Fool's observation and help before performing Magic Mirror Divination to inquire his own spiritual intuition, "Who was the previous owner of this coin...
"Who was the previous owner of this coin..."
Soon, the mirror's surface rippled with water, becoming profound.
In the next second, Lumian saw a pair of eyes, eyes so dark they were without light.
Wh— Lumian blurted out, calling a name in a deep voice, "Zaratulstra!"

Chapter 1062: Mission

After Lumian called out that name, the image reflected on the mirror's surface shattered, like a stone thrown into a lake.

"Zaratulstra? No, in the real world, we should call Him Zaratul." Franca also recognized who those eyes belonged to.

Jenna added, "The Celestial Worthy's subordinates are cooperating with the Malady God's bestowed?

"What's the purpose of this Tudor coin?"

Lumian first shook his head, then said, "Mocoxidos only received the Sequence 3 boon after the Vortex event. I suspect that whoever possessed that palm—the cooperation between the Celestial Worthy's subordinates and the Malady God's blessed ones—is an aftershock of the Vortex event, or rather, a result of one of its branches.

"Such a massive event, involving so many great existences, definitely can't be ended just because the one the Aurora Order believes in says so.

"This might be why He changed His stance, hoping for Mr. Fool to awaken soon."

Franca and the others nodded—Ludwig had been taken care of by Jenna while Lumian was performing Magic Mirror Divination, changing out of his wet clothes, and was now once again a clean and fresh little boy.

"The Tudor coin's purpose involves the schemes of great existences, so we probably can't divine its purpose," Lumian pondered aloud. "But we can try to divine who owned the coin before its previous owner, which might yield some insights."

He immediately put his words into action, again seeking Mr. Fool's observation to eliminate certain dangers and interference.

"Who was the owner before the previous owner of this coin...

"Who was the owner before the previous owner of this coin...

"..."

Lumian held the dark gold coin, chanting the question several times.

The mirror placed before him suddenly became bright, as if there was a light source bursting from within.

No, that was formless, colorless flames burning—the entire mirror had caught fire.

Thin gray fog descended, preventing the flames from spreading, but the mirror and desk quickly turned to ashes.

Seeing this, Franca's first two thoughts were: There really is great danger. Good thing we were careful enough, and good thing Mr. Fool is so powerful!

That was scary—fortunately, I had already collected all the coins from the drawer...
After the formless, colorless flames extinguished, Lumian, as the 0-01 proxy, laughed with a slightly deep voice.
"I know where this Tudor coin came from:
"Fourth Epoch Trier!"
Everyone present, except Ludwig, had been to Fourth Epoch Trier, and this revelation sparked certain associations in their minds.
"The goal of cooperation between the Malady God's bestowed and the Celestial Worthy's subordinates points to Fourth Epoch Trier?" Franca said thoughtfully. "Will this Tudor coin serve as a medium for some purpose then?"
Lumian nodded and placed the Tudor coin into the Traveler's Bag. "What we need to do next is search for clues about Zaratul's whereabouts and uncover more of the Celestial Worthy's subordinates and members of the Order of All Extinction."
Then, he said to Anthony, "We don't know how long we'll have to wait for Madam Justice, so we can first get the Manipulator's potion formula and try collecting and preparing the ingredients ourselves. If we run into difficulties, we can ask for their help then."
Manipulator was the name of the Sequence 4 potion in the Spectator pathway, and it was Anthony's next Sequence.
"I have no objections," Anthony agreed, feeling they couldn't pin all their hopes on Madam Justice finding that ancient dragon.
Lumian then turned to Jenna. "Julien will be back in two days. Have you figured out what to do?"
Jenna was silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll use money and Instigation to help create a good position for him in Port LeSeur, Suhit, or Nouvell—one of these big cities—with a three-year term.
"And then..."
Jenna paused before continuing, "If Julien won't listen to my persuasion and insists on staying, I'll get Anthony to help me 'convince' him with some degree of hypnosis."
"Wh—" Franca blurted out in surprise.
Wasn't this the approach Jenna had been quite opposed to and unwilling to use?
She didn't want to use Beyonder powers to influence Julien or interfere with his personal choices!
Jenna gave a self-mocking smile.
"If this were a choice that would affect Julien's entire life, I definitely wouldn't do this, but for just three years, I can accept it."
The smile gradually disappeared from her face as she muttered to

herself, "Life is about constantly moving forward while giving up certain principles...
"At this point, some obsessions with purity can be discarded. Demonesses are meant to bear pain and torment. Whether I become harsh or cold-hearted doesn't matter—what matters is whether Julien can escape his dangerous situation."
At this point, Jenna mocked herself again, "Let's push the guilt and blame onto divinity, just consider it the price I pay for obtaining godhood."
"No, a certain someone will bear all of this sin," Lumian responded in a joking tone.
Then he nodded. "This is the best solution. It's like moving house—if you have plenty of time, many days ahead, then naturally you can carefully pack and organize, abandon nothing, break nothing. But if you only have a few minutes before the room explodes and you can't prevent it, you can only take what's most important and essential, leaving everything else to be destroyed no matter how reluctant you are."
As they listened, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony suddenly realized that Lumian was actually talking about the conflict between humanity and godhood, about what Beyonders should do as they advance sequence by sequence.
Lumian was speaking from experience, thinking of his previous conversation with Mr. Fool.
For the sake of more important things, this was the only choice.
Was it worth it?
It's worth it.
"Indeed." Franca sighed, then turned to Jenna and said, "Actually, have you considered teaching your brother mystical knowledge and collecting corresponding potions for him, letting him become a Beyonder? This way, he could understand why he must leave Trier."
Jenna slowly shook her head.
"No, I know him well. He's a very stubborn person. Once he understands the real reason, if I don't leave, he won't either, and I..."
At this point, Jenna's gaze swept across Lumian and Franca.
Then, after some thought, she said, "The hypnosis will still be necessary, but that doesn't conflict with teaching Julien mystical knowledge and guiding him to become a Beyonder.
"Yes, even just a low sequence would improve his ability to protect himself, but we absolutely cannot tell him about the approaching apocalypse or that major changes will happen in Trier within a year or two. That would make him anxious, and when he's

anxious, he tends to go to extremes and take wrong paths."
"Then we need to choose a good pathway for him, at least not obviously problematic ones like Devil, Prisoner, Earth, Moon, or Assassin." Franca helped think it through.
In the end, she still felt that, being Demonesses, flipping a coin and relying on spirituality to choose might yield better accuracy.
...
In the afternoon.
Since Jenna was taking the slightly taller Ludwig shopping for new clothes with Franca accompanying them, and Anthony had gone out to meet his informant and contact members of the Psychology Alchemists, Lumian was left alone in the large villa.
He collapsed onto the sofa, wondering whether he should contract a spirit world creature specialized in house cleaning.
After resting for a while, Lumian contemplated the tasks ahead and his responsibilities as the Major Arcana—The Chariot.
First is to consolidate and deepen the faith of the Sick Church's believers in me and Franca.
Second, I need to consider the Sequence 2 issue. I have the Demoness of Catastrophe potion formula, but as a Demoness of Unaging, I still don't know how difficult Demonesses of Catastrophe are to kill. Plus, they have the protection of the Primordial Demoness, and Mr. Fool is only in a preliminary awakened state... The best choice would be the Sequence 2 Weather Warlock from the Hunter pathway. During the previous divine assembly, Mr. Fool showed the Red Priest card—I could exchange the potion formula from him.
Besides the Sauron family and Einhorn family, where else might there be Weather Warlock's Beyonder characteristics? Some Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in a Church?
If there weren't any other choices, I'd rather not go to the Blue Avenger's treasury and face that Alista Tudor inside the mirror...
Heh heh, maybe I have no choice...
Among the Tarot Club's missions, I'm not responsible for the Great Mother matters right now, but with my current condition, it's very difficult to truly avoid it... For now, I just need to find Zaratul's whereabouts and members of the Order of All Extinction... The first task isn't easy—even Mr. Fool, as a supreme being of the Seer pathway, hasn't located Zaratul... At this point, Lumian suddenly sensed something and turned his gaze toward the edge of the living room.
His messenger, who looked like a charred corpse, Penitent Baynfel, appeared holding a letter.
Lumian stared for a few seconds at Bayenfeld, whose eye sockets

burned with dark flames, before finally speaking, "Give me the letter."
He then took the letter and opened it, finding the contents were simple.
"I would like to visit you this evening, if possible?
"The Hermit."
What does Ma'am Hermit want? My previous speculation about the Hidden Sage state? Lumian nodded thoughtfully and said to Baynfel, "Please help me reply to the sender, tell her it's fine."
Baynfel nodded and disappeared at the edge of the living room.
In the evening, just as night fell, Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and the others who had been waiting heard the doorbell ring.
Ding dong, ding dong.
"Ma'am Hermit is so polite..." After getting used to Madam Magician's style of suddenly appearing and disappearing and rarely using doors, Lumian felt somewhat unaccustomed to this situation.
He personally went to open the door and found it was indeed Ma'am Hermit, wearing thick glasses and a purple-patterned robe.
After exchanging greetings, he led his peer, a king of the seas, into the living room and invited her to sit in an armchair.
Lumian sat down next to Franca and Jenna, and after just a few moments of small talk, heard Ma'am Hermit say directly, "I have something I'd like your help with."
"What is it?" Lumian asked thoughtfully.
The Hermit looked up toward the ceiling without immediately answering.
The next second, thin gray fog spread throughout the living room.
Wh— Lumian realized things weren't as simple as he had imagined.
After everyone sat up straight, The Hermit said in a low voice, "Mr. Fool is preparing to hunt down the Hidden Sage."

Chapter 1063: Helpers

Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's words, Lumian's eyes suddenly lit up.

The corners of his mouth gradually turned upward, his smile becoming quite bright. "What can I do to help?"

...

Trier, cathedral district.

At the entrance of the Church of Steam and Machinery's patriarchal cathedral, with its towering iron-black chimneys, Lumian, wearing a lady's soft hat and face covered by a black veil, looked up for two seconds before walking through the open doors into the interior.

The first thing that caught his eye were thick grayish-white pipes crisscrossing everywhere—some attached to walls, some supported by pillars, some winding across the dome.

They were components of a giant steam engine, or rather, this cathedral was made up of a giant steam engine and several other large mechanical devices.

Currently, no heat radiated from these pipes, but come winter, when the giant steam engine would run continuously, the entire patriarchal cathedral would be enveloped in warmth, allowing worshippers to experience the pleasantness of early summer.

Lumian then saw many believers walking out, seemingly having just finished listening to a sermon, still immersed in the solemn atmosphere.

Lumian passed by them, walking toward the altar area.

Many believers, both men and women, suddenly found their gazes following this tall, beautiful figure, unconsciously turning their bodies sideways and looking back.

Lumian walked forward naturally, neither fast nor slow.

Arriving at the first row of seats before the altar, he gazed at the Triangular Sacred Emblem representing the God of Steam and Machinery, his eyes slowly moving between the symbols of steam, gears, and levers within the solid triangle.

At this moment, he wasn't thinking about how sacred or mechanically beautiful it was, but rather pondering a question, If the God of Steam and Machinery truly evolved into the God of Electric Power and Information Technology, what would this Sacred Emblem look like?

Lumian controlled his blasphemous thoughts and, under the watching eyes of the preaching bishop, sat in the first row near the center aisle, raised his hands, lowered his head, and began to pray.

When his spiritual intuition told him that the bishop had looked away, he reached into his Traveler's Bag.
He took out a mobile phone.
The one he had used in the dream city.
Of course, this wasn't real, but rather woven from his memories by Madam Dreamweaver—it had no functions and couldn't last long.
The woven phone's screen was lit, displaying a WeChat dialogue box between Lumian and Stiano.
The content of the conversation showed Stiano sending Lumian a mini-program called "Information Shredder."
Lumian held this false, dream-like phone and began praying again, "Great God of Steam and Machinery, You are the embodiment of essence, the protector of artisans, the glory of technology, please grant me once again the ability to shred information, effective for one week..."
After praying earnestly, Lumian drew the Triangular Sacred Emblem across his chest with his right hand.
At the same time, he felt a subtle change.
He lowered his head and looked again at the dream phone in his left hand, finding it seemed more tangible now.
Lumian instinctively swiped the screen with his finger, watching the dialogue box retreat to WeChat's main interface.
Then, he switched back to the home screen and found all the previously downloaded apps were there.
Was a real phone created based on the corresponding information? Is this the glory of technology, a Sequence 0 true god? Although Lumian was already a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging, he was still quite amazed.
He studied it for a while, confirming that the phone really worked, just without network connectivity.
Of course, the Information Shredder didn't need an internet connection.
...
In an apartment on Avenue du Boulevard.
Professor, Associate Professor, Periodic Table, Isotope, and two other Warlocks currently in Trier sat on the sofa, backed chair, and armchair, looking at each other with unease and anxiety.
After receiving Hidden Blade's request for an urgent meeting, they contacted each other and, after much consideration, finally decided to meet with her.
Of course, they chose the time and place.
"What urgent matter could Hidden Blade have?" Isotope whispered with concern.
If it weren't for Hidden Blade's consistently good reputation and

character, they would definitely have refused such a hasty meeting request without specific details.
"Whatever her purpose, I believe she has good intentions," Professor, wearing a black butterfly mask, said looking around. "Besides, don't we also have something to discuss with her?"
Everyone nodded.
At this moment, they heard a knock at the door, using Morse code.
"Come in," all the members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society present straightened their backs.
Not only did Hidden Blade enter, wearing her "assassin outfit" but with hood down, revealing her striking features, but also Hela, dressed as Black Widow.
"Madame Hela, you're here too?" Periodic Table and others stood up simultaneously.
Listen to that, just listen to that, you've never addressed me as "Madame"! Though Franca complained internally, she wasn't actually upset—too many "Madames" would give her goosebumps.
Hela nodded slightly and replied, "I'm here to vouch for Hidden Blade and handle the aftermath."
Professor and the others immediately turned their gaze toward Franca.
This time, they were all captivated by the Demoness of Unaging's features, momentarily unable to look away.
Franca walked to the fireplace where no charcoal was burning, and smiled at Professor and the others. "Please sit down.
"Actually, I'm here today to ask for your help. Look, I've even shown my face to help you trust me more."
Professor, who had sat back down, asked puzzledly, "Hidden Blade, you're already a demigod, what could we possibly help you with?"
Franca glanced at Hela, waited for her to nod, waited for the night outside to seem deeper, then said with a smile to Professor, Associate Professor, Isotope, and others,
"Would you like to completely solve the problem of the Hidden Sage force-feeding you knowledge?"
"Completely solve it?" Professor was quite a calm woman, but even she couldn't help blurting out.
This was something they had never thought possible—no, they had fantasized about it when they were weak and ignorant.
"How to completely solve it? Can we really help?" Periodic Table, who had already clearly told Franca she was a member of the Moses Ascetic Order, asked repeatedly.
Although she didn't hold much hope, even if it was just a straw floating on water, she wanted to grasp it.
The other Warlocks present shared the same mindset.

Franca didn't answer immediately, watching as they raised one question after another.
Finally, Professor, with pale lips and a somewhat pale complexion, smiled bitterly and said,
"Hidden Blade, actually, we were preparing to consult you about this matter.
"Previously, Muggle told us that the small ritual plaza at the entrance of the third level of the catacombs had divine power remnants that could block most external influences. That really helped us tremendously, even saved many of our lives. Otherwise, with the Hidden Sage's increasingly frequent and crazy knowledge infusions, some might barely hang on, but others would probably be gone already.
"What we wanted to ask you is, after leaving Trier, are there other places that can block the Hidden Sage's infusions, or are there ways to reduce the negative effects?"
Indeed, while others are reluctant to leave Trier mainly for emotional reasons, Professor and others have a practical need, a life-or-death need... I was planning to have Lumian ask Ma'am Hermit if she, as a senior on the Warlock pathway, had any good methods to "plug ears," then trade for that method and tell all the Warlocks in the Research Society... But now... Franca suddenly felt somewhat emotional.
Then, she smiled and said to Professor and the others, "The solution is to kill the Hidden Sage."
"You're... not joking, are you?" Associate Professor asked with difficulty.
Isotope followed up, "Hidden Blade, although you've become a demigod, the gap between you and the Hidden Sage might be even bigger than the gap between us and you. It's a fundamental difference."
"Even the entire Research Society together couldn't handle the Hidden Sage." Professor likewise had no confidence.
Franca smiled. "I'm not the main force.
"This matter has some big shots taking the lead, I'm just providing support."
"Big shots..." Professor pondered before asking, "How big?"
Franca pointed to the sky. "That big, even bigger than the Hidden Sage."
Isotope, Periodic Table, and others looked at Hidden Blade, suddenly remembering that Sequence 4 demigods could already be called Saints, and were definitely high-ranking even within orthodox churches.
Their gazes moved back and forth between Franca and Madame

Hela several times, gradually understanding that they might be involved in an event worthy of recording in mysticism history.
A divine war!
"Is this what you sought us out for? We're not even demigods..." Professor said hesitantly.
"You won't need to fight the Hidden Sage. Like me, you'll be doing support work," Hidden Blade Franca thought for a moment before saying, "This matter does carry some risk, though not from combat—other demigods and I will handle intercepting all enemies and monsters. Your danger comes from something else, but it won't be much more dangerous than receiving another knowledge infusion from the Hidden Sage. I can't tell you the specifics now."
The six Warlocks present again communicated with their eyes, both somewhat tempted by this excellent opportunity to escape the Hidden Sage's threat, and very nervous and worried.
After a few seconds, Associate Professor asked, "Are you confident?"
"We wouldn't be planning this hunting operation if we weren't confident. Don't worry, even if we fail, the Hidden Sage won't discover your betrayal. Trust me, by failure I mean not successfully killing the Hidden Sage and letting Him escape, not that the Hidden Sage could win." Franca displayed complete confidence.
"Why ask for our help, why us?" Professor asked, as if making a final confirmation.
"Warlocks, transmigrators, gray fog aura," Franca answered simply. "Don't ask me what gray fog aura is right now."
Periodic Table's face, covered in chemical symbols, frowned. "Muggle also meets these conditions, why don't you ask her?"
Franca immediately smiled. "In this operation, she has a more important task."

Chapter 1064: Headquarters

After Professor communicated with their eyes with her husband, Periodic Table and others for a while, she finally nodded and said, "Hidden Blade, we're willing to join."

Making this decision and speaking these words made her suddenly relax, no longer so tense.

At this current crossroads, whether for good or ill, whichever path they chose, they had to move forward. They couldn't stop or retreat anymore.

If they didn't seize this opportunity to completely eliminate the Hidden Sage, they would either be forced to stay in Trier to face the possible coming apocalypse, or lose control and go mad in another big city, becoming monsters and even endangering their families.

Franca breathed a sigh of relief, stating, "Would you like to sign a notarized document to ensure I fulfill all my promises?

"Don't worry, this notarized document was created by another Saint and is watched over by a true god—it has strong binding power over me as well."

Professor shook her head and said with a smile, "No need. We trust you and Madame Hela."

She paused, then hesitantly asked, "How long will this operation last? We have children at home who need care. Though we have servants, we're not entirely at ease."

Franca had already prepared for this.

"For those of you who are married couples with children, only one person needs to go. Those who are single parents or have other relatives needing special care can opt out of this operation. However, those who stay behind need to bring their children or other dependents to live together in one place, under Madame Hela's watch and protection."

This was to prevent secrets from leaking—the relevant personnel had to be placed under secrecy or sworn to secrecy.

Phew... Professor noticeably relaxed and turned to Associate Professor, saying, "I'll go."

"I'll go!" Associate Professor rejected her proposal without hesitation.

The two argued until Professor made the final decision.

"My Sequence is higher than yours and my condition is better. It'll be safer if I go!"

"Fine..." Associate Professor regretted for the first time spending too much time on unrelated research.

After some discussion, those participating in this operation would be Professor, Periodic Table, and another male Warlock called

"Prototype."
"Let's go." Franca tossed out a mirror.
Under the influence of phantasms, the mirror grew larger and larger, fixing itself as a crystalline entrance.
Franca led the three Warlocks of different sequences across the solid mirror surface into the dark void of the mirror realm.
They plummeted through an illusory dark tunnel, with light and shadows rapidly shifting around them, as if other mirrors were projecting their reflected images into it.
Thus, after an unknown period—perhaps very short, perhaps very long—Professor and the others finally saw the exit.
Led by Hidden Blade Franca, they whooshed out of the mirror, stepping onto a wooden floor that creaked under their feet.
Periodic Table instinctively looked around and found they were aboard an ancient three-masted sailing ship. The gray-white mainsails billowed in the fierce wind, and only one or two sailors were on deck, making it feel quite eerie and quiet.
Outside the ship, dark blue waves rose and fell, with thin fog permeating the entire sea area.
When Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype all looked at her, Franca raised her right hand, pointing in one direction, and said with a smile, "Our destination—west!"
Splash! A low wave crashed over.
...
An ice-blue wave crashed against Future's bow, producing numerous white sprays.
The Hermit, wearing a purple-patterned robe and thick glasses, stood at the bow, glanced at the changing weather above and the brewing snowstorm, then raised her right hand, signaling the ship to slow down and circle this small area of sea.
The sailors performed their duties, some adjusting the sail direction, others lowering one of the sails, until Future's condition finally satisfied the captain, Queen of Stars Cattleya's requirements.
Cattleya removed the thick glasses from her nose bridge, revealing a pair of deep purple, almost black eyes.
She immediately began speaking numbers with a mysterious aura, "1, 5, 4, 3, 7, 8..."
These numbers materialized one after another, becoming entangled in mid-air, numbering several hundred.
They were the entry password to the Moses Ascetic Order headquarters!
The Moses Ascetic Order headquarters was created by one of the Ten Pillars, the respected Chairman Torriope, using Mystical Re-

enactment, and named "Avalon."
Avalon existed neither in reality nor in the spirit realm, but was completely hidden somewhere in the North Sea. Only those invited or qualified could enter, and they must also grasp a corresponding string of numbers numbering 365 digits.
For the Moses Ascetic Order, everything was numbers. Each number had spirituality, symbolism, and special meaning. When combined, these numbers naturally possessed mystical power.
As The Hermit Cattleya spoke the correct spiritual numbers, which materialized and became entangled in mid-air, the numbers suddenly vanished, as if sinking into somewhere.
Within seconds, it was as if an invisible curtain was drawn aside in front of Future, and a small boat sailed out unhurriedly, unmanned.
Starlight quickly lit up, extending from Future's bow to fall upon that small boat. The Hermit Cattleya stepped across the brilliant bridge formed by starlight and boarded the small boat in just a few steps.
As one of the Ten Pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order, she naturally had the qualifications to enter Avalon, and currently barely qualified as part of the core team.
The small boat carrying Cattleya turned around and headed back in the direction it came from.
The Queen of Stars's silhouette gradually faded until it disappeared from the view of Future's crew.
After passing through layers of transparent curtains, The Hermit Cattleya saw an island.
The island was shrouded in mist, lined with trees bearing golden apples, with music faintly drifting from the distance—peaceful, tranquil, and abundant.
The small boat stopped at the dock, and the Hermit walked toward the depths of the apple grove, where there stood a warlock's spire as if stepped out of a story.
Along the way, she encountered over a dozen humans dressed as warlocks.
These people stopped in succession, greeting the Ten Pillars with nods.
They were all members of the Moses Ascetic Order, raised in Avalon since childhood, receiving corresponding teachings, most trusted. Currently, they were all in their period of silence to increase focus, enhance spirituality, and deeply master various morals and precepts.
Only Warlocks who grew up this way could eventually compete for the positions of Chairman and Vice Chairman of the Moses Ascetic

Order. "Outsiders" like the Queen of Stars, who joined later, could at most become one of the "Pillars," and would need to undergo years of testing and observation before having any hope of entering the core team.

The Hermit likewise responded to these silent Warlocks with nods, and soon passed through the trees laden with golden apples to reach the tall black spire.

Inside the spire, the wall protrusions, floor tiles, statues on both sides, and the elevator pulled by invisible servants were all composed of numbers. They looked normal at first glance, but upon closer inspection, one would find that even a small bump was formed by multiple intertwined numbers.

Hundreds of millions, billions of numbers were densely distributed throughout the spire, settling into different objects. Walking among them, The Hermit felt surrounded by countless numbers.

In her eyes, there were no walls, no bricks, no statues, no elevators —only numbers!

At this time, some Warlocks who had finished their period of silence were moving about in the spire. They either conversed quietly, went about their business, or huddled in corners, letting the strange eyes within the cracks on their faces observe their surroundings.

These latter ones were members approaching loss of control. After the Hidden Sage's knowledge infusions became increasingly crazy and frequent, even the Moses Ascetic Order, which had mastered safe "listening" methods, inevitably had Warlocks moving toward loss of control, far more than in previous years.

What was once safe was no longer safe.

If not for this problem, with the Moses Ascetic Order's accumulation plus the initial spiritual decline as the apocalypse approached, they certainly had more than ten demigods. But unfortunately, they still only had ten Pillars.

The Hermit's gaze withdrew from these Warlocks' faces as she entered the elevator. Pulled by invisible servants, she went all the way up to the spire's top floor.

Here, the Chairman and one of the two Vice Chairmen were always on duty. Among them, Chairman Torriope and Vice Chairman Retia Austin were Pillars that the Hermit couldn't quite get a read on.

Before arriving today, The Hermit Cattleya had already confirmed that Chairman Torriope—an Angel on the Mystery Pryer pathway —was on duty in Avalon.

As soon as the elevator steadied, Cattleya walked forward.

This was a hall larger than the spire's top floor itself. On the black

walls, floor, and ceiling were eyes, each different, strangely shaped, and all cold eyes.
They all seemed to be watching the Queen of Stars.
At the end of the room, against the windowless wall, stood three dark gold statues—one wearing a mask, one resembling a lion, and one like an eagle.
Chairman Torriope seemed not to be present.
Just then, the masked dark gold statue's mouth moved, issuing a grand but hollow voice, "I have foreseen your betrayal!"
Hearing these words, Queen of Stars Cattleya wasn't surprised, only somewhat sighing.
Indeed, it was impossible to truly hide from a high-sequence Clairvoyant.
Once there was action, They would prophesy certain scenes or fragments. One could only try to delay when such perceptions appeared, or make the corresponding prophecies difficult to interpret!
A card suddenly appeared in Cattleya's hand. On its face was depicted a lonely old man with a cane, carrying a glass lamp.
The Hermit card!

Chapter 1065: Forced Entry

As soon as The Hermit card appeared in Cattleya's hand, it seemed to emit a glossy light.

At the same time, outside the warlock's tower, in the mist shrouding Avalon's sky, a star began to shine in broad daylight, growing brighter and brighter until it was dazzling to the eye.

In an instant, a figure emerged from that star.

It was Madam Magician, wearing a deep black warlock's robe embroidered with twinkling silver stars.

Using the mystical connection provided by The Hermit, she forcibly located and tore open a gate to Avalon.

After The Hermit Cattleya gained free access to Avalon, The Magician could actually have broken in using a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact from the Abraham family. After all, this place was merely created by Torriope using Mystical Re-enactment, not granted by the Hidden Sage—how could it stop a high-sequence Door pathway Beyonder who could enter with or without doors?

But the Moses Ascetic Order was an ancient organization with at least two Angels and multiple Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. At that time, even with the combined strength of the Tarot Club, the Church of The Fool, the New City of Silver, and New Moon City, they could at best fight them to a draw. Moreover, the enemy had the Hidden Sage's protection while The Fool was not yet awake, so the Major Arcana card holders didn't act rashly but waited patiently.

Today, the opportunity had come.

Mr. Fool and the other deities were responsible for dealing with the Hidden Sage—the most difficult part was how to find and lock onto the target without letting Him escape. Meanwhile, the Tarot Club and friendly forces were tasked with attacking the Moses Ascetic Order headquarters to eliminate all the Beyonders who had been deeply influenced or even corrupted by the Hidden Sage.

Of course, the Tarot Club and the Church of The Fool hadn't deployed all their High-Sequence Beyonders—they needed to guard against enemy forces and evil god cults taking advantage of Mr. Fool's personal hunt to launch surprise attacks on places like the New City of Silver. For Angels like Suah of the Rose School of Thought, winning wasn't important; what mattered was whether they could cause damage, which would shake The Fool's anchors.

Miss Messenger and Mr. Pallez must remain in the Rorsted Archipelago...

Will and Mr. Azik won't participate in this kind of thing...

Only I can take action, but fortunately, allies will provide help...

In a flash, numerous thoughts crossed The Magician's mind, finally converging into one: But I still have manuscripts to submit...
Her sigh didn't affect her actions as she stepped to The Hermit's side in one motion.
The fact that only she had appeared so far didn't mean she was the only Angel arriving—she was just faster, the first to reach here.
In Madam Magician's eyes, starlight suddenly gathered, seeming to condense into a book.
Immediately after, a giant sword composed of orange-red twilight light materialized out of thin air, piercing through the void to strike the masked dark gold statue.
The Twilight Sword then shattered, transforming into countless orange-red shards of light that tore apart everything around them, cutting all objects to pieces, causing them to decay until they collapsed.
The three dark gold statues were the first to be affected. In the storm of twilight light, they quickly broke into tiny fragments, each piece dim and rusty, as if washed by the passage of endless time or having reached its twilight years.
In the hall, the walls, floor, and ceiling covered in strange cold eyes dissolved in the orange-red storm, sliding down inch by inch before shattering.
This void also collapsed.
But Madam Magician had already switched positions, flashing multiple images of herself, surrounding herself and Ma'am Hermit with layer after layer of protection.
There were cages bearing a sense of holiness and glory, and darkness curved into spheres. By the time they shattered, the orange-red Hurricane of Light had completely subsided.
As the hall atop the warlock's tower collapsed in ruins, another scene entered The Hermit Cattleya's eyes.
This was a long, deep tunnel leading to an unknown destination. The tunnel was wide, seemingly composed of connected rooms. In the current room, more than a dozen High-Sequence Warlocks were busy with their own tasks.
This space seemed to be a reflection of the warlock's tower, another side of Avalon, a secret area The Hermit had no way to enter.
It had been forcibly opened by The Magician using the Hurricane of Light created by the Twilight Sword and the positioning ability of the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
Madam Magician didn't delay, dropping a mirror before disappearing from the spot with Ma'am Hermit, flashing toward

the depths of this dark tunnel.
Before the thrown mirror could hit the ground, Lumian and Jenna, wearing black warlock robes but with their hoods down, emerged from it.
10:37
The warlocks in this room had just awakened from their previous concentration, all turning their gazes toward them.
Some were consuming dead infants, some were using infants to make potions, some were extracting infant fat to apply to objects—various such activities, all utilizing newborns to complete witchcraft, potions, or mystical items.
Wh— Lumian raised an eyebrow.
Although in folktales, warlocks were often associated with killing infants and children, and some strange, inhumanly cruel witchcraft preparations, Lumian knew this wasn't actually mainstream for the Warlock pathway.
Were there warlocks who did such things, were there similar witchcraft practices? Of course there were, but definitely not many.
Who would have thought that within the Moses Ascetic Order, which emphasized morals and precepts, emphasizing the maxim "do as you wish, but do no harm," there would be so many warlocks doing such things in Avalon's dark side.
Of course, what surprised Lumian wasn't the Moses Ascetic Order's fall from grace—that had been confirmed long ago. Otherwise, the Moses Ascetic Order wouldn't have transformed from a respected society with good relations with various Churches into an evil, shadowy secret organization.
What astonished him was how deeply ingrained the practice of utilizing infant corpses had become in the Moses Ascetic Order—this couldn't have developed in just a year or two.
And infants inevitably made him think of birth—of mothers.
Was the Hidden Sage's mutation really related to the Great Mother? Had this practice started when She brought evil and corruption to the Moses Ascetic Order? Utilizing birth and death?
Lumian tilted his head, looking at Jenna, whose expression changed from shock to anger, and quickly said, "This place is yours."
He then flashed toward the depths of the wide, dark tunnel.
His mission wasn't here.
The reason Jenna participated in this operation was because Lumian believed the role of a Demoness of Despair could also be fulfilled through combat, through killing, through destruction.
A Demoness who brought despair!

Jenna wouldn't participate in the battles deep within Avalon, mainly focusing on clearing out the corrupt low and mid-sequence warlocks, bringing them despair. In this process, if she encountered a Saint, or even two or three Saints, with a Demoness of Despair's survival abilities, she might not win, but death was unlikely.
The warlocks in the current room had already realized enemies had invaded, some preparing to cast spells, some taking advantage of their materials, some trying to bring out their mystical items—none retreated.
What excellent materials!
Their eyes burned with madness and greed as they looked at Jenna.
The angry Jenna suddenly smiled, as if light had entered this somewhat dark world.
All those warlocks of different sequences were stunned for a moment, unable to carry out their intended actions in time.
Almost simultaneously, they felt the cold.
A layer of frost formed on the surface of their bodies, their hair, and the tables themselves where infant corpses and various materials were laid out.
They began to shiver, their joints stiffening, their movements becoming obviously labored and difficult.
Then, one crystalline ice spear after another shot out from in front of Jenna, accurately piercing each wrlock's body, pinning them to the walls or floor, their blood seeping out and freezing.
The warlocks tried to resist, but not only were their bodies frozen, they were also bound and affected by invisible spider silk, making it difficult to take effective action.
Jenna didn't kill them immediately, letting the mystical plague spread simultaneously with her Charm freely erode these fallen ones, making them clearly feel their lungs tightening, their heads burning, and their life slipping away.
They began to despair.
The Magician pursued in a wandering manner, leaving even The Hermit behind.
Finally, ignoring other enemies along the way, she reached a desolate, boundless plain.
Torriope, wearing a black hood and warlock's robe, seemed to be in the depths of the wilderness.
He gazed into the distance at Madam Magician and raised His right palm.
An illusory figure was quickly sketched in the endless wilderness.
This was a spell derived from Mystical Re-enactment.

As an Angel who advanced in the middle to late Fourth Epoch, although Torriope wasn't a founding member who established the Moses Ascetic Order, he had lived for over a thousand years, witnessed many mystical events, mastered much mystical knowledge, and through this created several powerful spells.
With the core ability of Mystical Re-enactment, Beyonders of the Mystery Pryer pathway could indeed potentially live longer and grow stronger.
However, because too many people knew about major events like the War of the Four Emperors and the Pale Disaster, Torriope couldn't draw power from them to create spells that would be considered terrifying even at the Angel level, and could only choose second-rate ones.
As soon as that illusory figure in the wilderness solidified, bloody chunks of flesh began falling continuously from its body.
Each piece of bloody flesh turned into a cold, emotionless eye, and they quickly looked toward Madam Magician, emanating an aura of chaos, madness, and evil.
This was a spell Torriope created from the strange death of one of the Moses Ascetic Order's founders: "Loss of Control Gaze"!

Chapter 1066: Deep in the Fog Sea

Loss of Control Gaze was a spell that could cause even Angels to show obvious signs of losing control, with better effects the more unstable the target's mental state.

However, just as Torriope cast this spell, The Magician vanished from the entrance to the wilderness.

She didn't appear anywhere else in this area, seemingly having left entirely.

Torriope's gaze focused as He watched the horrifying figure created by Loss of Control Gaze gradually dissipate.

He didn't take this chance to escape.

It wasn't that He didn't want to, but it was too late. Only when Queen of Stars Cattleya entered the warlock's tower did He receive the revelation and make the corresponding prophecy, spending some time to interpret it.

He had no time left to escape.

He could only come to the depths of this wilderness and wait patiently.

Wait for an opportunity.

This approach wasn't just interpreted from His own prophecy, but also came from His understanding of this wilderness on the dark side of the warlock's tower, and His knowledge of the Moses Ascetic Order's past events.

In just a second or two, the Loss of Control Gaze spell completely ended.

At the same time, Torriope once again saw that young lady wearing the black robe embroidered with silver stars.

She had returned.

...

On the Blue Avenger, struggling to navigate through the fog and sea.

Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype were all at sea for the first time, and they all walked to the ship's rail to gaze into the distance where the light was quite dim and the waves seemed to roar.

"Westward... is this the depths of the Fog Sea?" Professor made her judgment based on Franca's earlier words and the surrounding environment.

"Yes." The person who answered wasn't Franca, but a middle-aged man who walked out from the cabin.

This man was of medium build with rough skin and messy deep blue hair, wearing a linen shirt, brownish jacket, and darker pantaloons. His bearing was rather dignified, giving the impression of someone long accustomed to authority.

"This is the captain," Franca said, not introducing him as The Hanged Man of the Tarot Club, only telling Periodic Table and the others that he was the owner of this three-masted sailing ship.
After a courtesy bow, Professor asked with some curiosity, "I've heard the western Fog Sea is extremely dangerous, often with fierce winds and huge waves. Even official exploration fleets can't continue deep into it, and can only advance one section of waterway at a time by establishing forward bases."
"Actually, the weather here isn't as changeable and intense as the Berserk Sea," Captain The Hanged Man said in a slightly low, magnetic voice. "What's dangerous here is the fog."
Most Beyonders of the Warlock pathway had strong curiosity. Prototype repeated the captain's words, "Fog?
"What's dangerous about fog... Does it make fleets lose their way, unable to find supplies or retreat?"
The Hanged Man smiled slightly. "Do you know why this ocean is called the Fog Sea? Why fog often rises in the archipelago waters too, completely different from the weather in the Sonia Sea?"
Recalling various meteorologists' explanations from newspapers and magazines, Periodic Table touched the chemical symbols on her face and suddenly realized. "It spreads from here?"
The Hanged Man nodded gently. "The fog in this area sometimes contracts, sometimes expands. When it expands, the fog spreads eastward, affecting the weather.
"The closer you get to here, the more foggy weather there is, and the slower the fog disperses. By the time you reach the archipelago waters, the fog here needs to expand very dramatically to affect that area."
"So it's actually due to mystical reasons..." Professor murmured to herself.
The Hanged Man continued, "Similarly, the deeper you go into this area, the further west you sail, the thicker the fog becomes and the harder it is to disperse. Eventually you can't see anything but gray-white, dense fog, making it impossible to determine your coordinates and the correct waterway based on any external conditions.
"Who knows how many explorers and adventurers have vanished forever here? Perhaps their ships will only return from history much later in the form of unmanned ghost ships."
Franca beside them listened with great interest.
So this is the true origin of the Fog Sea's name?
Did this fog come from the Celestial Worthy's seal on the Western Continent?
"What about us?" Professor asked with some concern.

We're also heading deep into these waters!
Unlike Prototype who only had to worry about feeding himself, she and Periodic Table had strong attachments, naturally making them more anxious and worried.
The Hanged Man looked around and said, "Don't worry, I've entered and left these waters many times and have some understanding of the waterways here. We won't lose our way before reaching our destination."
Of course, you're a top seafarer... Franca muttered internally.
The Hanged Man added, "This experience was bought with lives. I've lost my way here before, encountered dangers, and nearly disappeared with the entire ship several times.
"Fortunately, with divine protection, I prayed in time and received accurate positioning, which helped me successfully find my way back."
Seeing how the captain introduced his experiences exploring these waters without arrogance, boasting, fear, or trepidation, Professor and the others gradually settled their hearts.
This was indeed a safe waterway explored through countless hardships plus divine guidance, worthy of trust.
At this moment, they all felt the captain was very steady and reliable.
Periodic Table looked at the sailors who were clearly not enough to operate such a three-masted sailing ship, and asked with an investigative spirit, "Is this a ghost ship?"
"Yes." The Hanged Man didn't deny it.
Just then, the entire ship was thrown up by a wave, flying through the air.
With a splash, a giant sea fish twenty to thirty meters long emerged from beneath the surface.
Its body was covered in silver-white metal scales that flickered with dawn's light, and from the blowhole on its head spurted a water stream that seemed composed of early morning twilight.
This water stream was like a giant sword wielded by a deity, slashing fiercely toward the Blue Avenger.
This scene was visually stunning, leaving Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype, who were used to fighting in cities and small environments, momentarily unsure how to respond.
Silently, a gray-white color spread from the ship's rail, colliding with that deity-like dawn sword.
The dawn's light on the giant sword immediately dimmed, taking on a gray-white color.
It failed to create a Hurricane of Light, quickly turning into a stone sword that broke into sections falling toward the sea surface.

At the same time, The Hanged Man flew into the air, his deep blue hair spreading wildly like tentacles.
Bam! Bam! Bam!
The Hanged Man clenched his fists, throwing out bolts of lightning.
These silver-white lightning bolts pierced through sky and sea, striking the sea fish covered in silver-white scales.
Boom! Only now did the thunder echo out.
Just as Professor and others watched dumbfounded as the captain brought down divine punishment like a deity to discipline the sea monster, the area where the Blue Avenger was about to fall began bubbling.
Countless rotting creatures emerged along with the rising and bursting bubbles, cramming densely together.
A horrifying, strange summoning from the realm of death's destination came from beneath the sea surface, pulling the Blue Avenger off course directly toward it.
The gray-white color fell before the ship, turning all the rotting, undead creatures instantly into stone sculptures, even the azure seawater became like a cement ground, uneven with highs and lows.
The gray-white continued to penetrate beneath the sea surface, and everything fell silent.
The Blue Avenger landed steadily on the water beside it, and The Professor and others saw large patches of gray-white stone being shattered by the incoming water flow, some sinking, some floating.
"A Sequence 5 sea monster, a Gatekeeper?" Franca muttered questioningly as she prepared to collect her spoils. "Isn't this display of ability a bit exaggerated?"
The first creature to attack the Blue Avenger should have been a whale that had consumed a Sequence 5 Guardian Beyonder characteristic of the Warrior pathway.
"Different species and environments can lead to different manifestations of abilities," The Hanged Man landed back on deck, ordering the sailors to quickly harvest the whale sea monster's Beyonder characteristic and valuable parts. "Besides, you forgot that Sequence 5 at sea qualifies one to compete for the title of admiral."
Listening to their exchange, Professor and others finally realized.
The captain was the other demigod Hidden Blade had mentioned.
The power of a demigod was mind-shaking!
As Franca used Demoness spider silk to drag up the Keeper sea monster hidden beneath the surface—it was a flat, human-sized,

spiky deep black mutated sea urchin—she casually asked,
"The deeper we sail into these waters, the more monsters like this we'll encounter?"
"No." The Hanged Man shook his head. "The most dangerous things are the environment itself and our companions. Of course, as long as we stay on the pre-determined waterway, there won't be much risk. These sea monsters have only appeared in recent years, possibly related to that war back then."
Seeing Professor and others clearly confused, The Hanged Man briefly explained, "After the God of Combat's defeat, many Beyonder characteristics fell from the astral world onto the earth and into the oceans. His divine kingdom also experienced some collapse, with many items falling into reality."
I see... The Backstabbing Armor, no, the Pride Armor came from that? That whale sea monster just now should also be... Gatekeeper is Sequence 5 of the Death pathway, adjacent to the Warrior pathway, so it's normal for the God of Combat's divine kingdom to have some related items... As Franca came to this realization, she waited for the pale and black-mixed Beyonder characteristic to gradually precipitate out.
She and Lumian would need to gain more believers in the future, which required priests to spread their teachings, so they needed to prepare some Beyonder characteristics for their subordinates.
After collecting the spoils, the Blue Avenger continued forward.
As they sailed deeper, the gray-white fog around them grew increasingly dense, making it impossible to see clearly beyond several dozen meters.
During this process, Professor and others occasionally discovered things floating through the fog—there were faintly visible peaks, indistinct islands, and giant figures that seemed to hold up the sky...
The Hanged Man didn't explain, only telling them, "They seem close but are actually far away, unreachable."
After another half day, when the gray-white fog reached a certain density, The Hanged Man suddenly said to Franca,
"We're almost at our destination. Notify Ma'am Hermit that she can enter the Moses Ascetic Order's headquarters now."
...
In the dark side tunnel of the warlock's tower.
Ma'am Hermit continued to advance deeper. Her responsibility was to hold back the Moses Ascetic Order's upper echelons as much as possible until allied forces arrived.
Suddenly, she stopped in an area filled with many broken stone pillars.

She saw a familiar figure.
It was the Moses Ascetic Order's Vice Chairman, another Pillar who she couldn't get a read on—Retia Austin.

Chapter 1067: Grade 0 Sealed Artifact

Retia was a quiet, taciturn person who made The Hermit feel like there was something strange about her as a warlock, though she had never explicitly said so, and Cattleya believed She had already become an Angel.

And in the intelligence Cattleya had obtained in advance, the current high-level members of the Moses Ascetic Order guarding Avalon were only Torriope and two other Pillars who had been doing research there for years, so Retia should have already left.

Unexpectedly, She appeared again.

She was on the dark side of Avalon.

Except for when there were real matters that needed to be handled, every time She said She was leaving Avalon, She was actually just taking a detour and entering the dark side? Was She guarding against something, or doing some secret thing? Queen of Stars Cattleya was surprised but not panicked.

Retia being at the Moses Ascetic Order's headquarters was a good thing, so she wouldn't have to go looking for Her everywhere to eliminate Her!

At this time, Retia in a loose robe with wavy wine-red hair stood on top of a broken giant stone pillar, looking towards the traitor foretold in the prophecy, Her voice echoing in the current area, "I see you turning into a swan..."

As she spoke, Retia's body rapidly expanded, the loose black robe quickly tearing apart, transforming into a mass of cloth fragments that drifted down below the stone pillar.

In the blink of an eye, this Vice Chairman of the Moses Ascetic Order had Her neck elongated, covered in magenta scales, Her entire body the same.

She was now five or six meters tall, her tailbone extending and becoming very long, filled with joints and barbs.

Retia had actually transformed into a giant dragon, powerful and exuding an evil beauty, Her head still human-like in the magenta color.

Her amber vertical pupils immediately locked onto The Hermit Cattleya.

The Sequence 2 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was called Sage, with the core ability being the mastery and utilization of information, including but not limited to the informatization of one's own self.

In such a situation, if one had enough self-understanding, without disrupting the overall information balance, one could add appropriate, non-conflicting, and already fully grasped mysticism knowledge in the form of information into the corresponding

information flow, and delete the unnecessary parts, thereby completing the transformation of one's own body and the fixation and acceleration of certain spells.
Retia chose to gradually transform Herself into a giant dragon at the information level, in order to gain a huge boost in physical strength and vitality.
For this, She spent hundreds of years researching the remains of various dragons, and was also known as a "Dragon Scholar" within the Moses Ascetic Order.
Queen of Stars Cattleya originally thought this title meant Retia's research on the dragons was very in-depth, making Her a true expert in the field, until Queen Mystic also became a Sage did they guess there was another layer of meaning: A scholar like a dragon!
Immediately, countless cold, eyelashless eyes opened in the cracks between Retia's magenta scales.
The Mythical Creature form of the Mystery Pryer pathway!
At the same time, countless fragments flashed in The Hermit Cattleya's mind.
There was the warning from Queen Mystic when she chose the "Mystery Pryer pathway on the Dawn; the constant pursuit of knowledge and the repeated indoctrination of the Hidden Sage; the painful episodes of almost losing control several times; the protection provided by Mr. Fool; the ostracism and suspicion she had suffered since becoming one of the Pillars; and all the scenes of evil and corruption she had seen along the way into the dark side...
All of this is finally about to come to an end... With a sigh, Cattleya's back arched slightly, and pure white illusory feathers sprouted.
Fairytale magic, Ugly Duckling!
Even an ugly duckling could transform into a swan!
A Sequence 3 could also manifest an incomplete Mythical Creature form, supporting it for a short time under the impact of an Angel!
As these swan feathers grew out, cracks also appeared on Cattleya's surface, with blood and flesh congealing in each crack to form stark black and white eyeballs.
These eyeballs swept around, meeting the countless eyes on the magenta dragon's body.
Ma'am Hermit and the draconized Retia both became somewhat ethereal, one seeming to have become an abstract black shadow, the other's body dimming, no longer exuding an evil beauty.
...
Although Lumian had Teleportation, considering the many dangers lurking in the dark side of Avalon, he didn't dare make a

direct advance like Madam Magician, but Blinked in stages instead.
After three or four jumps, he arrived at what seemed like a palace rooftop.
It was paved with large slabs of water-black stone, surrounded by walls and towers, the night sky above dark and deep, with clusters of dazzling stars dotting it, blinking on and off as if countless unknown existences were watching this area, those stars being their eyes.
A tall, thin man dressed as a warlock stood at the top of the nearest tower, carefully cradling a long-necked silver flask.
The surface of the flask was covered in dense bumps, each with a deep crack, within which countless black and white eyes slowly rotated.
This was an unnumbered Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, because it was not from the orthodox churches, and sometimes it was an Angel, sometimes a Sealed Artifact, its form unable to be fixed.
It originated from a founding member of the Moses Ascetic Order, that angel's bizarre and uncontrolled death leaving behind this sealed artifact, and in the long years that followed, three of the Order's saints had successively used this artifact to become angels, but ultimately all went mad and died or became monsters within three hundred years, bringing great disaster to the Moses Ascetic Order.
In the last thousand years, no one had dared to use this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to advance, and thus it has earned a name: "Destined Madness"!
As a long-standing secret organization, the Moses Ascetic Order was at its peak, possessing six Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts besides Angels. Later, some were lost in internal strife, some were offered to the Hidden Sage, and some became the foundation of Angels. Now, only three remained, and Destined Madness was one of them.
The warlock holding this cursed flask was Seids, one of the Pillars, who had been stationed in Avalon for years, researching mysticism knowledge.
As a Sequence 3 Clairvoyant of the Mystery Pryer pathway, he chose Destined Madness over the other two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts because, for him, the current negative effects were still bearable, and he could endure for some time.
The countless eyes on the slender silver flask brought with them a flood of illusions.
They were diverse fragments of knowledge, some turning into human shapes, eyes bursting, clutching their chests, or heads

exploding; some resembling writhing masses of snakes, slick and repulsive; some grotesque and indescribable, all racing madly toward Lumian.
Knowledge was in pursuit!
A swath of gray-white surged before Lumian, rolling forward like waves toward the embodied knowledge.
Wherever the gray-white wave passed, the stone slabs grew denser, and even the air thickened.
When the petrifying force met the knowledge entities, those apparitions donned a gray-white veil.
However, in the next second, knowledge of "stone," "rigidity," "slowness," and "lifelessness" seeped into the apparitions, becoming part of them.
The knowledge pursuing Lumian didn't stop; they merely transformed into heavy yet swift knowledge statues.
...
On the azure sea thick with gray fog.
Because the area was so disorienting, Franca couldn't use conventional methods to contact Ma'am Hermit. She had to resort to praying to Mr. Fool to inform that Major Arcana card holder that they could start their operation.
After she finished, Mr. Hanged Man began advising Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype,
"Next, you may experience some hallucinations, see some illusions, but under no circumstances should you believe them, or the harm will extend beyond you to your companions as well.
"Even if you see me turn into a monster, or see a nearby companion attack you, you must neither evade nor retaliate—trust that it's all false.
"Of course, it might not even be that intense."
Professor and the others exchanged glances, eventually choosing to trust the experienced, powerful captain. Besides, Hidden Blade was there too.
Then, the Blue Avenger continued deeper into the sea along the murky course.
After a moment, Professor sensed an unnatural silence around her.
Though it was a ghost ship with few people on board, it had never been so silent that not a single sound, save for the waves, could be heard.
Professor looked slowly toward the captain, Hidden Blade, and the distant sailors, only to see them moving in jerky slow motion, as if controlled by strings.
Professor was startled and instinctively looked at Periodic Table

and Prototype.
Both members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society were smirking, identical chilling grins on their faces.
Their smiles matched in every detail.
Shuddering, Professor remembered the captain's warning and quickly shut her eyes, repeating silently,
It's not real, it's all fake...
At that moment, it seemed as though tentacles were reaching out from the water, the slick sensation drawing closer and closer, while Professor's thoughts grew sluggish and even a bit muddled.
It's not real, it's all fake... she muttered to herself, braving her terror.
It was unclear how much time passed before all abnormalities abruptly vanished as though they had never been there.
Professor opened her eyes and saw that the captain was back to normal. Both Hidden Blade and the others—Periodic Table and Prototype—wore expressions tinged with confusion and fear.
Professor and the others were about to ask questions when they all furrowed their brows simultaneously.
They felt knowledge pursuing them, surging from the dense gray-white fog!
Of course, it wasn't as extreme as the Hidden Sage's indoctrination, more like a manageable pressure.
Mr. Hanged Man saw this and quickly said to Franca, "We've reached the target area."
Franca nodded, pulling out several pieces of yellow paper etched with intricate patterns from the Traveler's Bag.

Chapter 1068: Connection

Petrification did nothing to stop the advancing knowledge; instead, petrification became a part of them, and they surged forward toward Lumian like an army of puppets.

At that moment, a strange thought crossed Lumian's mind.

If I were in Morora, could I use the authority of 0-01 to turn these knowledge statues into my soldiers and then redirect their assault on Seids, the Moses Ascetic Order's brass holding the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact?

Unfortunately, there was no "if."

The knowledge statues collided with Lumian, producing a cracking sound.

Lumian had activated his Mirror Substitution in advance.

In the next instant, he used Teleportation, outlining his figure mid-air, positioned behind Seids and slightly above the tower.

Despite his fear of the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, it was being wielded by a person, not the artifact itself wielding the person. This naturally left vulnerabilities to exploit.

For example, Seids' body was blocking the dense bumps and stark black-and-white eyes on the surface of the silver flask, obscuring his view of what was behind him.

Lumian's lake-like eyes quickly locked onto Seids' back, preparing to cast a curse.

Just then, the back of Seids' head, uncovered by a hood, began to writhe with flesh. Black-and-white, emotionless eyes sprouted from the dark gray hair.

The Saint seemed to become one with the silver flask, an extension of its power.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Black-and-white eyes spread across Seids' back, his hair parting and clothes tearing as they all turned to gaze at Lumian.

Lumian froze.

Sequence names and fragments of relevant knowledge surged into his mind all at once: Mystery Pryer, Melee Scholar, Warlock, Scrolls Professor, Constellations Master, Mysticologist, Clairvoyant, Sage, Knowledge Emperor, Hermit, Savant Archaeologist, Black Knight, The Hanged Man, White Angel, The Sun, and more.

It wasn't enough to overwhelm his mind and spirit, but it did disrupt his thoughts, making them sluggish and chaotic.

The knowledge even vaguely coalesced into a scene with an ancient, worn stone slate.

Lumian's consciousness grew foggy.

Simultaneously, from within the silver flask, covered with eyes

and bumps, streams of blazing, golden, pure sunlight poured forth. They illuminated the palace rooftop area, lifting a miniature, fiercely burning sun.
That "sun" expanded rapidly, purifying and igniting everything around it.
Mystical Re-enactment!
Lumian, riddled with countless issues, was immediately engulfed in searing pain, as though his skin were forcibly peeled away to expose raw flesh beneath. The lingering aura of the Blood Emperor in his palm, the Underworld Daoist's seal, and the black pinhole all activated in response, flaring into prominence.
This brought a sliver of clarity amidst the fog of confusion.
Crack!
He used Mirror Substitution again. As shards of glass fell toward the base of the tower, he shifted positions, appearing at the edge of the palace rooftop.
That led deeper into the dark side of Avalon.
But sunlight was everywhere, leaving no shadows behind. Lumian abruptly ignited, golden flames bursting from him.
His body began to melt.
A sudden chill struck him from behind as if a ghostly, sticky shadow clung to his back, coiling around him in layers, trying to invade.
How could there still be shadows in such blazing, pure, holy sunlight? *Where is the absence of darkness?* What sort of spell is this—both holy and sinister... Lumian, though resilient to flames, feared the purifying force.
He activated the black mark on his right shoulder without hesitation.
Teleport!
He disappeared from his position, instantly reappearing in the next area.
His mission was not to kill or stall Seids or seize the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. Witnessing the terror of such an artifact, he knew there was no point in lingering—it would only interfere with his main objective.
The reason he had fought Seids earlier was due to his reluctance to advance too quickly, fearing he might stumble into an Angel's battleground, which was likely even more dangerous than staying here. It was better to see if he could handle an opponent wielding a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
As he emerged in the next area, he quickly used Mirror Substitution again, leaving the golden flames and chilling shadow to the mirror image.

Glancing back, he saw the golden flames indeed melting the mirror, within which a patch of deep black writhed and struggled.
Both vanished simultaneously.
In the palace rooftop-like area, Seids' entire form seemed amiss; the mass of black-and-white eyes on his back did not retract quickly.
He strained to pursue the Demoness of Unaging holding Destined Madness.
Suddenly, from the entrance of the dark side of Avalon, a thick mist of pale steam flowed into the area, coalescing mid-air into a figure.
This figure was clad in a monk's gray robe, wearing an apron like that of ancient stonemasons, with chestnut hair, blue eyes, a handsome, youthful face, and a tall, slender build.
...
Under the influence of various spells, broken stone pillars were either completely shattered, collapsed entirely, sprouted eyes, or became a part of knowledge, bearing no resemblance to their original form.
Using the Ugly Duckling magic to reveal an incomplete Mythical Creature form, The Hermit Cattleya was held in a crushing grip by Retia, now a magenta dragon.
Her attacks, her magic, all became ineffective once absorbed into Retia's informatized body.
Ten seconds had passed, and the effects of the Ugly Duckling magic were nearing their end.
Cattleya, unwavering and resolute, prepared to cast Ugly Duckling for the second and final time, according to plan.
Only by relying on the incomplete Mythical Creature form could she hold her ground against Retia!
At that moment, streams of transparent, intangible information cascaded into the area, reforming into the figure of Queen Mystic Bernadette, with chestnut hair, straight brows, and eyes as deep as the ocean.
...
In a boundless wilderness, translucent, ethereal information coalesced into the figure of Torriope, Chairman of the Moses Ascetic Order.
He had evaded Madam Magician's first round of multi-directional attacks using informatization to dodge from various directions with diverse abilities.
Now reformed, Torriope still wore his hood, but his upper body was bare.
His torso no longer appeared human, resembling a fusion of five or

six things:
There was a menacing wolf's head with black fur, a blazing throne of fire, a pale face with strange eyes, a writhing mass of maggots, and multiple asymmetrical black symbols...
These were the Mystical Re-enactment spells Torriope had added to His information body over the years, making them truly a part of Him.
In this form, the corresponding magic would immediately trigger and strike any target.
As for the Loss of Control Gaze spell, Torriope deemed it too dangerous and hadn't fully deciphered its secrets. He feared adding it would destabilize the overall information structure, resulting in a loss of control.
Clang!
Just as Torriope completed His reformation, preparing to unleash numerous spells simultaneously, an ancient, ethereal chime echoed, and he glimpsed a massive, weathered bell in shades of blackish-green and gray-white.
For an instant, He was dazed, but then He quickly cast the five or six spells all at once.
They missed every target and had no impact on any life form.
Madam Magician had vanished from the wilderness.
A pulse of information flickered in the corner of Torriope's brow.
His emotions became slightly unstable.
He knew his enemy would be back any moment!
Striking, but never hitting; fleeing, but never escaping!
Then, Torriope saw the ground deep within the wilderness silently cave in.
A vast pit opened, leading to a hazy, misty, obscure place.
Torriope's spirits lifted again, His mood brightening.
The great Hidden Sage had finally responded!
That hazy, foggy area was actually a hidden escape route, granted by the Hidden Sage when Torriope had established Avalon.
Once He escaped through there, His enemies would be unable to track or locate Him.
Based on the Hidden Sage's namesake, He naturally wielded powers of concealment!
That was also why He was still alive from the Fourth Epoch to the present.
Joyfully, Torriope dissolved into a flood of information again, rushing toward the large, collapsed pit.
Madam Magician reappeared in the skies above the wilderness.
...
On the Blue Avenger, Franca handed out three pieces of yellow

paper, covered with fine patterns, tiny writing, and strange symbols, to Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype.
"Burn them by rubbing them with your spirituality," Franca instructed solemnly.
Taking the yellow paper, Prototype quickly glanced over it, noting a resemblance to, yet significant difference from, the entries in Roselle's Diary.
He faintly discerned two characters: "Celestial Master."
Wh— Professor and the others hesitated for a second before setting their yellow papers aflame.
The blue smoke from the burning paper didn't dissipate but instead coalesced into a column, rising into the gray-white mist above.
In the next second, Professor and the others seemed to see a wilderness filled with countless figures wandering and screaming.
The knowledge pursuing them surged, becoming fiercer.
They once again experienced the intense agony of the Hidden Sage's relentless indoctrination.
Then, a hazy silhouette began to emerge before them.
The figure sat cross-legged, his face as smooth as jade, dressed in a blue robe with a high crown atop his head.
He held something known as a "whisk."
...
In an unknown, mysterious realm.
A light composed of complex information concealed itself and the surrounding area.
It was none other than the Hidden Sage, who had foreseen the danger.
Suddenly, He trembled violently, His form twisting like a massive serpent pierced by an unseen force.
He had predicted the danger, but He hadn't foreseen that it would come from the wilderness!
Enduring the pain, He attempted to sever the connection, hoping to conceal this part of His information.
At that moment, a figure clad in a black trench coat followed the trace of the connection, descending from above and landing in front of Him, at the edge of the unknown land.
The figure used his right hand, gloved in black, to press down on the half-height silk top hat atop his head, gradually straightening his posture.

Chapter 1069: Nemesis

The Hidden Sage felt He must respond, but He couldn't decide which plan to choose.

Should He quickly repel the invading enemy, or destroy this unknown realm of His creation to create chaos, escape detection, and hide once again?

He had never hesitated like this before, unable to make a decision, as if affected by some Beyonder power.

Then, He heard the "clang" of a bell.

It seemed to come from ancient times, crossing vast ages.

A weathered, mottled clock's phantom appeared, and a black-gloved left hand held the hands of the clock that had been ticking between gray-white and blue-black.

In this moment of stillness, The Fool raised his right palm, thrusting forward his firmly gripped cane.

The cane, inlaid with countless stardust, caused the void to collapse layer by layer where it passed, surging toward the Hidden Sage.

...

As The Fool's cane thrust forward, in the astral world full of various concepts, distorted abstractions, and chaos, a hazy light began to glow, as if about to bring scenes of profound, magnificent scrolls down to the unknown realm where that battle was taking place.

Just then, in the high skies of daylight, the crimson moon suddenly became prominent.

It grew brighter and rounder, its color deepening until it seemed stained with fresh blood.

The Blood Moon descended.

The Blood Moon's crimson light shone upon the invisible barrier in the astral world, illuminating all the distorted concepts here, preventing any deity from escaping, and making that hazy clear light afraid to fall to its intended destination.

...

On the wilderness, Torriope, who was rushing toward the misty, hazy place in the form of an information flood, suddenly discovered that the remaining few dozen meters had become winding and tortuous, twisting back and forth, as if one had to navigate a maze to reach the destination.

Outside the maze lay ethereal darkness filled with brilliant stars, without any paths. Once entered, one would likely become lost immediately, unable to find an exit, let alone reach the intended destination.

This was the control over journey and space wielded by High-Sequence Beyonders of the Door pathway.
Though there must be a door and a destination, They could set the exit at the farthest point and turn the journey between into a maze that couldn't be quickly traversed.
This was also a kind of seal, a seal with time constraints.
After restricting Torriope's movement, Madam Magician, floating in mid-air wearing her silver-starred black robe, suddenly split into nine.
Behind each figure, differently colored planets hazily appeared.
A terrifying, immense gravitational force emanated from these nine figures, instantly tearing apart the maze that had trapped Torriope, seeming to slow the flow of time itself, causing the light in this area to flow toward different ethereal planets, unable to shine along its intended path.
Torriope, who had just reformed His body and planned to immediately release multiple spells using previously added information to force back the enemy again, felt nine invisible hands grab different parts of His body—His head, neck, left ribs, right leg, and other places—pulling madly outward.
He was about to be dismembered.
He had no choice but to informatize again, becoming an ethereal, transparent, complex flood.
This information flood was also being torn apart, pulled outward stream by stream, but the main structure remained undamaged.
When Lumian teleported into this wilderness, he saw the scene of nine Madam Magicians surrounding an area ravaged by a space-time storm.
All nine figures were flickering, constantly switching between false and real at a speed that made them indistinguishable from each other.
Seeing this, Lumian unhesitatingly took out the phone manufactured by the God of Steam and Machinery and tossed it into the air.
The nine figures suddenly merged into one, no longer flickering.
Madam Magician's fixed position was exactly where Lumian had thrown the phone.
She caught the phone with one hand and skillfully opened the corresponding mini-program.
At this moment, from within the space-time storm being torn apart, from that danger-filled dark area, streams of ethereal, transparent information surged forth, reforming into Torriope's figure.
He was only wounded; the overall structure of His information

flow hadn't collapsed or been compressed under the terrifying gravitational force.
Compared to before, Torriope seemed slightly shorter, the fierce wolf's head that should have been on His right chest had moved to near His neck, both hands appeared at His navel, and His legs were of uneven length.
These were all caused by information misalignment, but the overall balance remained.
Madam Magician's figure vanished again from mid-air, and seeing this, Lumian quietly retreated from the edge of the wilderness.
Having achieved his wish, Torriope immediately transformed into a complex, transparent information flood, rushing toward the collapsed pit just dozens of meters away, toward that misty, hazy place.
In an instant, He again saw the "path" become twisted, full of misleading directions.
He was trapped in the "maze" again.
Madam Magician had returned once again!
Just then, Torriope's information flood within the "maze" instantly dispersed, quickly vanishing.
This was False Information—False Information that Torriope had specially prepared for the enemy!
Meanwhile, His concealed true information had quietly reached the entrance of the secret passage, still rushing toward that haziness in the form of an ethereal, transparent flood.
Madam Magician, wearing her silver-starred black robe, suddenly Blinked to the edge of the exit, Blinking right in front of Torriope.
Torriope had anticipated this, and His information flood immediately dispersed into multiple intertwining streams, preparing to bypass the enemy from above her head, both sides, and below her feet to enter the exit.
During this process, even if some parts were intercepted, as long as the overall structure and balance remained, Torriope wouldn't die. At worst, He would be missing limbs and some spells after reforming, which could be researched and added back later.
Seeing the streams of transparent information about to scatter and escape, Madam Magician raised the phone in her palm and pressed the activation button for the Information Shredder.
The previously lit phone screen suddenly grew dark, as if all light had been absorbed into the running mini-program.
This emitted an overwhelming, terrifying gravitational force, specifically targeting information.
The streams of information Torriope had broken into uncontrollably changed their destination, rushing toward the dark

phone screen.
Madam Magician's face and back of her hands also showed signs of writhing flesh.
Essentially, these were also a form of information, as were the surrounding wilderness and the haziness behind.
However, they existed in a very stable physical form, effectively resisting the overwhelming gravitational force emanating from within the phone screen.
As stream after stream of information entered Madam Magician's phone, a scream suddenly erupted from the depths of the dark screen.
The scream was extremely panicked, extremely terrified, as if encountering a nemesis, encountering the most terrifying thing in the world!
The scream was also information.
The scream abruptly ceased.
After all of Torriope's dispersed information had entered the Information Shredder, the phone screen quickly regained its brightness, and one after another, "crystals" formed from seemingly transparent information were spat out, like a monster spitting out bones after devouring humans.
This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 2 Sage of the Mystery Pryer pathway.
An Angel had perished.
Seeing all the "crystals" had been spat out, Madam Magician threw the phone back to Lumian, who had re-entered the wilderness.
"Hurry," she urged, then disappeared from her spot.
She planned to Teleport back, change her robe, then return to help.
This would only take a second or two, as she wore two layers of robes and only needed to remove the outer one.
Lumian caught the phone imbued with the God of Steam and Machinery's divine power and latest research results, and immediately activated the Teleport mark on his right shoulder.
His destination was deep in the wilderness, at the entrance to the secret passage filled with haziness.
...
In the library with its messy shelves but numerous books.
Ohayes, another of the Ten Pillars guarding Avalon, had just come from where the mystical items were sealed.
He held a mask that seemed forged from black gold.
The mask was asymmetrical from left to right, and not even in a regular pattern of one side being smaller than the other, but rather chaotic:
The left eye socket was large and hollow, the right small, the left

nasal bridge collapsed, the right prominent, the left cheekbone protruding, the right drooping downward, the whole giving an indescribable sense of madness and majesty.
This was one of the three Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts currently possessed by the Moses Ascetic Order, obtained during the chaos of the War of Four Emperors and named Solomon's Mask.
Ohayes had chosen it from among the remaining two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, preparing to go support Vice Chairman Retia or his peer, Seids.
Unfortunately, there were only three demigods currently guarding Avalon—the three of them plus Chairman Torriope—and they couldn't even find another Saint to use the last Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
The negative effects of that Sealed Artifact were too lethal for any Beyonder without godhood to bear.
I can only hope the Chairman or Vice Chairman can return to take the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, then either repel the invaders or lead everyone in escape... Ohayes looked back at the sealed location, praying that the mid-sequence warlocks in the dark side would find their way here.
With Solomon's Mask, he could no longer use those Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts!
And if these Sealed Artifacts couldn't be put to use, the Moses Ascetic Order's chances of victory would decrease further, and if they had to retreat later, they would have to abandon them, suffering heavy losses.
At this crucial moment, regardless of whether one was Sequence 5 or not, those who could use Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts should quickly take control of them, making them easier to take away!
Glancing at the asymmetrical black gold mask, Ohayes gritted his teeth and put it on his face.
The black gold mask suddenly writhed, as if trying to merge with his flesh.
Ohayes let out a muffled groan of pain, his entire body instantly growing much larger.
At this moment, a figure reflected in his eyes.
That figure was barefoot, wearing a simple robe, with a tree bark belt tied around the waist, black hair gently swaying behind.

Chapter 1070: Onward

In the sea of grayish-white fog all around, Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype were either leaning against the ship's railings, their faces flushed and throbbing, or crouching down covering their ears, curled up, or constantly grabbing and pulling their own hair, as if trying to rip off their skulls to relieve the pressure their brains were bearing.

Seeing their reactions, Franca couldn't help but look over at Mr. Hanged Man. "Is there a way to alleviate this situation?"

This was a problem that even a Spectator's Placate could not solve, as it was not mental confusion or an emotional outburst, but simply that their brains could not withstand being flooded with so much knowledge in such a short time, not even able to activate their self-protection mechanisms and pass out.

So Madam Justice had not participated in the actions on the Blue Avenger, nor had she provided corresponding charms. Of course, to bear the power of a demigod, the materials for the charms had more special requirements than before, not something that could be made just by wanting to—unless the power level was deliberately suppressed, making the completed charms only at Sequence 6 or 5 standards.

Mr. Hanged Man thought for a moment and said, "Knock them out, make them lose consciousness."

This Major Arcana card holder added tentatively, "This might help."

"Makes sense." Franca turned her gaze back to Professor and the others, eager to try.

Just then, the condition of Professor and the others eased, the blue veins on their faces no longer protruding, and the hair they pulled out gradually diminished.

Phew... Franca secretly let out a sigh of relief.

After another dozen or so seconds, Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype gradually recovered to normal, although some still looked rather pale, and some were still slightly trembling.

"No wonder you compared the danger we might encounter to the Hidden Sage forcibly infusing knowledge—it's about the same." Professor sighed, saying in a puzzled tone, "Those knowledge really came alive, rushing towards us as if they would tear us into pieces if we didn't study them earnestly."

This was significantly different from the Hidden Sage's indoctrination, as Professor and the others had actually had a similar experience before, but the corresponding amount was small and did not cause such severe pain.

Prototype glanced at Franca and Mr. Hanged Man, and asked

thoughtfully, "Who is the Celestial Master?"
Franca let out a hollow laugh. "I'll tell you later."
She then smiled at Professor and the others. "Your mission is accomplished!"
"Really?"
"We don't have to do it again?"
"Did it succeed?" Professor and the others asked respectively.
They were clearly more relaxed, with a barely disguised joy in their tone.
Franca exchanged a glance with Mr. Hanged Man and said, "Our part is done, but results from the other side remain unknown."
Mr. Hanged Man nodded in agreement, raising his right hand towards the Blue Avenger. "Return to port!"
...
In the dark side of Avalon.
The Hermit Cattleya had left the area with the broken stone pillars, escaping the battle with Dragon Scholar Retia.
She was now in a pitch-black corridor, with light seeping in at the end, leading not to a room, but to an open wilderness.
As she walked, Cattleya couldn't help but look back.
She had actually wanted to stay and help Queen Mystic deal with Retia, but ultimately decided to leave.
This was because, first, she had seen the Queen take out a black crown inlaid with many dark gems; second, she herself was not yet an Angel, and Ugly Duckling could only be used one more time —the brief ten-plus seconds could not turn the tide of battle, and might even affect Queen Mystic's performance.
And third, she had other things to do.
Cattleya turned her gaze forward, continuing to fly through the pitch-black corridor with a faint light at the end.
She felt that the remaining filth of Avalon was hidden in the darkness that could not be illuminated on the sides, the fallen state of the remaining warlocks, the pain of Beyonders of the same sequence being forcibly infused with knowledge by the Hidden Sage, and the last screams of those who had lost control and gone mad.
She too had once experienced similar pain, teetering on the edge of losing control.
Relying on Mr. Fool, she had initially guaranteed her own safety, and her withdrawal from the battle between Queen Mystic and Retia was to ensure that there were no accidents on The Chariot Lumian's side, to ensure that all the Beyonders of the Mystery Pryer pathway were rid of this hidden danger, and never had to worry about knowledge infusion day and night.

Of course, knowledge would still spread to individuals, just not as frequently or terribly.
The Hermit Cattleya flew faster and more resolutely, for there were important matters waiting for her ahead.
Finally, she passed through the light at the end of the corridor and arrived in a boundless wilderness.
At this moment, the crimson moon shone from above, casting a faint blood-red hue over the entire wilderness, but without any substantial effect.
Cattleya looked and saw Mr. Chariot Lumian standing by the sunken pit in the depths of the wilderness, and Madam Magician Fors, now in a purple-black robe.
"Is Torriope dead?" The Hermit Cattleya blurted out.
Madam Magician smiled slightly. "At a true god's own hand and with a restraining 'tool', how could Torriope not die?
"I've sealed all his Beyonder characteristics, and will distribute them according to Mr. Fool's wishes after the operation is over."
As she spoke, the wilderness began to tremble slightly, with soil, weeds, and stones continuously peeling off into the void, though not much.
Avalon was created by Torriope, and now that he was dead, it would naturally wither away.
The Hermit nodded slightly, walking over to Lumian under the not-so-dense crimson moonlight.
She and The Magician stood on the left and right, one in front and one behind, guarding against unexpected occurrences.
...
The crimson full moon hung high in the sky, outshining the sun and making all the continents, oceans, and islands seem to be draped in a faintly sinister red veil.
In the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, the City of Generosity Bayam, at an outdoor cafe.
Mr. Star Leonard sipped a cup of Fermo coffee with milk and sugar, glancing at the hurrying pedestrians rushing home.
Most people in this world knew that the Blood Moon brought misfortune, a sign of bad things to come!
"Old man, Suah and His brothers have been really patient, not making a move yet, and those Angels secretly serving the Great Mother haven't made a sound either." Mr. Star murmured, setting down his bone coffee cup.
An aged voice then sounded in his ear: "If They really attempt to rescue the Hidden Sage, and really come to destroy the Rorsted Archipelago, then it's not a big problem.
"The fact that there's not a stir means trouble."

Mr. Star immediately understood what the old man meant.
This meant that the existence of the Hidden Sage was no longer of great importance to the evil gods' or the Great Mother's subsequent plans!
This was troubling.
"Didn't the Great Mother also intervene and suppress the orthodox gods?" Mr. Star thought aloud.
"Since the existence of the Hidden Sage would weaken the resistance forces within the barrier and reduce the chances of new gods being born, They should certainly try to save Him, but it's no longer a key issue, something They can choose to do or not do." The aged voice responded simply.
The Star Leonard picked up his coffee again, chuckling. "Indeed, there's a sense that the situation is gradually worsening, that the apocalypse is coming and there's nothing that can be done to change it."
After taking a sip of coffee, this demigod of the Church of Evernight, a Major Arcana card holder, sobered his expression and said in a low voice, "But no matter what, we have to save ourselves.
"No matter what, getting rid of the Hidden Sage is a good thing, and can increase the hope of resisting the apocalypse."
With that, he raised his head, gazing at the sinister crimson moon.
The moonlight seemed to drip with blood.
...
In the mysterious unknown realm.
Compared to before, several mountain peaks had now emerged, a vast sea appeared, and countless crevices formed.
The Hidden Sage's location was also composed of information, and with the Fooling, the information would naturally undergo various changes, creating the current environment.
After nearly twenty seconds of battle, the Hidden Sage, who had still not recovered from the surprise attack, was finally pierced by the star-studded cane.
The ethereal glow of the complex information, like a giant serpent, suddenly collapsed towards the tip of the cane, towards a certain point within.
The dissolved glow crumbled inch by inch, the countless information squeezed together, compressed into a dark spherical ball, and with the withdrawal of the star-studded cane, it exploded outward with a thunderous sound.
The overall structure of the information was thus destroyed.
Stream after stream of information fell and dissipated, and from among them emerged a faint crimson.
These crimsons grew rapidly, about to coalesce together, bringing

new life.
With a gesture of The Fool's star-studded cane, the surrounding void bent down, herding all the crimsons together, sealing them within a small ethereal dark sphere.
The ethereal sphere, along with the gathered crimsons, instantly vanished.
However, after the disintegrating information and crimson light completely disappeared, no Beyonder characteristics were extracted, nor did a Uniqueness emerge.
The Fool, in the black coat, suddenly turned his gaze to the other side of the unknown realm, towards the end of the sea.
An ethereal glow resembling a giant serpent suddenly emerged there, then turned into a shadowy mass with countless black and white distinct eyes.
Backup and hidden information!
The Hidden Sage still had more than one such hidden backup information!
The countless distinct black and white eyes spun rapidly, each coalescing into ethereal and complex symbols, flooding The Fool's mind with a terrifying amount of useless knowledge.

Chapter 1071: Fooling

The figure of The Fool, inundated with countless pieces of knowledge, suddenly froze, his head exploding into a mass of warped maggots.

These maggots rapidly disappeared, leaving behind only a pair of black gloves and a cane inlaid with many star fragments.

Amidst the thin mist that permeated the mountain peaks, another figure descended—once again, The Fool, dressed in a black coat and wearing a half top hat.

The black gloves and star-studded cane immediately returned to his control.

Just now?

That was just a historical projection!

On the black shadow that the Hidden Sage had transformed into, the protruding black and white distinct eyes each rotated, reflecting the figure of The Fool once more.

At this moment, He wanted to escape.

This is not to say that He lacked the courage to destroy His current body and revive using the backup, hidden information from other locations—for a being of such a living Uniqueness, this would not be too painful.

The reason restraining Him from making this choice was:

for the designated backup information to receive the Uniqueness, the Hidden Sage had to, before death, actively choose and activate it Himself, and this activation could potentially be traced and located. As the embodiment of mysticism knowledge, the Hidden Sage naturally knew the specialties of His current enemies, and what role the dark barrier that had sealed off the entire unknown realm and the permeating gray fog within it could play.

If He did not activate it, the Uniqueness would naturally transfer to the nearest backup information, following the proximity principle, and the Hidden Sage had hidden another backup within this unknown realm.

When He had initially made these arrangements, His idea was that if a powerful enemy arrived, He could try to drive them away or outright kill them and claim the spoils by reviving twice, and if the two revivals failed, it would mean He could not win, so He would let Himself be killed the third time and revive from the backup information hidden elsewhere, fully escaping the entanglement.

In other words, the Hidden Sage was not panicked now—after dying twice more, He could truly flee this unknown realm without being tracked, and return to a state of hiding.

His current plan was to try counterattacking, and if that didn't work, just wait to be killed, rather than self-destruct.
Information underwent loss, degradation, errors, and chaos in the process of constant backups—this was a fundamental rule of the entire world, a manifestation of error, decay, and increasing entropy. The more times the overall information was backed up, the higher the probability of problems arising, and the greater the latent chaos. If the Hidden Sage were to revive using the fourth set of information, some hidden errors might emerge, and the enemy before Him symbolized Error.
In this matter, self-destruction would lead to more significant degradation and amplification of chaos in the information, because it started from an internal, self-conscious negation, rather than being killed by others.
In the black and white distinct eyes that reflected The Fool's figure, new ethereal symbols emerged—not complex, just simple numbers.
One was "0", the other "1".
In the cognition of the Moses Ascetic Order, each number had spirituality and its own symbolic meaning.
Of course, numbers did not directly possess power, but they could bring corresponding occult implications.
And one of the Hidden Sage's core abilities was to imbue numbers with power, giving them truly different, somewhat diminished symbolic force compared to the original!
Among them, "0" represented chaos, the unknown, what existed before everything, while "1" represented the beginning, the Oldest One, the Creator who made this world.
The "0" and "1" within those black and white eyes suddenly underwent a change.
They connected end-to-end, rapidly flowing through the transparent tunnel formed by the eye orbs, shifting from "0" to "1", then from "1" back to "0", from non-existence to existence, and then back again.
Accompanying the appearance and flow of these "0" and "1", the unknown realm rapidly became transparent.
Whether it was the realm itself, the shrouding dark barrier, or the diffused gray fog, all were now composed of countless "0" and "1".
They were clusters formed by just these two numbers!
The figure of The Fool also underwent similar changes—crawling over his face, his gloves, were countless small worms, transparent or brilliant or segmented, all woven from intertwined strings of "0" and "1".
Under the Hidden Sage's influence, vast numbers of "1" were

turning into "0", and when "0" dominated the majority, this numeric world would completely collapse and disappear into "nothingness", unable to impede the Hidden Sage's escape any longer.
Even The Fool himself would be affected, unable to locate and track in time!
Suddenly, The Fool's figure vanished.
He appeared in the sky filled with digital fog, thrusting the star-studded cane downward from afar.
Silently, the dark barrier confining the unknown realm imploded inward, causing the diffuse gray fog and the unknown realm itself to crumble inch by inch, generating a series of terrifying spatial-temporal storms.
The Fool had proactively plunged this numeric world into destruction.
The raging spatial-temporal storms swept towards the Hidden Sage, the surrounding disintegration and collapse also spreading to this evil god.
The Hidden Sage was not alarmed, but delighted.
This destruction not only caused the last backup information hidden in the unknown realm to be destroyed, allowing Him to truly escape The Fool's pursuit after just one more death, but also lifted the barrier, throwing the situation into chaos—even if He fled directly or activated the corresponding backup information in advance, He wouldn't have to worry about being tracked!
The Hidden Sage, with His countless black and white distinct eyes, let the world's collapse and the spatial-temporal storms' tearing ravage fall upon Himself.
He was immediately reduced to stream after stream of transparent, ethereal information.
This information was tinged with an imperceptible crimson.
Just as the Hidden Sage was about to fade away and revive from the hidden backup information, the left hand of The Fool in the sky—not holding the star-studded cane—suddenly reached forward.
Clang!
The ancient tolling of a bell echoed through the world on the verge of total collapse, and the hands of the massive illusory stone clock were pressed down by the black palm.
The raging dark storms, the collapsing mountains, chasms, and seas—all were frozen, as if turned into a photograph.
In this scene, the only ones still able to move were The Fool and the Hidden Sage, which had already collapsed into multiple streams of information but not yet completely vanished.

Mr. Fool had not included the Hidden Sage within the time-freeze!
The black coat behind him billowed, and the face under the black hat became dim and obscure.
Fooled!
In the wilderness, Lumian, having received the cue, jumped into the fog completely filling the sunken pit with the phone in hand.
This secret passage had long been Grafted to the unknown realm where the Hidden Sage was.
As Lumian's figure appeared within this destruction scene paused in time, the Hidden Sage, fragmented into multiple streams of information and instinctively wanting to flee, suddenly sensed something.
He sensed the presence of a Child of God.
No, that is the aura of the Great Mother!
The Great Mother has come to save me!
The streams of the Hidden Sage's information rushed towards the uncloaked Lumian, whose radiant countenance was now revealed.
Not only did He feel He had been saved, but He also believed there was a chance to turn the tide.
If the Great Mother had personally intervened, what else could not happen?
Lumian raised his right hand, holding the phone displaying a small program screen towards the front.
At this moment, the "freezing" had reached its limit, and the destruction resumed its progress.
The Hidden Sage's information surged even more frantically.
Affected by this evil god's aura, personage, and current state, Lumian's fair, smooth skin began peeling away, with chunks of flesh writhing, about to sprout distinct black and white eyes.
This was both corruption and impact.
Lumian did not flee or abandon the phone, standing still and savoring the physical pain and spiritual ecstasy.
The residual aura of the Blood Emperor, the seal of the Underworld Daoist, and the pitch-black "pinhole" in his palm had all been activated—his mind was descending into chaos, as if he had gained knowledge he should not have.
His mouth curled up, with two distinct black and white eyes.
Looking at the frantically surging transparent information of the Hidden Sage, he smiled brilliantly.
I've come to find you!
I told you, I would come find you!
Piece by piece, the flesh on Lumian's body began falling off, each bearing distinct black and white eyes, but he remained motionless, still firmly gripping the phone made by the God of

Steam and Machinery.
Finally, the Hidden Sage's information reached its destination.
Lumian immediately pressed the Information Shredder app's run button.
The phone's surface suddenly turned dark, drawing in the remaining light and the disembodied information around it.
The Hidden Sage abruptly became lucid, but it was too late—the phone had transformed into a massive vortex, sweeping in all the transparent, ethereal information it had fragmented into.
Seeing this, Lumian no longer held back, igniting the corrupted himself with the Fire of Destruction.
Amid the violent burning of the black flames restraining his frenzy and repression, he turned to ash with a brilliant yet horrifying smile.
The real him had died.
The corruption spread to the mirror, and the him in the mirror also died.
Only the dormant mirror, hidden away beforehand by Concealment powers, remained unaffected.
The phone's barrier lit up again, the portion of ethereal glow composed of complex information desperately trying to break free, escaping control.
The Fool, in the black coat and half-high hat, descended in front of the phone and Lumian's Traveler's Bag, with the collapsing and disintegrating unknown realm behind him.
The Hidden Sage cried out in despair and fear, "Spare me! I will pledge loyalty to you!
"Spare me!"
The Fool's voice was coldly incisive yet somewhat gentle.
"You have harmed too many people."
He raised the star-studded cane, pushing the struggling Hidden Sage back into the phone screen.
From the depths of the phone, a chilling sound, like a monster gnawing on human bones, echoed out.

Chapter 1072: Distribution

The indescribable sound of chewing came from the phone. The Fool raised his head, casting his gaze upwards towards the blood-red moon that was illuminating everything.

The huge, round moon gradually returned to normal, its radiance fading until only a crimson hue remained.

At this moment, the previously dark phone screen lit up again, with countless ethereal and complex pieces of information emerging, weaving into a peculiar, intricate symbol.

This symbol was projected out, carried by the power contained within the Information Shredder hidden in the phone by the God of Steam and Machinery, and it quickly scanned every continent, island, and ocean.

One by one, the backup information hidden by the Hidden Sage was located, the overall structure destroyed, and the information rapidly dissipated.

When the special symbol returned to the phone screen, the Hidden Sage transmitted its final burst of information—a desperate scream.

...

Aboard the Blue Avenger sailing back through the grayish-white fog, Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype were all startled for a moment.

They exchanged glances, and finally, Professor asked Franca and the Captain, "Did you hear a wail or a scream?"

"No." Franca shook her head.

The Hanged Man also said, "I didn't hear anything."

"We all heard it," Professor's brow furrowed beneath the butterfly mask. "But it was faint, as if it came from far away."

"Yes." Periodic Table and Prototype also indicated they had heard a similar sound.

Franca thought for a moment and then said, "Don't worry about it, hearing strange sounds in these waters is normal. Just ignore it and don't take it seriously."

With that, Franca smiled. "Think on the bright side; maybe it was the scream of the Hidden Sage before His death?"

Uh... Professor and the others looked at each other.

The Hanged Man had a pensive expression and after a few seconds, said, "Maybe that's the case."

Wh— Even Franca was taken aback. Already?

...

The Hidden Sage's wail had pierced the ears of every warlock, alarming the Ten Pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order who were not

in Avalon.
They either made prophecies based on it or, through spiritual intuition, discovered that something was amiss and quickly relocated and concealed themselves.
Retia, the Dragon Scholar within Avalon, and Seids and Ohayes, who wielded the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, were also affected, rapidly falling into a disadvantaged position and subsequently perishing.
The completely destroyed unknown realm had become a rapidly shrinking dark vortex. The Fool, holding Lumian's Traveler's Bag, watched as the floating phone continuously erupted with various luminous fragments.
Spraying and spraying, the phone began expanding, as if about to be ruptured by something.
Bang!
It did explode, and a dull, apathetic, eyelashless ethereal eye was ejected, falling into The Fool's palm.
The scattered phone components, tinged with a faint crimson, wriggled as if about to give birth to new parts.
They were blocked by the suddenly darkened void and retracted inward, quickly converging within the ethereal sphere, dissipating along with it.
The Fool, along with the Beyonder characteristics that had been expelled earlier, also vanished.
...
Lumian felt as if he had slept a long, dreamless sleep, his entire being calm and peaceful within the embrace of darkness.
After an unknown period of time, he finally opened his eyes to find himself in the void and shadowy realm behind the mirror.
He stood up and stepped out of the glass surface, his eyes reflecting the ancient, dilapidated palace used for the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society's gatherings.
Behind him was the giant stone chair, on which sat the "sleeping" mirror he had made for himself, its surface marked with dark red patterns, as if inscribed in fresh blood.
This was a pre-arranged preparation. With Madame Hela's help, he had placed the "sleeping" mirror in the Nation of the Evernight to isolate it from potential corruption.
As for why he didn't choose the area above the gray fog or place the "sleeping" mirror next to The Fool's throne, it was because that would have isolated not only the corruption, but also Lumian's own resurrection.
Unless it was The Fool himself or he responded in time above the gray fog, Lumian's Beyonder characteristics could not be

transferred to the area near The Fool's throne, and the consciousness and spirit within the "sleeping" mirror would not be restored.
Moreover, this kind of resurrection required "passing" through the grayish-white fog, and there was a high probability of encountering other forms of corruption, as The Fool was only in the preliminary stages of awakening, not fully awake.
Lumian recalled the previous events, confirming that the Hidden Sage had "voluntarily" entered the effective range of the Information Shredder.
He picked up the large, stone chair-mounted mirror and brought it up to his face.
The mirror, the size of a head, reflected a beautiful face with shallow blue and clear eyes.
Lumian spoke to the mirror, "The Hidden Sage is dead.
"All the warlocks no longer need to worry about being forcibly indoctrinated by Him."
The mirror's gorgeous face broke into a relieved and radiant smile.
After a few seconds, Lumian, as usual, recited the corresponding incantation to leave the ancient, dilapidated palace and return to the luxurious villa.
Jenna, who was responsible for the cleanup, had just returned home and released Ludwig from behind one of her mirrors.
This was a precaution in case Jenna's luck was too poor and she directly encountered the Moses Ascetic Order's Saint holding a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
Ludwig licked his lips, a little glum.
So much delicious food, and he didn't get to eat any of it!
"Are you two okay?" Franca, who had already returned, asked the two companions with concern.
Lumian chuckled."Whether I'm okay or not doesn't matter, the important thing is that something must have happened to the Hidden Sage."
Jenna took the opportunity to say, "Madam Magician said the spoils will be distributed by Mr. Fool."
She then asked a little anxiously, "But Madam Magician didn't take these from me."
These were the gains from her cleanup of the fallen warlocks.
"I will help you ask Mr. Fool," Lumian then asked, "Have all the warlocks in Avalon been eliminated?"
Jenna shook her head. "I've cleaned up those who have fallen and become evil, and they're still in their period of silence, but I don't know about the hidden aspects of Avalon. I handed them over to Ma'am Hermit, who said she would select a batch to send to the

Church of The Fool for reform, and the remaining ones are still on the ship, for her to reform."
With a pleasant mood, Lumian curiously asked, "Have you discovered any secrets in the hidden aspects of Avalon?"
"I don't know." While Jenna shook her head, Lumian suddenly paused.
Then he told Franca and Jenna, "Mr. Fool has called for an emergency meeting."
...
Above the gray fog, within the majestic palace.
Several figures emerged, slightly blurred, on either side of an ancient bronze table.
These were the Major Arcana card holders involved in the hunt for the Hidden Sage.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~" Madam Justice was the first to stand and bow.
Seemingly due to the death of the Hidden Sage, many warlocks had been saved, and her tone was more lively and energetic.
After all the Major Arcana card holders had finished their greetings and reseated themselves, Mr. Fool at the head rapped the edge of the bronze table lightly.
"Dragon Scholar Retia was killed, but she did not fully die. There is a spell related to resurrection and concealment within the Mystical Re-enactment she created.
"However, this is not important, as our main purpose has been achieved."
Hearing Mr. Fool's announcement of the result, Lumian's hanging heart settled.
The Hidden Sage was truly dead, dead beyond death!
At this moment, he was so joyful that he wanted to dance with Franca or Jenna.
The Fool looked at each participant and said in a low voice, "The Uniqueness of the Hidden Sage belongs to the God of Steam and Machinery, the Knowledge Emperor Beyonder characteristics containing Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 will go to Bernadette, including the assistance she provided in the dream. The Church of Evernight will receive the Destined Madness Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and the Beyonder characteristics of Seids, who was corrupted by this Sealed Artifact.
"In addition to these, they also obtained several Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. The rest are ours."
After hearing Mr. Fool's explanation, Lumian, who had fought against the Destined Madness Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, was suddenly stirred and asked, "Why did the Church of Evernight

choose Destined Madness?"
"It conceals a secret that needs to be excavated," Mr. Fool answered Lumian's question in a gentle tone.
He continued, "Our main gains include the Sage Beyonder characteristic from Torriope, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts—Solomon's Mask and Post-Apocalyptic Scripture—as well as nine Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, including two related to Clairvoyant, three related to Mysticologist, one to Manipulator, one to Pallbearer, one to Alchemist, one to Arcane Scholar, and various Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics, as well as some Grade 2 and 3 Sealed Artifacts."
Mr. Fool turned his gaze to The Hermit Cattleya. "This was a continuation of your mission, the result of your previous efforts. You can choose first."
The Hermit Cattleya did not show any false modesty. "Mr. Fool, I want the Sage Beyonder characteristic."
The Fool then looked at Lumian. "Your role was crucial, the key to the complete demise of the Hidden Sage. You can choose second."
Lumian had already decided the answer. "Mr. Fool, I want the potion formula of Weather Warlock."
Whether he had spoils or not actually didn't matter to him.
"This is a bonus," Mr. Fool said calmly. "You can also choose one Grade 0 Sealed Artifact."
Uh... since the deity has said so. Lumian was no longer polite and after thinking for a moment, said, "I choose the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture."
He felt that, according to Ma'am Hermit's previous explanation, the Solomon's Mask must correspond to the Angelic level Beyonder characteristic of the Black Emperor pathway, and the Black Emperor pathway and the Justiciar pathway were neighboring and could be switched. Madam Judgment was also a friend of the Madam Magician.
"The Post-Apocalyptic Scripture is related to the Fate pathway," Mr. Fool simply said, then turned to Madam Magician. "The Solomon's Mask is yours."
Madam Magician was momentarily taken aback. "And you?"
You're the main force, yet you don't keep the Angelic level Beyonder characteristics or the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts?
Leaning back in his chair, The Fool's voice, amidst its usual warmth, contained a touch of joy and nostalgia.
"I don't need them.
"The death of the Hidden Sage is the result I wanted the most."

Chapter 1073: Post-Apocalyptic Scripture

Hearing Mr. Fool's words, Madam Justice suddenly felt a bit happier.

She felt that Mr. Fool's state had improved a bit.

Madam Magician, upon hearing this, no longer said much, lightly nodding and saying, "I will I defer to your will."

If she were really allowed to choose the spoils, she would also have chosen the Solomon's Mask. The ability of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact would be a great supplement and enhancement for her, as well as for Madam Judgment, and in the future, it could also become a choice for her transition to the Angelic pathway through the Justiciar pathway.

As for the potion formula of the Sequence 2 Entropy Duke of the Black Emperor pathway, Mr. Fool had it he possessed the Black Emperor card from the Cards of Blasphemy.

The chaos of these years, the spread of the evil gods' faith, the frequent occurrence of various events, have made Xio, the Chaos Hunter, digest her potions quickly, and she is about to complete her advancement to an Angel... Hehe, the High-Sequence Beyonders of the Black Emperor pathway seem to have the trait of body gigantification-same for Nast. It would be very suitable for Xio to switch over to that path... Madam Magician's thoughts gradually drifted away.

Mr. Fool then turned his gaze to The Hanged Man. "And your choice?"

"Esteemed Mr. Fool, I would like the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact formed by the Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic." The Hanged Man had already decided on his choice when Mr. Fool was introducing the spoils.

His ability characteristics and the Sealed Artifacts of the Hunter pathway he had obtained from the Blue Avenger's treasury were already quite overpowering, and he lacked the stealthy means to achieve his goals.

"Alright, Merumu's Spellbook is yours." The Fool turned his gaze to Justice.

Although Justice had not directly participated in the action, she had woven the phone from the dream for Lumian, and was always prepared to provide spiritual and mental healing for the participants in the hunt.

Additionally, she had made a substantial contribution to awakening Mr. Fool in the dream city, and so far had only obtained the revelation related to the ancient dragon.

Madam Justice smiled and said, "Mr. Fool, I want the Grade 1

Sealed Artifact formed by the Manipulator Beyonder characteristic, as I owe someone a favor."
The Fool nodded lightly, then turned to Madam Temperance Sharron.
"Protecting the New City of Silver and the Rorsted Archipelago was also a contribution. You, representing the temperance faction, can take a share of the spoils."
Madam Temperance Sharron, wearing a small, black, soft hat, manifested a piece of paper.
On it wrote: "Grade 1 Sealed Artifact formed by the Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic."
Just as I thought... The Chariot Lumian muttered to himself.
This was based on two reasons:
First, as the representative of the temperance faction. she would certainly feel that her faction's contribution was relatively small, and she should not choose a Sealed Artifact formed from a Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristic-formed. Second, between Mysticologist and Alchemist, the Prisoner pathway Beyonder would most likely choose the former.
Lumian had collaborated with Madam Temperance Sharron and Knight of Swords before, and knew their fighting styles. Alchemist, on the other hand, was known in the Savant pathway for creating wondrous items and alchemy puppets, which did not quite match the style of the temperance faction.
This was not to say they were incompatible in terms of ability-in fact, they complemented each other very well. It was mainly that the aesthetic was not quite in sync, and Lumian could not imagine Madam Temperance Sharron possessing a giant robot, wielding various post-modern weapons, and blowing up enemies with a barrage of gunfire.
"Alright, the Eye of Omniscience will belong to the temperance faction." Mr. Fool nodded lightly.
The last to make a choice was Mr. Star Leonard.
He said in a dazed manner, "Alchemist. I want to make a self-playing piano..."
What kind of wish is this? Is Mr. Star still an artsy youth? Lumian was somewhat puzzled.
Mr. Fool only spoke a few seconds later. "Okay, the Creator's Hammer is yours."
Seeing that all the participating Major Arcana had chosen their spoils, Lumian asked on behalf of Jenna, "Mr. Fool, how will the Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and mystical items obtained by the Seven of Cups be distributed?"
The voice of The Fool shrouded in the gray fog returned to its

previous state.
"The Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic and related materials formed by Ohayes' death will be given to the three warlocks who went into the depths of the Fog Sea. After pulverizing and recomposing them, this will be able to help each of them advance one Sequence." This was a decision made even before the emergency meeting-the Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic formed by Ohayes' death was not on the list of available options just mentioned.
Now, Professor was a Sequence 5 Constellations Master, and Periodic Table and Prototype were Sequence 6 Scrolls Professors.
Mr. Fool continued, "The Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and mystical items in Seven of Cups's possession will be divided into three parts: one part for her to keep, one part for the Two of Cups, and one part to be handed over to the Church.
"If they wish, they can use one of the two parts they keep to exchange for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact."
"Yes, Mr. Fool." The Chariot Lumian felt this distribution plan was very good and had no objections.
This not only addressed Jenna's lack of same Sequence items, but also left room for the three Demonesses to develop their followers and spread the faith.
Mr. Fool then turned to Madam Temperance Sharron.
"The remaining items are to be entrusted to the Church for safekeeping and use."
The "Church" mentioned in those words referred to the Church of The Fool.
"Yes, Mr. Fool." Madam Temperance Sharron held up another sheet of paper with writing on it.
As soon as she finished responding, beams of light flew out from the grayish-white fog behind Mr. Fool, each landing in front of the various Major Arcana.
Madam Magician's was an asymmetrical black and gold mask, so extreme in its appearance that it was distressing to look at, yet also possessed a peculiar majesty.
Ma'am Hermit's was a fist-sized, sparkling diamond of sacred and wise light, with dull, apathetic eyes reflected from each of its facets.
Madam Justice's was an object covered in gray wrinkles, resembling both a brain and a heart.
The Hanged Man's was a thin book bound in human skin, with many mysterious patterns and symbols on the cover.
Madam Temperance's was a transparent, pure gemstone eye, with different brilliance flashing from each facet.

Mr. Star's was a complex, gray-and-white metal hammer, seemingly having multiple functions and exuding a mechanical aesthetic.
In addition to the Weather Warlock potion formula in his mind and Ohayes's Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic and related materials in front of him, The Chariot Lumian also received an old, yellowish- brown book.
This book was made of tough, thick sheepskin parchment, with no symbols or words on the surface, only a bit of mercury-colored light fluttering beneath the texture of the paper, sometimes emerging, sometimes receding.
At the same time, information about the Post Apocalyptic Scripture suddenly emerged in Lumian's mind in a form different from the official Sealed Artifact records:
"0: Perhaps an item formed by the Soothsayer of the Fate pathway foreseeing some future event and losing control, or it may come from an even more ancient era.
"1: The external form is an ancient book made of sheepskin parchment, with mercury-colored specks of light and a rough texture.
"2: This book has no text, but will randomly display some prophecies, some of which are true and some are false. If one believes the false prophecies and prepares to avoid or welcome them, they will become real.
"One can use mental intention to write in this book about how different results would occur for certain people or events due to good or bad luck, and they have a high probability of becoming real, even if the final outcome does not match the prophecy, it will be similar.
"If the situation is chaotic, with many choices and only a few paths leading to a good ending, one can open this book, and it will provide a revelation. If this revelation can be correctly interpreted, it will guide the inquirer to the best outcome, otherwise it is extremely dangerous.
"3: If a non-godhood wielder holds this book, they will immediately be plagued by misfortune and die miserably or turn into a monster controlled by the book within an extremely short time.
"If a godhood wielder holds this book, they will suffer misfortune within an hour of using it, the degree of which is randomly determined, but it will not lead to death in a short time.
"This book will randomly select some living beings within a 30-kilometer radius and bestow misfortune upon them.
"This book will intermittently display various prophecies related to the holder, most of which are bad. Some are true, some are false,

and if the false ones are believed and acted upon, they will become true.
"4: The method of sealing is to create a space with no living beings, with a radius of at least 30 kilometers, place this book in the center, and press a twenty- sided die on the surface."
Knowing this information about the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture came from Mr. Fool, Lumian calmly considered how he should use this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
The misfortune after using it can be resolved through a luck enhancement ritual or the exchange of fate fragments, 'gifting' the transferred misfortune to lucky pirates...
As for the intermittent prophecies, I'll just pretend I didn't see them, whether true or false. I've been living just fine without any prophetic abilities before. Hunters and Demonesses should believe more in their own minds and abilities...
Regarding the problem of randomly bestowing large- scale misfortune, I'll need to ask Mr. Fool or Madam Magician for help. Hmm, either deceive the Post- Apocalyptic Scripture into thinking there are no living beings within a 30-kilometer radius, or expand the Traveler's Bag to the size of a city. But then the materials for making the Traveler's Bag would have to be very special and high-grade...
As Lumian was pondering, the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture suddenly flipped a page.
Amid the rustling sound, the book stopped on one page, and a line of mercury-colored text quickly appeared: "In the Year 1368, as July fades to its final days, crimson shall rain from the heavens."
Immediately, the leading numbers changed, the mercury shifting to form new text: "In the Year 1360. as July fades to its final days, crimson shall rain from the heavens."
Wh-Lumian's eyes narrowed.
It was currently the spring of the year 1359!

Chapter 1074: The Weather Warlock's Ritual

Remembering the information about the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, Lumian decided to pretend he hadn't seen the current prophecy.

Regardless, he would still have to move forward at his own pace!

Just then, the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture flipped another page, revealing new content: 'I see, Lumian Lee going crazy.'

These mercury-colored words were written in ancient Hermes.

Lumian raised an eyebrow, snapped the ancient leather-bound book shut, and pressed down on it forcefully.

He then looked up towards the head of the bronze long table. 'Mr. Fool, how should I seal the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture? *Can you provide assistance?*'

Shrouded in the grayish-white fog, Mr. Fool gestured with his hand, and Lumian's Traveler's Bag, which had been left on the battlefield, flew from behind the massive stone chair to its owner.

As Lumian caught it, he found that a vast space had been isolated within the Traveler's Bag, enough to contain an entire city.

In the center of this space sat an ordinary twenty-sided die.

I thought the materials for this Traveler's Bag wouldn't be able to support a city-sized space required to seal the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, so I'd need to order a custom one... Has Mr. Fool remodeled it? Lumian placed a hand on his chest and bowed slightly. 'Thank you, Mr. Fool.'

When he raised his head, he saw that Ohayes's Beyonder characteristic had been pulverized and recomposed, divided into one Sequence 4 Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic and two Sequence 5 Constellations Master Beyonder characteristics, all neatly sealed.

Seeing this, Ma'am Hermit across from him immediately said, 'I will provide the potion recipes for Mysticologist and Constellations Master.'

Madam Magician sighed and added, 'I will provide a drop of a Mythical Creature blood.'

This is truly a comprehensive service, aiming to help Professor and the others each advance one Sequence... Lumian thanked on behalf of the members of the Curly Baboon Research Society in his mind.

He then pondered the Weather Warlock potion formula that Mr. Fool had just provided:

'Name: Weather Warlock

'Sequence: 2

'Main Ingredients: Skull of a Weather Giant, Core of a Mist Jellyfish

'Supplementary Ingredients: 30 ml of blood each from three deceased individuals who died in different extreme weather conditions, 500 strands of a Weather Giant's hair, five Weather Giant Crystals, a segment of a tree branch struck by lightning, 20 ml of the first snow melt of a region each year.
'Advancement Ritual: Forcefully change the weather of a region without external aid in a very short time.
'Note: After the Fourth Epoch, Weather Giants and Mist Jellyfish no longer exist.'
So Weather Warlocks now exist in the form of Angels or Sealed Artifacts? Lumian wasn't too surprised by this.
Hunter was the pathway of war, so the corresponding mystical creatures or Beyonder species were hard to fully conceal, and were likely to incite conflicts and disasters, making them easily noticed. Furthermore, after the clashes of the previous four epochs, even if there were still mystical creatures corresponding to Weather Warlocks, they would be true subsidiary gods with complete Beyonder characteristics, in other words, Angels.
Lumian then focused his attention on the ritual.
Without external aid, this ritual is a bit difficult. It would need to be a region the size of the Trier area, relying on the Demoness of Unaging's frost abilities to affect the city of Trier would still take some time, and no one can interfere...
With external aid, it would be very simple...
Could the core of this ritual be about allowing me to master the secrets of weather changes, using a small force to leverage a large-scale change? Like a hurricane at sea, it starts off not that terrifying, just a cyclone, then gradually strengthens, slowly sweeping across a stretch of ocean and one region after another...
I can consider going in that direction, but it doesn't satisfy the 'very short time' condition, so I need to find a way to accelerate it myself?
Heh, time to study again. As they say in the dream city, those who lead wars must know both astronomy and geography...
Actually, there is a shortcut for this ritual. Like the Sequence 3 Sea King in the Sailor pathway, they can completely change the weather of a region. If I kill one of them during a big storm, wouldn't the weather change? That wouldn't involve external aid or anyone's help... Hmm, I can't use items during the battle, or that would count as external aid...
Heh heh, a Hunters' advancement does indeed have a hidden shortcut—hunting, fighting, war...
As The Chariot Lumian was pondering, Mr. Fool answered some questions from Ma'am Hermit and other Major Arcana.

After pondering for a moment, Lumian asked, 'Mr. Fool, why was the Hidden Sage made to come to life by the Great Mother?'
It was not that the Great Mother looked down on the Hidden Sage, but how was this accomplished?
From the mysticism knowledge taught by Madam Magician, during the Fourth Epoch, the world's defenses against the evil gods were still very strong.
Mr. Fool's calm voice replied, 'The problem lies in the Western Continent.'
The Western Continent? Isn't there still a layer of the Celestial Worthy's seals beyond the barrier? Before Lumian could ask the question on his mind, Mr. Fool continued, 'The Hidden Sage's way of addressing that entity is Great Mother, not Her true honorific name.'
What does that mean? Right, with the Hidden Sage's level, He should be qualified to know the Great Mother's full honorific name and not fear deep corruption, so why would He still use an epithet? It can't be that He was afraid of affecting Mr. Fool, right? Lumian felt that Mr. Fool's sentence contained very important information, but he couldn't quite decipher it.
Mr. Fool did not provide any further explanation, simply nodding lightly and saying, 'This gathering shall now conclude.'
'Your will is our will.' The Major Arcana present all stood up at the same time.
...
In Trier, inside that luxurious villa.
Seeing Lumian come downstairs into the living room, Franca asked curiously, '*How did it go?*'
Although her main tasks were liaison, persuasion, and protecting key personnel, so her contributions were not too significant, this did not prevent her from being interested in the gains from the divine war and their specific distribution.
Lumian recounted everything he could tell them, and finally asked, 'Do you want to exchange for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact?'
'Of course we do!' Franca said without hesitation. 'Even if we only keep one-third of those Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, it will be enough for us to develop followers in the Trier region, maintain believers, and even be quite prosperous!'
She didn't dare say 'spread the faith' out loud, because in the Trier region, the Church of The Fool could not actively spread the faith—this area belonged to the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery.
Franca was thinking that afterwards, they would focus on seeking

out and striking against hidden cults, developing the salvageable believers to their side, as well as Lumian's and the future Jenna's.
'Which one do you want to exchange for?' Lumian asked, inquiring about his two companions' preferences.
Franca and Jenna exchanged glances.
Jenna considered her words carefully. 'Demonesses are already quite adept in the mystical arts, and choosing the Sealed Artifacts formed by a Mysticologist or Clairvoyant Beyonder characteristic wouldn't be able to fill in gaps or enhance our strengths. As for clairvoyance, we have spiritual intuition, Magic Mirror Divination, and even the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture, so we don't urgently need it.'
'That's right,' Franca agreed. 'If it was a living Mysticologist or Clairvoyant, I could teach them ancient myths and hidden knowledge, and as long as some of it is true, it could help them create powerful fairy tale or mythological magic. But Sealed Artifacts can't listen to me or accept my guidance, the magical effects they produce will be fixed to what they originally had.'
Franca hesitated a bit before continuing, 'Of the remaining two, I'm more inclined towards the Pallbearer.
'The name alone tells me it must have powers in the domain of death, which can make up for Jenna's and my weaknesses—our single-target attacks aren't deadly or explosive enough, aside from curses and Mighty Blow. Plus, as it's from the Planter pathway, it must have healing abilities, which can be used to respond to believers, drive away afflictions. Hmm, with its assistance, the progress of my creating mystical bacterial pathogens will also be greatly accelerated.
'But the problem is, this is an item with godhood from the Planter pathway.'
The Planter pathway was also called the Earth pathway—the Mother pathway.
Franca looked at Lumian. 'Mr. Fool said you need to keep away from the Mother. Didn't you previously tell Lugano to minimize contact with you, and only contact through prayer? Hmm, it's not that you need to keep away, but that calamity needs' to keep away from the Mother. Jenna and I are also on the Calamity pathways.'
Lumian thought for a moment and said, 'Since Mr. Fool didn't say you can't choose this Sealed Artifact, there shouldn't be any major problems...
'In that case, you can petition Mr. Fool, expressing your willingness to exchange one-third of the Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and mystical items for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, and directly ask if the Calamity pathway Beyonders can choose the

one corresponding to the Pallbearer.'
'If that's not possible, we'll have to choose Arcane Scholar...' Franca's eyes gradually lit up. 'That works too, right? This is a Sequence 3 from the Savant pathway. I can find the Doctor Beyonder characteristic and handcraft a fully automated healing machine to respond to those prayers for curing afflictions, with the mirror responsible for autonomous distribution. Who knows, maybe I'll even be able to drive a Gundam in the future...'
With this settled, Lumian was about to have either Jenna or Franca pray to Mr. Fool, but Franca stood up with a beaming smile. 'Time to distribute the spoils to Professor and the others!'
Happiness shared is greater than happiness alone!
...
Professor and the others had already been brought back to Trier by Franca, and were currently gathered as instructed in a villa with a garden rented by Hela. Their families and the previously assembled Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society warlocks were all here.
Seeing Hidden Blade and the hooded, masked Muggle emerge from the mirror and rest in the living room, Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype simultaneously stood up. '*When can we go home?*'
Before they could finish speaking, they suddenly saw three items floating before Hidden Blade and Muggle.
One was a vague, gem-like orb emanating a gloomy aura, as if a gaze peered out from within to scrutinize everything. The other two were luminous, rather illusory-looking crystal spheres.
Wh— Professor and the others' gazes suddenly froze.

Chapter 1075: Persuasion

'*What is this?*' Professor could sense the terrifying aura emanating from the vague, gem-like orb, drawing her towards it.

Franca smiled and said, 'This is your reward.

'I didn't mention it beforehand, but once the operation is successful, we would help you each advance one Sequence.'

Professor was stunned for a moment, instinctively looking towards Periodic Table and Prototype, and finding them equally surprised.

After a few seconds of contemplation, Professor said sincerely, 'We don't need a reward. Being free from the forced indoctrination of the Hidden Sage is the best reward for us.'

'Yes.' Periodic Table and Prototype both expressed agreement.

After hearing Professor's words, Lumian suddenly recalled his own thoughts, as well as the sentence Mr. Fool had said at the temporary gathering.

Uniqueness, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, or Beyonder characteristics—none of that mattered. The important thing was that the Hidden Sage was dead.

Thinking about it this way, the Hidden Sage's death is not in vain. From a god to a common warlock, there were so many 'volunteers' who had the urge to destroy Him. The masked Lumian couldn't help but smile.

Franca could understand the perspective of Professor and the others, after all, they had a role model right beside them.

She smiled and said, 'You may not want it, but we must give it to you anyway. Otherwise, others will say we are stingy, miserly, and ungenerous. Don't worry, all participants will receive a generous share of the spoils. As a secret organization with over two thousand years of history, the Moses Ascetic Order have accumulated abundant resources.'

Professor was perplexed for two seconds. 'You have destroyed the Moses Ascetic Order?'

We warlocks are also members of the Moses Ascetic Order...

This operation was not only targeting the Hidden Sage, but also wiping out the Moses Ascetic Order?

Franca nodded. 'We have destroyed Avalon, as you all know, that was the headquarters of the Moses Ascetic Order.

'The Moses Ascetic Order's Chairman Torriope perished on the spot. Two of the Ten Pillars, Seids and Ohayes, have died.

Retia fled in defeat, and the remaining Ten Pillars, either betrayed or in hiding. In essence, the Moses Ascetic Order have effectively been annihilated.

'You are no longer members of the Moses Ascetic Order, because the Moses Ascetic Order no longer exists. From now on, you don't need to complete the corresponding tasks, nor report to anyone. The only one who can protect you is yourselves.
'And as I mentioned at the gathering, the apocalypse is likely to come within one or two years.
'So, won't you take this opportunity to advance your Sequences?'
Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype fell silent—they had all been convinced.
Franca smiled and said, 'The reward of helping the participants advance one Sequence is actually not very fair.
Why should Professor become a demigod, while we are only at Sequence 5, right?
'This is where you, Professor, must take on greater responsibility. If you truly become a Mysticologist and a demigod, you'll need to help Periodic Table and Prototype afterward, providing them with the necessary protection.
'Also, before leaving Trier, if you encounter trouble that you can't resolve on your own, you can recite my honorific name.
As long as I'm not caught up in other accidents, I'll definitely come to your aid.
'My honorific name is:
'The One Who Never Ages, Keeper of Diseases and Plagues, the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe, the Cup Bearing Joy and Pain, the Great Franca Roland.'
Lumian realized that Franca wanted to develop Professor and the others, who had lost the protection of the Moses Ascetic Order, into her own anchors.
Anchors didn't necessarily come only from faith, but also from solid, stable interpersonal relationships, though they couldn't be passed down from generation to generation like faith.
Now, Professor and the others were at a stage where their future was uncertain, no longer having an organization to rely on and provide resources. The Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society's gathering, which was more like a trading platform, was very suitable for Franca to extend an olive branch to them.
Even if Professor and the others later left Trier, Franca could give them self-locating mirrors to communicate remotely, and use them to spread the faith of Saint Franca Roland, the patron saint of the Church of The Fool.
However, Franca was still too self-conscious, considering Professor and the others as friends and fellow transmigrators, without thinking of developing them into believers, let alone recruiting them as archbishops or bishops in the Sick Church...

Lumian did not take the opportunity to introduce his own honorific name.
'Honorific name... Are you already a Sequence 3 patron saint?' Professor and the others had quite extensive knowledge of mysticism.
Isn't this advancement too fast?
Two gatherings ago, Hidden Blade was still a Sequence 5 Demoness!
Previously, when Franca said she had already become a demigod, Professor and the others were more envious and slightly surprised, feeling that it was still somewhat normal.
But now, they had a sense of their understanding being overturned.
Franca concurred succinctly, 'Coincidence combined with the uniqueness of being a transmigrator In fact, Muggle is also Sequence 3 now.'
As she spoke, she glanced at Lumian.
She could probably understand why Lumian didn't take this opportunity to reveal his own honorific name and develop anchors based on interpersonal relationships.
He hoped Muggle would still be Aurore.
Wh— Professor, Periodic Table, and Prototype looked at the silent Muggle standing beside them in amazement.
She is also a Sequence 3 patron saint?
What is wrong with this world?
The hooded, half-masked Lumian chuckled. 'Yes, I'll forgo telling you my honorific name. Anyway, Hidden Blade and I have been staying together recently, so asking her for help is the same as asking me.
'The reason we were able to advance so quickly while remaining normal is because transmigrators have special qualities. Professor, if you can become a Mysticologist, you can try drawing power from the fairy tales, myths, and urban legends you heard before you transmigrated. Some of them should be real.'
Lumian's suggestion would lead to a certain degree of exposure of the secret to transmigration, but as long as Professor became a Mysticologist with the core ability of Mystical Re-enactment, she would eventually discover the issue.
Professor and the others looked at each other with puzzlement, able to sense the discomfort of Hidden Blade and Muggle in not wanting to elaborate.
They then asked Franca, '*Where is the cathedral that you are the patron saint of?*'
'It's in the Lavigny Docks area of the square district, the Saint

Franca Cathedral of the Church of The Fool,' Franca provided a simple introduction.
Professor had a realization. 'So you are from the Church of The Fool?
'This operation targeting the Hidden Sage was led by the Church of The Fool?'
Franca suddenly looked a bit proud. 'Yes, Mr. Fool himself lent a hand, and the God of Steam and Machinery provided necessary assistance...'
At this point, she smiled and looked at Lumian. 'Muggle assisted from the sidelines.'
Huh? Professor and the others were stunned once again.
A Sequence 3 Saint can participate in divine wars?
Franca quickly added, 'Her task was to serve as bait.'
'...' Professor and the others were speechless for a moment.
'Okay, okay, keep these Beyonder characteristics and corresponding ingredients, potion formulas safe—they've all been sealed. You don't need to rush, adjust your condition first before holding the ritual.' Franca distributed the spoils. 'This is a drop of Mythical Creature blood, to be used in the ritual.'
Finally, she took out a drop of blood, shimmering with brilliant starlight, locked within a dim, spherical orb from her Traveler's Bag.
After celebrating the death of the Hidden Sage with Professor and the others with champagne, Franca and Lumian returned to the luxurious villa, with the former volunteering to pray to Mr. Fool.
He was a fellow countryman!
Franca set up the altar and performed the ritual, fluently reciting the corresponding honorific name. A faint gray fog vaguely emerged before her.
'Esteemed Mr. Fool, I would like to exchange the Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and mystical items placed before me for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. As a Beyonder on the Demoness pathway and a close friend of The Chariot, do you think I am suitable to choose the one corresponding to the Pallbearer?' Franca expressed her intent in one go.
Soon, she heard Mr. Fool's gentle voice. 'There is some risk, but it can be borne.'
In that case, it's better to let it go, it's not an urgent need...
Franca immediately said, 'Esteemed Mr. Fool, I'll exchange for the one corresponding to Arcane Scholar.'
As soon as she finished speaking, she saw all the items she had placed on the altar disappear completely, vanishing into thin air.
Immediately, an object flew out from the enlarged candle flame,

landing on the altar.
It was half a mask, the left side.
It was composed of numerous gears, rivets, bearings, springs, and small steel tubes—mechanical parts. The eye position was left empty, covered by a lens that looked like glass or crystal, the overall complexity giving it a strange beauty.
At the same time, Franca received a rush of information:
'Name: Face of the Arcane '0: Originated from the death of an Arcane Scholar in the Fourth Epoch. '1: The exterior is a left-faced mask made of machinery, possessing a living characteristic. '2: After donning this mask, it can emit a beam of light from the eye guard, capable of destroying the structures of most objects, thoroughly disintegrating the target.
'The wearer of this mask will possess extraordinary manufacturing abilities, able to create mystical items, or complex mechanical devices, or combine the two. Remember, the mask is the master when doing these things, not the wearer. It always leaves one or two hilariously terrible negative effects on its own products.
'Wearing this mask can allow one to truly extract environmental information and work backwards to deduce what has happened.
'The mask's wearer can quickly grasp the relevant information when using other mystical items, effectively avoiding negative effects, except for those brought by the mask itself.
'The wearer of the mask can imbue the items they create with souls, giving them a certain degree of vitality. But remember, these are not created out of thin air—they come from fragments of spirits from the spirit world, extracted from the lives around them.

Chapter 1076: Savant

"3: Every three minutes, this mask drains life force from its wearer;
"When the mask's life force drops below a certain threshold, it will drain life force from living beings within a five-kilometer radius to replenish itself;
"The rate at which the mask's life force decreases depends on frequency of use. If left unused, it can last up to seven days. If used frequently and unable to replenish life force from the wearer, it can only last 45 minutes;
"The mask possesses living characteristics. Even when in use, it must be closely monitored, otherwise it will attack the wearer and their companions;
"The mask yearns for a complete body. It will entice the wearer and those around them to gradually replace their bodies with mechanical constructs;
"Those enticed by it will not have their life force drained, nor will they be attacked by it.
"4: The method of sealing is to let it sleep, replenishing its life force at regular intervals, with specific timing depending on usage conditions;
"It can be persuaded."
A Sealed Artifact that can be persuaded and possesses living characteristics? After hearing Franca's relay of information, Lumian extended his right hand toward the Face of the Arcane that she was holding.
During this process, he had already activated the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his palm, along with the Underworld Daoist's seal and that terrifying black pinhole appearing.
On the mechanical mask that only covered the left half of the face, the springs, mainsprings, rivets, gears, and other components suddenly appeared to lose their elasticity, gradually relaxing.
It was like watching a snarling puppy quickly lying down, legs up in the air, exposing its belly.
Lumian stroked it a couple of times with his finger and said with a smile, "It can indeed be persuaded."
At this moment, Ludwig came over, staring eagerly at the Face of the Arcane, and asked, "Can I eat it?"
He wasn't asking if the mechanical mask was edible, but rather if he himself was allowed to eat it.
On the Face of the Arcane, whether springs, mainsprings, gears, or bearings, everything suddenly tightened with a swoosh, making the sound of machinery starting up.

"No." Lumian answered Ludwig's question.
After becoming a Sea Monster, Ludwig seemed able to directly consume Beyonder characteristics and mystical items, then use their corresponding powers through some method.
He wouldn't lose control from this, but it would accumulate madness and appetite.
Disappointed, Ludwig pulled out a lollipop, comforting himself with the sweet treat.
"Being able to be persuaded means it can be reasoned with. Isn't sleeping once a day a normal living habit?" Lumian said with a smile as he withdrew his finger.
"Before long, Anthony should be able to become a Sequence 4 Manipulator. When that time comes, if the child doesn't want to sleep, we can Hypnotize it to sleep. Children who don't sleep will be eaten by Ludwig."
As for the requirement of regularly replenishing life force, Lumian thought it was easily solved-he now had to take Ludwig out to sea for a feast every day.
After confirming that the Face of the Arcane had lulled itself to sleep, Franca handed this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact to Jenna. "You keep it safe. Whoever needs it between us can use it."
Jenna didn't refuse, and while placing the Face of the Arcane into the Traveler's Bag, she thoughtfully said, "I know which pathway Julien should take."
"Which one?" Franca had a vague guess at the answer.
Jenna let out a sigh and explained, "Savant."
She explained earnestly, seemingly trying to convince herself, "The Savant pathway primarily focuses on mastering scientific knowledge, enhancing memory, intelligence, and logical reasoning abilities. Unlike the Mystery Pryer and many other pathways, it doesn't involve high spirituality, seeing things that shouldn't be seen, or hearing voices that shouldn't be heard. It also doesn't attract disasters, making it relatively safe for daily life.
"Moreover, Julien is already a technical worker who loves machinery. With just one or two months of additional knowledge, he should be able to fully digest the potion. The subsequent Archaeologist Sequence is equally straightforward-we can find relatively safe ruins for him to explore, provide him with carefully selected historical artifacts and corresponding documentation to guide his research.
"Given these conditions, plus the approaching apocalypse as a prerequisite, he could become a Sequence 7 Appraiser in a short time. While an Appraiser isn't particularly strong on their own, they can identify mystical items and maximize risk avoidance

when using them. At that point, by giving him Sequence 5 Sealed Artifacts, we can provide him with basic self-protection abilities, essentially making him equivalent to a quickly-molded Sequence 5 Beyonder.
"Additionally, among the Mid-to Low-Sequence Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas I obtained from the Moses Ascetic Order this time, the Savant pathway ingredients are the most numerous after the Warlock pathway."
There was no shortage of ingredients and formulas.
"When you think about it, the Savant pathway is indeed the most suitable. It can effectively leverage external power without reckless archaeology, while avoiding too deep an involvement in the mystical world," Franca agreed with Jenna's reasoning.
Lumian then said to Jenna, "You can modify your previous plan now. The key is how to naturally and reasonably get your brother to encounter and choose the Savant pathway."
"Yes," Jenna nodded seriously.
...
Thursday afternoon, Northern Trier Train Station.
Julien, wearing a gray-blue worker's uniform, a flat cap, and carrying a suitcase, stood in the crowded second-class carriage aisle, slowly moving forward amid the whistling arrival announcement.
Standing nearly 1.75 meters tall, with flaxen hair and regular features, his half-year exchange study had greatly boosted his confidence in his technical abilities. His entire demeanor, from temperament to behavior, exuded ambition.
He believed he would soon be valued highly, receive promotions in rank and salary, and before long become the kind of senior worker who could take on apprentices.
Once my salary increases, we can move away from Rue Pasteur to a better neighborhood, and Celia wouldn't need to work part-time anymore-she could focus on studying dramatic performance...
Thinking of the bright future, Julien walked with straight posture, each step in his gait firm and steady.
Following the flow of people, Julien exited the steam train and the relatively clean platform, entered the Northern Train Station, and passed through the turnstiles.
He looked around, searching for his sister who had promised to meet him.
As he searched, he noticed many travelers unconsciously gazing toward one corner, reluctant to look away, with some even walking in that direction.
Though curious, Julien didn't go to see what the commotion was

about.
Meeting up with Celia was the most important thing right now!
After walking several more steps, he finally spotted the familiar figure.
She was also the person drawing all those gazes.
Julien saw that his sister Celia Bello's flaxen hair had darkened considerably and was tied in a simple bun, Her face wore no makeup yet appeared fresh and clean, like a flower newly washed by rain.
Celia seems to have grown even prettier, more beautiful than Mom's photos when she was young... Julien quickly squeezed through, blocking a man who was trying to chat up his sister.
"Welcome home!" Jenna gave her brother a hug.
Meanwhile, she grumbled inwardly, it's really inconvenient for a Demoness to go out without concealing her appearance. Even with using Lie to adjust my features to look more like before and having suppressed my charm, I still draw attention, though not as drastically...
"Let's go," Julien glanced at the eager men around them and protectively guided his sister quickly out of the Northern Train Station.
Jenna pointed to a double-decker public horse carriage. "This one's already full, let's wait for the next one."
Julien looked around and pointed to the rental carriage lane. "Let's take one of those back. I've saved some money during this time."
He had expected his frugal sister to object and need convincing, but to his surprise, Jenna immediately nodded in agreement.
Julien felt that his sister must have changed quite a bit over these six months.
After settling into the two-wheeled, two-seater rental carriage, Jenna asked with a smile, "How did your studies go? Your letters weren't very detailed about Julien instinctively straightened his back. "I think I'm about at the same level as the master who taught me before."
He went on to explain many technical details, though Jenna couldn't understand them.
Jenna offered some complimentary remarks before changing the subject, "I recently met an outstanding technical expert. She says she's a technical expert-I don't understand much about it, but when she repairs machines, she's really incredible, the kind of incredible that even I can recognize.
"She said when you return, everyone could get together to exchange ideas."
She? Julien relaxed.

With a smile, he said, "Sure, you can arrange a time with her."
He was very confident in his technical skills now.
"Let's go right after you put away your luggage-we'll have dinner together!" Jenna quickly decided, as if her previous words had been leading up to this.
Julien gave his sister a suspicious look, suspecting she was trying to set him up.
However, after their long separation, he didn't want to refuse.
After dropping off his luggage at their rental place on Rue Pasteur, Jenna led Julien to a newly built factory on the south side of Quartier du Jardin Botanique.
Inside the factory, a young woman with short hair and goggles was using a hammer, pliers, and other tools to work on a giant machine, continuously installing rivets, levers, bearings, and other components.
Her movements were fluid and unassuming, but every detail was perfect, not a fraction off, without the slightest error.
As Julien watched, he became transfixed, his previously high confidence gradually crumbling.
Is this even humanly possible?
Even machines manufacturing machines can't achieve this level of precision!
Could this be the blessing of the God of Technology that the Church of Steam preaches about?
When the woman finished her work, Jenna stepped forward and called out with a smile, "Good afternoon, Miss Bella."
Bella's body instinctively trembled slightly, then she turned around and said with a smile.
"Celia, is this your brother?"
"Yes, my brother Julien." Jenna made the introduction.
Julien nodded bewilderedly, his previous confidence completely gone.

Chapter 1077: Worship and Humility

Bella took off her goggles, revealing a face with soft features and beautiful eyes, unlike the more masculine female mechanical workers in Julien's stereotypical impression.

"I heard you just returned from an exchange study?" Bella asked curiously.

"Yes." Julien no longer had any enthusiasm to share this experience.

"What did you study?" Bella eagerly pointed at the mechanical parts scattered on the factory floor. "Why don't we exchange ideas? Try assembling a machine with the remaining parts? A qualified artisan must have their own judgment and possess sufficient creativity."

Julien instinctively wanted to refuse, clearly knowing there was an unbridgeable gap between himself and this approachable lady.

But at this moment, his sister Jenna encouraged, "Give it a try. This will be your first creation since completing your studies.

"It's okay if there are flaws, Ms. Bella will guide you and help correct any issues."

Guide... Julien's heart suddenly stirred.

He first spoke at length about how ordinary he was and how his skills were barely passing, then walked among the scattered parts, observing and contemplating.

When he picked up the pliers, Bella walked over and nodded slightly. "Your hand position has a small flaw."

She quickly pointed out the problem, correcting the mistakes in Julien's posture from past bad habits.

During the subsequent assembly, Bella occasionally offered similar guidance, and her teaching either led to sudden insights for Julien or made him strangely discover that many things he originally found difficult suddenly became simple.

While teaching, Bella seemed to radiate an indescribable light, no longer just the girl-next-door from before. Every word she spoke gave Julien the feeling that she had absolute confidence.

People who were confident and had the ability to support that confidence were always charismatic, unconsciously inspiring worship.

Gradually, Julien's gaze toward Bella became like a student looking at their most respected teacher, and his behavior began to show signs of imitation.

This was a truly top-tier artisan!

A top-tier artisan that ordinary people rarely got to meet!

Thus, Julien completed his assembly, creating ab machine for

precise metal cutting.
He couldn't believe this was his own work, it was the kind that had to be purchased from the Church of Steam factories.
His gaze toward Bella grew even more admiring.
Jenna sincerely praised the machine for a while, then took Julien home to change clothes, arranging to meet Bella at a restaurant near the botanical garden.
The three of them enjoyed a pleasant atmosphere with engaging conversation.
"Excuse me, I need to use the restroom." Jenna stood up, putting down her napkin.
After watching his sister's figure disappear into the restroom corridor entrance, Julien turned back to see Bella lift her red wine glass, taking a small sip, smiling kindly yet with a hint of superiority.
"You truly have some talent in mechanics."
"No, compared to you, this can't be called talent," Julien responded, embarrassed and somewhat inferior.
Bella put down her wine glass and shook her head.
"I mean it.
"Would you be interested in becoming my apprentice?"
"Apprentice?" Julien was stunned.
Bella nodded gently.
"Yes, like the ancient apprenticeships-following me to learn, growing with my help, and after completing your training, serving me for a period without pay."
Wh- Such a young top-tier artisan would take apprentices? Why would she value me? Julien was y surprised, delighted, yet puzzled.
"Am I... am I qualified?"
"I said you truly have some talent." Bella, who appeared like the girl next door, showed some authority when discussing this matter.
"Can an ordinary person like me reach your level?" Julien asked anxiously.
"I can only say there's a good chance, though it ultimately depends on you," Bella said thoughtfully. "If all goes well, you could approach my level within half a year, though not quite reach it. Afterward, you'd serve me without pay for a year and a half."
Julien's mind buzzed, feeling as if this windfall was too big, making him dizzy.
At this moment, Jenna emerged from the restroom corridor.
Julien immediately lowered his voice, "May I have a few days to consider?"
It wasn't that he didn't want this opportunity, but rather that he

was suspicious of Ms. Bella's true intentions.
How could such good fortune fall to someone like me?
Could this be some new type of scam? Did Ms. Bella have connections with those islanders?
"Of course." Bella didn't press him.
After enjoying dinner, back at their rental place on Rue Pasteur, Julien casually asked his sister, "Celia, who exactly is Ms. Bella? How is she such a top-tier artisan at such a young age?"
"So she really is an amazing technical expert?" Jenna asked excitedly.
After Julien confirmed this, she recalled, "Ms. Bella often watches performances at the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons, she's a believer in the God of Steam and Machinery, and seems to have deep connections with the monks at the Deep Valley Cloister. Her title as technical expert should be certified by the Church of Steam- I can help you inquire if it's true."
Hearing that Ms. Bella was a true god believer and had close ties with the Church of Steam's monastery monks, Julien's doubts gradually dispersed.
Someone like that shouldn't be a con artist!
But we still need to confirm her identity with the Church of Steam clergy...
Julien slowly regained his confidence.
If I could learn Ms. Bella's techniques, even at eighty percent of her level, I could become a technical director sought after by all factories in Trier, and might even hope to open my own factory in the future!
After chatting with his sister until nearly dawn, Julien lay in bed, tossing and turning, too excited to sleep.
His mind was filled with images of Ms. Bella-focused, serious, knowledgeable, technically profound, someone who unconsciously inspired admiration and worship.
...
In the newly built factory south of Quartier du Jardin Botanique.
Bella watched Jenna, dressed as a witch, walk out from the mirror, and said trembling, "Madame, I have said everything as you instructed."
In her mind, this was Death itself, bringing destruction and despair.
She had watched helplessly as many of her companions died one by one, coughing blood everywhere.
Jenna nodded expressionlessly. "He will accept your proposal.
"For the next two years, you'll be responsible for taking him to major cities like Suhit, guiding him to encounter mystical

knowledge, becoming a Savant, and helping him digest potions until he advances to Appraiser.
"I will ask the Church of Steam clergy in the corresponding regions to help, making Julien believe you have divine blessing and are trustworthy,
"After two years, if nothing goes wrong with Julien and his development meets expectations, you will regain your freedom-ah, with one prerequisite: you must convert to a true god and complete the corresponding prayers."
Before Bella could respond, Jenna took out a palm- sized doll seemingly stained with dark blood from her Traveler's Bag and said with a slight smile, "If you try to escape or do anything harmful to Julien, I can easily find you with this. Don't worry, I won't kill you-I'll just send you back to the Future."
Hearing the last half of the sentence, Bella's face suddenly turned pale, as if recalling something she never wanted to remember again.
That was worse than nightmares!
She hurriedly responded with extreme humility. "Madame, I will wholeheartedly complete the task you've given me!"
...
A week later, in the apartment that Franca and Jenna had originally rented, which hadn't yet expired.
Julien sat across from the dining table.
He looked at his sister and hesitantly said, "Celia, there's something I want to discuss with you."
"What is it?" Jenna looked puzzled.
Julien chose his words carefully. "Ms. Bella wants me to become her apprentice, like in ancient times."
"Such good fortune? If you can learn some real skills from her, you could become a top technical expert in the future!" Jenna was delighted for her brother, her eyes full of expectation.
"But, but Ms. Bella is going to serve as technical director at a factory run by the Steam cloister in Suhit. If I become her apprentice, I'll have to go with her and stay there for at least two years," Julien said somewhat embarrassedly.
"It's only two years, you're still young. With real skills, you'll have plenty of opportunities to make money-big money-in Trier!" Jenna encouraged her brother.
"But you..." Julien suddenly fell silent.
"I still need to study dramatic performance for another year, then spend a year playing supporting roles at the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons-that was agreed upon when I became an acting apprentice, remember?" Jenna comforted and persuaded her

brother. "For the next two years, my life will be very regular, nothing requiring help."
Julien made a sound of agreement and suddenly pulled out a stack of bills and coins from his pocket. "Celia, take these. Focus on studying dramatic performance these two years, don't worry about making money."
Jenna looked at her brother for a few seconds, then smiled and accepted the cash. "By the time you return, I might be a famous theater actress."
"And I'll be an outstanding technical expert." Julien suddenly recalled their childhood aspirations, and they shared a smile.
He seemed to have shed a heavy burden.
After Julien left, Franca walked out from the master bedroom, exclaiming joyfully, "How wonderful, no hypnosis needed!"
"Actually, there's not much difference. When I made the decision to hypnotize Julien, this matter was essentially already settled." Jenna smiled self-mockingly.
Franca consoled her, "Whatever the case, this matter has been initially resolved.
"Next, our main tasks are to consolidate the cult's followers, secretly spread the faith, and devise convincing explanations to include you.
"Also, help Anthony prepare for his advancement ceremony, and track down the Order of All Extinction and Zaratul."
Jenna made a sound of agreement and sincerely sighed. "A rare period of peace."
Thus, as Lumian and others remained relatively stable without bringing any catastrophes, time flew by, and several months passed in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 1078: "Near August"

At the Auberge du Coq Doré's basement bar.

Leon, wearing a light blue shirt, walked in, and every patron he passed greeted him warmly from the bottom of their hearts.

Leon sat at the bar and smiled at the owner and bartender, Pavard Neeson. "One La Fée Verte."

Pavard Neeson, who wore a ponytail and had an artistic air about him, asked curiously while pouring the drink, "Why do you always order La Fée Verte?"

"It has sacred meaning for me," Leon said, resting his elbow on the bar counter while surveying the other patrons.

Pavard didn't ask further.

This Monsieur Leon, who looked more like a scholar than a laborer, had become the most respected figure in Rue Anarchie over the past few months.

He arrived in April and gained widespread support in just over three months.

He would help those who were bullied get justice, prepare medicines and treat serious illnesses for free, tell stories to the children of the Rue Anarchie, help willing vagrants, dancers, and streetwalkers find jobs that met their basic needs. He never looked down on the residents here and didn't dress flashily.

And somehow both the market district gangs and police seemed to ignore him.

How could such a person not be beloved?

Leon paid for his drink, took the dreamlike green- colored glass, and took a small sip.

At that moment, he saw a young man in a white shirt and open black vest, holding a beer, jump onto a small round table.

"Everyone, look at me!

"I announce that Madame Fors has published The Great Adventurer 8-two volumes in less than half a year, how incredible!

"And by the way. I'm getting promoted with a raise!

"This will be my last time drinking here for the next two years, can you believe it? I've truly mastered ancient Feysac, the language that only truly civilized people understand!

"What excellent talent! I passed the exam and got assigned overseas-I'm going to take up an important position in Suhit.

"Congratulate me! The Auberge du Coq Doré is about to produce a truly civilized person!"

Leon watched with a smile, enjoying the chaotic yet strangely harmonious atmosphere.

He stayed until 10 pm, when he finally left the bar amid everyone's

farewells, went up to the third floor, and entered Room 302.
Someone was already waiting for him there.
It was Lugano, a man with thick eyebrows, large eyes, and a very upright bearing.
"Your Grace, what brings you here?" Leon asked, both surprised and delighted yet somewhat fearful.
Lugano glanced at his subordinate and raised both hands, making an outward pushing gesture. "Disease be gone!"
Leon finally understood and returned the same gesture. "Disease be gone! Praise the great God of Plague, praise the great God of Disease!"
Lugano finally showed a satisfied expression. "How many followers have you developed recently?"
Leon respectfully answered, "Following the revelations and your instructions, I haven't preached directly. Instead, by helping the residents here and utilizing their fear of disease, I've gradually developed a group of willing followers, forming the embryo of a congregation.
"Next, I will share my faith with the followers, speak of the greatness of the two Malady Gods, and of Your Grace's mercy and grace."
Lugano nodded. "Well done.
"I've walked around Rue Anarchie and several nearby streets, hearing about your deeds from many people.
"Remember, you must follow the Church's precepts: first, no public preaching; second, followers are allowed to also believe in the Eternal Blazing Sun or the God of Steam and Machinery or other orthodox gods."
"Yes, Your Grace," Leon bowed his head and sincerely responded.
Lugano took out a small jewelry box Inlaid with silver patterns and what appeared to be an ordinary vanity mirror, saying with a smile, "No need to address me as Your Grace anymore. From today on, you will become the bishop of this area, reporting directly to Her Holiness the Pope and receiving orders from him."
"I..." Leon's eyes lit up, unsure how to react in front of Bishop Lugano.
"You deserve this." Lugano handed the small jewelry box and mirror to Leon, "The mirror is for communicating with Her Holiness The jewelry box contains the Warlock Sequence's potion formula and all ingredients-this is a blessing from the God of Plague and the God of Disease. Once you're ready, you can consume the potion and advance to Warlock."
Thinking of the Beyonder powers and miraculous spells he had witnessed from Bishop Lugano and other bishops, Leon became

excited and hastily thrust out his right palm. "Praise the God of Plague, praise the God of Disease!"
Lugano joined in praising the two Malady Gods, then said, "The jewelry box also contains some spell documents that will let you master several spells for treatment and medicine preparation, without needing help from me and other bishops.
"These can be used to treat common illnesses. For truly serious cases, recite the honorific names of the God of Plague or God of Disease."
"Understood." Leon accepted the small jewelry box and mirror.
Thinking about how he would soon become a Sequence 7 Warlock and master true supernatural powers, he trembled with excitement, believing even more devoutly in the two Malady Gods and revering Her Holiness the Pope.
Just over three months ago, he had been a pitiful man who was scammed by islanders, impoverished, desperate about life, and wanting to end his own existence.
After leaving Room 302 of the Auberge du Coq Doré, Lugano returned to his previously rented apartment.
Then, he took out a mirror and placed it solemnly and ceremoniously on the table. "The Lady more ancient than the times, Servant of Calamity, Child of Plague and Disease, Destroyer who walks in Shadows, Guide of all lost lambs in Trier, the great God of Plague, I beseech you, beseech your gaze..." After saying his prayers, Lugano placed the already organized church affairs documents before the mirror on the table. watching them pass through the veil and disappear into the mirror's surface like ripples in water.
Soon, text appeared on the mirror's surface: "Before long, you will become an archbishop, overseeing multiple dioceses."
This message came from the Pope of the Sick Church.
After receiving the reply, Lugano became elated once again.
Although he regretted no longer being a Blessed who could report directly to the great God of Plague Lumian Lee, and could only follow Her Holiness the Pope's instructions, over these past few months, he had not only acquired the acting method but also obtained the Sequence 6 Biologist potion formula and corresponding ingredients from the Planter pathway, and was now already a Sequence 6 Beyonder.
From Her Holiness the Pope's words just now, after accumulating achievements for another year or so, he would have the chance to advance another Sequence, becoming a Druid and an archbishop.
With anticipation, Lugano looked at the mirror and respectfully bowed his head. "Yes, Your Holiness."

...
In the luxurious villa where Lumian and others resided.
Her Holiness the Pope of the Sick Church, Jenna, sat on a long sofa leaning against the great God of Disease Franca Roland, reviewing Lugano's work report.
After discussion, Lumian and Franca decided to let Jenna first be recognized by the Sick Church followers as Pope, which could also obtain anchors and well explain changes in doctrine.
In the future, if Jenna could advance to Sequence 3, they could use the method of both the God of Plague and God of Disease jointly issuing divine edicts to promote the meritorious Pope to a subsidiary god. Her related deeds would naturally become part of the church catechism, and no one would question it.
After that, they would gradually elevate her status.
After hearing Jenna's narration, Franca looked toward Lumian, who was curled up reading on another sofa.
"I think our anchors are sufficient to support our advancement to Sequence 2; besides, we can't preach on a large scale in Trier anyway."
Not preaching publicly but being able to develop some followers was the tacit understanding between Lumian's group and the God of Steam and Machinery Church.
In this aspect, the God of Steam and Machinery was quite accommodating to them.
Previously, during the Holy Day in May, the Church of Steam held a large mass attended by tens of thousands in front of Trier's patriarchal cathedral. The participants' emotions were exceptionally high, becoming very devout and fervent as they were influenced by the mass itself and the surrounding atmosphere during the ritual.
Anthony, as a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, also attended this mass and secretly consumed the potion amid the emotional resonance of tens of thousands, becoming a Sequence 4 Manipulator.
This was using the Church of Steam's grand mass to simplify the ritual's execution.
Other Spectators didn't do this because it would be considered blasphemy and would be noticed by the corresponding true god due to the influence of the mass ritual and fervent emotions, bringing down terrible divine punishment.
But the God of Steam and Machinery allowed Anthony to do this.
Lumian and Anthony had prayed at the Church of Steam's patriarchal cathedral in Trier beforehand and received a permissive revelation,

Lumian put down his book and said with a smile, "The current problem is that we cannot obtain the Beyonder characteristics of either Weather Warlock or Demoness of Catastrophe."
According to information Franca gathered from within the Demoness Sect, they could confirm that the Demoness Sect possessed at least five Demoness of Catastrophe Beyonder characteristics-four Angels (Gray, Yellow, Blue, Purple) and one Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.
Lumian's group had further learned that if a pathway had three Sequence 1 Angels, the corresponding Sequence 2 Angels could only number six to eight, with the specific amount varying by pathway.
In other words, with the existence of the true god-the Primordial Demoness-there were only one to three Demoness of Catastrophe Beyonder characteristics outside the Demoness Sect, all currently unaccounted for, at least not among the Church of The Fool's allied forces.
Similarly, the distribution of Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristics was: the Einhorn family had two Sequence 2 Angels, the Sauron family had one Sequence 2 Angel, the Intis military had one Sequence 2 Angel (this seemed to come from the outflow of Beyonder characteristics after the Sauron family's decline), the Iron and Blood Cross Order had at least one Sequence 2 Angel, and there was one corresponding Beyonder characteristic in the Blue Avenger vault.
In other words, at most two Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristics remained unaccounted for, perhaps none at all, and Lumian currently had no leads.
Before Franca and Jenna could respond, Lumian thoughtfully said, "I plan to make a trip to Bansy Harbor soon."

Chapter 1079: The Stele

At Bansy Harbor, by the Sonia Sea.

After Lumian, Franca, and Jenna arrived, they saw endless ruins.

Every building here had collapsed, with many blackened marks. Wild animals now inhabited the area, occasionally letting out 'caw caw' calls of crows.

Lumian had heard from Madam Magician about Bansy Harbor's destruction, but this was his first time actually coming here.

'From the information gathered, this used to be the territory of the Medici family, who believed in the God of Weather. There's a chance that the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic could be found here, but they were likely taken by that Red Angel,' Franca said as she looked around.

Staring at the ruins of Bansy before him, Lumian felt like he was back in the disaster-stricken Cordu.

He stood there dazed for a few seconds before speaking, 'This is one purpose—to search around won't cost us much.

'The other purpose is to find that special location Madam Magician mentioned, use the corpse wax candle, and complete the ritual contract.'

Chuckling, Lumian continued, 'Since the Celestial Master was able to use Professor and company as a medium to locate the Hidden Sage and help Mr. Fool lock onto the target, the Blood Emperor ritual contract should also be able to find where the remaining Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic is. As someone who is barely counted as His Blessed, is it too much to ask Him for this small favor?'

'In theory, it's possible, but it's too dangerous. It would be better to accumulate contributions and seek revelations from Mr. Fool. He is the greatest existence at the top of the Seer pathway, and should be able to divine clues about the remaining Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic.' Franca was not too fond of Lumian taking unnecessary risks.

Though this is his style—one just can't avoid being defiled from constantly touching pitch. He should try to control the number of risky ventures.

Jenna nodded in agreement with Franca's words. 'You think I haven't sought revelations from Mr. Fool? Guess what his revelation was?' Lumian smiled. 'Bansy!'

'Alright then,' Franca grumbled.

'You two help me guard against any accidents,' Lumian said, placing his hand on his chest and bowing his head to pray to Mr. Fool.

After the prayer, he activated the remnant aura of the Blood Emperor, the Underworld Daoist seal, and the dark pinhole in his right palm. Guided solely by his spiritual intuition, he began to delve deeper into the ruins.
Franca and Jenna followed several tens of meters behind him, one on each side.
They had walked for nearly a quarter of an hour when Lumian stopped in front of a collapsed building.
The walls of the building were shattered, and only a few charred wooden pieces remained of the entrance. On the ground, which was scorched as if by lightning, were two vivid blood-red human silhouettes.
In the corner next to these two shadows was a simple drawing depicting a tentacled monster.
'According to the intel provided by Mr. Hanged Man, this was the Bansy Harbor telegraph office...
'So it's here after all...'
Muttering, Lumian walked up to the two blood-colored human imprints and took out a pale yellow-red semi-solidified candle in a glass jar.
He then placed the corpse wax candle on the piled-up collapsed walls and ignited it using friction of his spirituality.
Seeing this, Jenna and Franca stopped in their tracks, not advancing further.
They were worried that they too would be affected by the candle's scent and be passively drawn into the ritual contract, unable to monitor the situation.
Lumian sat down cross-legged and began Cogitation.
The sweet-scented incense diffused in the stillness, gradually penetrating his nostrils, causing his bones to itch and his blood vessels to swell. Suddenly, a veil of dark mist appeared before his eyes.
Unlike previous contract rituals, Lumian's drifting soul was immediately seized by an invisible force and yanked into the depths of the mist the next moment.
Spinning, turning.
Lumian quickly regained his wits and found himself standing in a spacious, bright house, with rows of seats on both sides, occupied by several people who seemed to be waiting.
Some of these people were dressed normally, while others had very strange attire. Lumian had not yet had a chance to examine them closely when a shout rang out beside him, 'Ill-hap, make way!'
Lumian did not understand, and turned around with a bewildered

look, facing a man who had just entered through the door.
The man was wearing a white shirt, a black vest, and a top hat—a look that matched the 'Eastern' style Franca had described. He was holding a piece of paper in his hand.
Lumian stepped aside to let the man pass, watching him run towards the front of the hall without looking back.
Tap, tap, tap—the sound of telegraphing echoed from that direction.
Lumian then realized this was a telegraph office, and the people were waiting for responses.
Many of the waiting individuals had already turned their gaze towards him.
Lumian pulled up his hood to obscure his face.
Compared to a Demoness's allure, wearing strange clothes was not a big problem.
Outside the telegraph office, the scene suddenly became lively.
There were multi-story buildings of various styles, wide streets, and occasionally black automobiles and the yellow rickshaws Franca had mentioned passing by. Among the bustling people, some wore shirts, suits, and hats, others wore long robes and skullcaps, some in white shirts and black gowns with baggy pants and high-top cloth shoes, their waists bulging as if they were hiding pistols, and some with their heads wrapped in red cloth and holding short batons, while others wore lace-trimmed and ruffled long dresses, or close-fitting skirts with slits on the sides...
Lumian suddenly felt this was as prosperous as Trier.
Ding-ding.
The clear sound echoed as a two-car tram, supported by overhead tracks, raced by.
This scene was very familiar to Lumian—he already knew this was called a trolley.
However, unlike what he had seen before, the passengers on the trolley were all quite normal, their attire indistinguishable from the pedestrians on the streets, and none of them had just a head, dragging a bloody, bony spine.
The location I've entered is different from the previous street?
Or maybe that street was originally hidden and requires special methods to see or enter?
My various special attributes, combined with the issues in Bansy, have brought me more directly to this metropolis? Lumian muttered as he looked around.
Even among the people being pulled in rickshaws, there were no ladies with pus-filled, bruised faces concealing them with fans.
Aside from not understanding the language around him and the

scarcity of people who resembled his own appearance, Lumian didn't see any problems with the bustling city before him.
In terms of the effects of the ritual contract, this could be considered a failure, as he had gained nothing and not touched upon any mysteries.
After contemplating for a while, with a feeling of being thrown into a foreign land without a good translator, Lumian followed the guidance of his own spirituality and gradually moved away from the prosperous downtown, entering narrower alleys.
The architectural styles on both sides became more peculiar—stone doorframes, thick black wooden doors, and tall walls with deep courtyards.
Lumian tried extending his right hand to touch a wooden utility pole, only to see his palm pass through it.
Am I in a Soul Body state now? No, it should be a pure spiritual and mental state, but I can still be seen by the people around me... Lumian analyzed as he continued walking, navigating through the tangled wires, laundry lines, and haphazardly piled debris, until he reached an area with many residences.
The first thing that caught his eye was a strangely shaped wooden tower.
It was very similar to the fog core he had seen in previous ritual contracts, but in the sunlight, the wooden tower had lost its indescribable sense of terror and gloom.
In front of the brown tower were large houses and green trees, all enclosed by a yellow wall, preventing anyone from scaling it.
The open wooden double doors at the main entrance saw a constant flow of people going in and out, all appearing to be ordinary citizens.
Is this what Franca called a temple? Lumian pondered for a moment, then followed the crowd into the area enclosed by the yellow wall.
He pretended to be sightseeing as he gradually approached the wooden tower.
Along the way, he noticed that the 'monks' of this temple were divided into several categories, with vastly different attire, and they did not seem to interact much with each other.
The two most numerous groups were: one wearing blue robes and tall hats, resembling the Celestial Master style, and the other with shaved heads, wearing either dull gray robes or yellow inner robes with red outer garments.
When Lumian reached a point near the wooden tower, two types of 'monks' blocked his path in succession.
Although he did not understand what the 'monks' were saying, he

got the message: 'Stop!'
Lumian did not argue, and turned back towards the building he had just passed.
During this process, he discreetly observed the environment, noticing that many 'monks' were dispersed along the path leading to the wooden tower, some openly, some secretly, showing signs of using Beyonder powers.
They are guarding the wooden tower, not allowing outsiders to enter? As Lumian made this judgment, he abandoned the idea of trying to teleport there or use the mirror world.
If the wooden tower was indeed the core location indicated by the ritual contract, the guards would be prepared against such methods!
Thinking about how he had previously entered the tower through a mental contract, Lumian found a hidden spot and tried to replicate that state.
As soon as he completed the Cogitation, he suddenly levitated, floating towards the wooden tower through the suddenly spreading dark mist, without any obstruction.
Soon, Lumian reached his destination, but was blocked by an invisible force, only able to descend downwards, preparing to enter through the door.
The floating sensation quickly faded, and the enveloping dark mist dissipated.
This time, Lumian clearly saw the situation at the wooden tower's entrance.
There stood a weathered stone stele.
Lumian could not decipher the text on the stele, but he understood its meaning as if through spiritual communication.
The inscription read: 'Gathered the world's might, halved the ranks of the brave, binding the malevolent dragon here, quelling the calamity it gave.
'Erected by the Fifth Celestial Master.'

Chapter 1080: Destined

Binding the malevolent dragon here... Erected by the Fifth Celestial Master... Lumian recalled what he had seen in the previous ritual contract, vaguely understanding something.

He did not stop there, passing by the weathered stone stele and entering the wooden tower.

The tower had no gas lamps or lit candles, relying only on the dim sunlight filtering through the thin paper windows to provide some illumination.

This did not hinder Lumian's examination of the surroundings. He found the first floor of the tower to be unusually spacious, with towering and intersecting beams and columns, and a stone staircase leading down to the lower area.

Familiar with the situation, Lumian confidently approached the staircase, seemingly shrouded in shadow.

After a few steps, he suddenly looked up towards the side, and in the exceptionally dark environment, he saw a young man in dark clothing crouching quietly on a round wooden crossbeam.

The man had a thin face, a slightly broader forehead, and reasonably good features overall. His black eyes were bright and lively, his figure seemingly merged with the darkness.

As Lumian was looking up, their gazes met, and his hood lost its concealing effect.

The man immediately muttered something Lumian did not understand, with a disdainful expression, and scurried up the higher floors, disappearing from sight.

Another outsider? He was able to bypass the "monks" and infiltrate this strange wooden tower? Although he did not use any Beyonder powers just now, his capabilities are still impressive... Lumian, with his Night Vision, was not hindered by the darkness above and tried to track-down the man, but could not find any trace of him.

Vaguely feeling that the other person was still observing him, Lumian smiled brightly up at the ceiling.

Charm!

A charm directed at all present beings!

With a thud, the young man suddenly fell from somewhere, crashing onto a horizontal beam.

He cursed in a language Lumian did not understand and scurried up the tower like a lizard, completely escaping the lower floors, as if avoiding a snake or scorpion.

Lumian did not understand his cursing, but felt it sounded similar to the phrase he had heard shouted at him in the telegraph office: "Damn it!"

Confirming that the young man was no longer watching him, Lumian descended the gray stone steps, disappearing into the shadowed stairwell.
After an unknown period, he finally reached the very bottom of the wooden tower, seeing the ancient well hidden in the darkness, the moss-covered stone blocks, and the iron chains extending from the blocks into the depths of the well.
Numerous bas-reliefs were carved onto these chains, depicting countless grotesque and distorted faces, like evil spirits.
It's similar to Chen Tu's armor... Was the Underworld Daoist also involved in this 'binding the malevolent dragon' matter? Or his teacher, his teacher's teacher? Lumian already knew that the Celestial Master corresponded to the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways, and these dark iron chains did not seem to be His handiwork.
Peeking out, Lumian's gaze descended to the bottom of the well, seeing a surface of what appeared to be the combined blood of thousands upon thousands of people.
The liquid was thick, bizarre, and emanated a strong stench of blood and rust.
Instinctively, Lumian raised his right hand to his nose, but found that he was not bleeding as he had during the previous ritual, and his condition was even quite good.
Is it because I have already accepted the boon of Calamity, and obtained the power of the War Bishop, so I'm essentially one of them? Lumian thought, looking at the dense bloody water that did not reflect his head or face, and spoke in ancient Hermes, "Oh, mighty and great existence at the pinnacle of calamity, your humble Blessed wishes to ask where I can obtain a Beyonder characteristic that can help me advance further."
Lumian had always been thick-skinned, so these words came easily to him.
However, he was not sure if the so-called "malevolent dragon" locked at the bottom of the well would be able to understand his speech.
To facilitate the other's understanding, he did not even use terms like Weather Warlock, Sequence 2, or Mythical Creature.
The people of the Western Continent probably hadn't seen the Blasphemy Slate!
After a brief, indescribable silence, the surface of the blood-colored water revealed a scene.
It was a rotting, pus-oozing arm in broken armor, propping itself up on the ground, higher than the crumbled stone pillars. Pus continuously dripped from the cracks, mixed with invisible flames

that ignited the ground, the air, and everything around, burning endlessly.
Lumian hastily retreated a few steps, not daring to look directly.
The residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his palm told him that the scene corresponded to the fallen divine corpse of Alista Tudor in the depths of Fourth Epoch Trier.
Is there a Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic there? Lumian nodded slightly, returning to the edge of the well and looking at the dense blood water.
The surface of the blood had changed-it was now filled with darkness, and a tall, silent figure seemed to be observing Lumian from within.
Relying on his spiritual intuition, Lumian deduced that this was the mirrored Blood Emperor on the Blue Avenger's vault.
Can I not obtain the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic without avoiding Alista Tudor? Wouldn't getting it from the Iron and Blood Cross Order's president be fine? Lumian had just furrowed his brow when a tremendous suction force suddenly emanated from the bottom of the well.
Lumian was unable to resist, as this was both the instinctive pull of a high-level Beyonder characteristic and the boon he had received, given his current pure spiritual or mental state.
He was dragged and fell into the well, sinking deeper.
In the blink of an eye, as he tried to activate the black mark on his right shoulder to teleport away, his body touched the surface of the dense bloody liquid.
He passed through it without creating the slightest ripple, just as a High-Sequence Demoness would enter the mirror world.
Lumian suddenly realized.
Water surfaces are also mirrors...
I'm not entering the place where the malevolent dragon is bound, but the corresponding mirror world.
His vision darkened, then turned red, and his entire being was completely submerged in the bloody water.
The stench of blood and rust permeated his nostrils, trying to fill his lungs and body,
Lumian did not feel any pain, but rather a sense of comfort, as if he had returned to his source, to the homeland he had longed for.
This sea of blood seemed to have no surface, and no matter how he tried to float up, he could not escape it or breathe fresh air.
He saw countless corpses drifting past him, some headless, some with only a head dragging a bony. spine-like tail.
Lumian followed these bodies, wanting to see where they would drift.

Floating along with the corpses, he moved with the flow of the dark blood current.
The headless bodies and those heads with their dangling spines became increasingly dense, gradually forming a blockage.
It was as if there was an exit nearby, but the influx of corpses had clogged it.
Lumian chose to bypass the congested area and approach the "destination" from the side.
While he could not squeeze through, he just wanted to see what the situation was up ahead.
After swimming for a while, Lumian finally saw the target location a dark, gaping hole blocked by thousands of corpses, with an endless "school of fish" surging behind.
The bodies jammed in the hole were already bloated, with patches of blackish-blue decay on their surfaces.
Lumian immediately associated this with the lady riding the rickshaw, using a fan to cover her pus-filled, bruised face.
Did she escape from here? Or is she the controller of these corpses?
Lumian shook his head, doubting he had any chance of squeezing through the blocked hole.
There were simply too many bodies jammed there, and he did not know what changes burning them down might bring-it would most likely make the situation worse.
At that moment, the blocked hole shook violently, as if someone on the other side was trying to break through the tunnel.
Splash!
A large number of the corpses blocking the hole were suddenly "swallowed" in, allowing those behind them to finally approach.
This also caused some of the dark, lightless water to ripple outwards.
Affected by the disturbance, Lumian was pushed away, and the blood-red scene before him quickly faded into an illusion.
In the illusion, he saw a huge, coiled black shadow.
The shadow was lying at the bottom of the sea of blood, occupying an area comparable to the size of Trier.
Lumian was drawn towards it, but could not truly approach or clearly see the black shadow.
One was in the mirror, the other in reality.
In front of the black shadow was a square several tens of kilometers wide and long, paved with grayish-white stones, with towering pillars of black, blood-red, and gray-white supporting an invisible barrier, preventing the blood-red sea from invading.
Lumian found himself standing on this square, and before him was a full-length mirror made of pure silver mixed with other

metals, its ornate frame in a classic style.
Seeing this mirror, Lumian's mind suddenly tensed.
Isn't this the same mirror from the Blue Avenger's treasure vault, the one concealing the mirrored Alista Tudor?
Why is there also one here?
Or rather, does the one in the Blue Avenger's treasure vault lead to this one?
Are they the results of Alista Tudor's various crazy experiments as the Blood Emperor?
Lumian instinctively wanted to move away from the silver full-length mirror, to avoid having his own image reflected in it, but a figure trapped within the mirror had already become visible on its surface.
The figure was clad in blood-stained black armor, with flowing hair faintly glowing with a reddish light. His facial features were sharp, as if carved by a knife, His lips tightly pursed, exuding a resolute and unyielding aura. His blue eyes were filled with cruelty and madness.
The next moment, this mirror-bound figure extended His armored right hand through the cold, hard mirror surface.
He stepped out of the full-length mirror, as if completely unconcerned about Lumian seizing the opportunity to attack.

Chapter 1081: Trap

The mirrored Blood Emperor? Lumian was not unfamiliar with the figure before him.

He did not seize the opportunity to attack, not because he did not want to, but because he was stunned for a moment by the assault of the mad psyche, before breaking free.

The burning heat and stinging pain in his right palm became more pronounced, as if wanting to collaborate, to fuse the current vessel with the version of himself in the mirror.

The mirrored Alista Tudor stood nearly 3 meters tall, gripping a just-formed gigantic flaming sword.

The giant sword burned with a bluish-purple hue.

The blood-stained black-armored mirror Alista, with eyes filled with madness and cruelty, looked at the bloodsoaked Lumian and said in an icy voice, "Where is your sword?"

As soon as the words left His mouth, He took a stride forward to stand before Lumian, raising the bluish- purple flaming sword high and bringing it down towards his target.

Lumian finally recovered from his previous shock, and instantly drew the iron-black Sword of Courage, blocking the strike from above!

Clang!

Amidst the clash of metal, streams of bluish-purple flames scattered, and Lumian was knocked flying, his body set alight.

Crack. He proactively used Mirror Substitution, escaping the flames of the mirrored Alista.

The mirrored Alista, dragging the flaming sword, evaluated dispassionately, "Too weak!"

As He spoke, the city-sized square was already engulfed in flames, with transparent, almost invisible spider web-like strands being revealed, all burning violently, no longer able to restrict or affect the mirrored Alista.

The mystical pathogens Lumian had secretly spread earlier were also quickly dissipating in the intense heat and burning, with only the heat-resistant ones still barely hanging on.

Facing this fiery hell, Lumian actually created a wall of crystalline, transparent frost around himself.

Sizzling, these frost walls were immediately vaporized under the assault of the bluish-purple flames and terrifying heat, turning into white mist.

The white mist obscured Lumian's figure, making him disappear from the mirrored Alista's sight.

Behind the mirrored Blood Emperor, Lumian's figure rapidly took

shape, his clear blue eyes deepening slightly, reflecting the blood-stained black-armored figure.
He wanted to curse the opponent!
This was one of the few effective ways he currently had to harm the other.
Just then, thick fog rose up, immediately shrouding the mirrored Alista Tudor, preventing Lumian's spiritual perception from extending beyond ten meters, making it difficult to lock onto the target.
True Fog of War!
Within the fog enveloping the entire fiery hell, Lumian threw out a mirror, which transformed into his double and gained projection power.
Lumian's main body then concealed its form.
Suddenly, Alista's scornful voice sounded in Lumian's ear. "Flashy, but useless!"
Accompanied by this remark, thunderous explosions took over the square.
Indiscriminate, large-scale explosions.
The Fog of War thinned as a result, Lumian's mirrored projection shattered, and even his main body had to use Mirror Substitution repeatedly to endure the aftermath of the explosions.
The entire square's ground was left in ruins, only the ornate silver full-length mirror remaining intact.
As Lumian stabilized himself, he saw the mirrored Blood Emperor rushing towards him with the force of o mountain, slashing down with the bluish-purple flaming sword.
A sudden gray-white surge burst forth from Lumian, wherever it passed, the flames were frozen and turned to stone.
As the overwhelming gray-white wave approached the mirrored Alista's figure, this Blood Emperor with only remnants of power was set ablaze, decomposing into streams of bluish-purple flames.
These flames flew out to the sides and upwards, avoiding Lumian's Petrification power.
They quickly converged behind Lumian, reforming the nearly 3-meter tall Alista Tudor, with blood-red hair.
Crack. With a sweeping motion of the flaming sword, Lumian's body shattered and dissolved into mirrors once more.
This time, he used Teleportation in conjunction.
His destination was behind the silver full-length mirror.
He swung his Sword of Courage ablaze with scorching blue-tinged flames towards the mirror.
He felt this full-length mirror and the mirrored Alista Tudor were closely connected, and destroying it might prevent the powerful

enemy from maintaining His form.
The earlier large-scale explosion, where the mirrored Alista deliberately controlled the direction and provided necessary protection, not allowing this silver full-length mirror to be damaged, was evidence of this.
Even if I can't beat you, can't I at least beat this mirror?
In Lumian's eyes, the mirrored Blood Emperor transformed into a bluish-purple flaming spear, rapidly thrusting towards him.
He did not retreat, still letting the Sword of Courage descend.
Bang!
The silver full-length mirror suffered a tremendous explosion, without even a cracking sound, it completely disintegrated, its shards scattered outwards.
At the same time, the bluish-purple flaming spear pierced through Lumian's body, instantly igniting him, trying to burn him to ashes.
The flaming spear fell behind Lumian, reforming into the mirrored Alista Tudor.
His sharp-featured face bore unconcealed mockery, His figure not showing any instability or illusion from the destruction of the silver full-length mirror.
It was an intentionally displayed weakness-a trap!
...
On the Fog Sea, in the starlight-condensed treasure vault on the Blue Avenger, the silver full-length mirror at the end of the corridor suddenly split open without a sound, cracks forming across its surface.
Splash!
Shattered glass slid downwards.
On the deck of the Blue Avenger, Mr. Hanged Man and the few sailors felt the ship suddenly rocking violently, as if caught in a raging storm.
High in the sky, the fog rapidly spread, clouds piling up, a downpour imminent.
...
Within a square shielded from thick blood water.
From a black "coin bag", a mirror flew up, and Lumian leapt out, retrieving the Sword of Courage and the Traveler's Bag specially made by Mr. Fool.
He showed no retreat or fear, power surging from the dark pinhole in his palm.
His strikingly handsome face suddenly took on a more heroic, masculine air, his chest slightly narrower, his body a bit taller.
He was utilizing the power of the War Bishop obtained through the boon.

Of course, a Demoness of Unaging combined with War Bishop still should not be a match for the mirrored Alista Tudor-even if the latter did not use much of His Weather Warlock abilities, He still displayed overwhelming superiority.
Lumian's true purpose was not the War Bishop itself, he wanted to leverage the unique origin of this power.
It originated from the boon of the corpse wax candle ritual's target, from the depths of the well, most likely related to the massive black shadow coiled near the square, in reality.
In this case, Lumian was effectively the bestowed of the other party, and the current battlefield was within the mirror world at the bottom of the well.
In other words, Lumian might be able to invoke Angelic-level powers by appealing to this special environment.
Furthermore, with the War Bishop boon, he was now truly half-male, half-female, yin nurturing yang, yang containing yin, extremely close to higher powers.
Seeing this, the mirrored Alista Tudor did not frown, the madness in His blue eyes intensifying, seemingly wanting to use actual battle to tell Lumian this was meaningless.
Failure will be your destined end!
At this moment, a dark shadow from the coiled black mass expanded outwards.
It penetrated the invisible barrier, surging behind the mirror Blood Emperor.
This dark, illusory, and transparent shadow seemed to lead to an unknown world.
Lumian's thoughts suddenly became hazy, as if hearing layer upon layer of faint, ethereal voices.
He then saw the mirrored Alista put away the bluish-purple flaming sword, scornfully glancing at him.
This blood-soaked black-armored Mirror Person harrumphed, no longer attacking, turning and walking into the dark shadow, disappearing from Lumian's sight.
That's it? Lumian paused.
Of course, he did not think the mirrored Alista Tudor gave up because he feared the aid Lumian had invoked -it was more likely someone had dissuaded Him.
Who could dissuade the half-crazed mirrored Blood Emperor? As Lumian pondered, he felt his mind beginning to grow weary, his consciousness significantly weakened.
The ritual contract was nearing its end.
Lumian looked around, choosing to enter Cogitation, proactively disconnecting from the contract state.

In Bansy Harbor, within the ruins of the telegraph office.
Lumian opened his eyes, checking his condition.
The power of the War Bishop was receding.
"What happened?" Franca in the distance asked curiously.
Lumian had actually used the War Bishop power from the boon during the ritual!
Lumian was about to respond, but suddenly had a premonition, turning his gaze towards the western sky.
...
On the Fog Sea, aboard the Blue Avenger.
Inside the violently shaking, nearly shattering ship, a deep purple, hurricane-like light suddenly surged.
It rapidly headed eastward.
This is... Seeing this, Mr. Hanged Man furrowed his brow.
...
On a sunny coastline.
Unarmored, simply wearing a shirt and pants, now more human-like, Red Angel Medici comfortably lay in a beach chair, legs crossed, casually watching the deep purple light fly overhead.
Then, He smiled at Albus beside Him, saying, "Why didn't I attack Lumian Lee in the dream city?
"Of course, it's because I'm waiting for him to trigger all the problems left behind by that crazy Tudor.
"The path to be taken, someone must help us take it: the traps to be stepped on, someone must help us step on them."

Chapter 1082: Open Stratagem

In St. Millom of the Feysac Empire, on the coast of Midseashire, Snarner Einhorn, with His flamboyant golden earrings and deep red hair, was originally toying with some jewelry when He suddenly raised His head and looked towards the southern sky.

He was first surprised, then a look of confusion crossed His face, and He remained in the room, doing nothing.

Far in the distance, in the coastal regions of the Feynapotter Kingdom, the deep purple light was flying faster and faster, already having escaped the encompassing hurricane, leaving behind horrifying rumbles.

...

In a certain location in the Intis Republic, the grizzled, blue-uniformed leader of the Iron and Blood Cross Order, Diest, with His neatly combed deep red hair, black iron eyes, and prominent wrinkles, withdrew His gaze from a brass chess set and looked up towards the sky.

He almost instinctively transformed into a deep purple Iridescent rainbow and shot up, but ultimately controlled Himself.

He murmured softly, "The disturbance is so great, the deities must all be watching...

"Will the Angels of the orthodox Churches try to seize it?"

Under the observation of numerous gazes, the deep purple light crossed over the Feynapotter Kingdom.

Curiously, no one came to stop it, nor did anyone attempt to obtain it.

...

In Bansy Harbor, when Lumian turned his gaze westward, Franca and Jenna followed his line of sight, but saw nothing.

"What are you looking at?" Franca asked puzzledly.

Lumian mused aloud, "I feel that the full-length mirror in the Blue Avenger's treasury has shattered, and the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic hidden behind it is now rapidly crossing the Northern Continent, flying from the Fog Sea towards me."

Wh-Jenna was a bit stunned to hear this.

Franca also exclaimed in amazement, "Such a thing can happen?

"A classic trope where a treasured item comes to seek you out on its own..."

They had come to Bansy to seek clues about the remaining Weather Warlock Beyonder characterístic, and now one such Beyonder characteristic was crossing thousands of miles to come to them?

Lumian estimated the time and said calmly, "We'll need to start

with my recent secret deed ritual experience."
Franca's eyes lit up, full of interest in the story Lumian was about to tell.
Jenna was the same, but considered things more carefully. She reminded Lumian, "Aren't you going to prepare? What if that Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic isn't coming to join you, but to kill you?
"You can recount your previous experiences and the reasons behind things after everything is over. There's no need to waste time now."
We should hurry up and make the necessary preparations, like appealing to Mr. Fool to watch over us, or summoning a messenger from Madam Magician and promising to exchange the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture for one round of assistance...
In any case, they needed to prepare for a potential battle with the item manifested by the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic.
Smiling. Lumian replied. "No need to rush, it may be flying fast, but it will still take just over an hour to reach here."
Shaking his head, Lumian continued, "Can't Teleport. can't use Mirror Traversal either, just so troublesome and slow-moving."
Jenna was momentarily at a loss for words.
Franca then raised another question, "Won't it get intercepted halfway?"
"If the orthodox Churches take it, we can negotiate later, and can use the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture to make a trade. After all, this thing speaks in riddles and is not very useful, just a hassle. But if it's the evil god worshipers trying to ambush it midway, with such a commotion, wouldn't they just be exposing themselves?" Lumian laughed.
Although the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture was quite useful for responding to believers, there were few wishes it couldn't fulfill through bestowing good fortune, but as a Fate Appropriator, Lumian could also handle such matters himself, it would just be more troublesome and less effective.
"That's true..." Franca thought seriously for a moment, then jokingly suggested, "Why don't you go out to welcome that Beyonder characteristic? It's come all this way, you should show it how much you value it, be enthusiastic!"
"We'll see." Lumian wasn't actually sure what that Beyonder characteristic or the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact wanted to do, so it was better to just wait in Bansy Harbor.
This place had been devastated by the Church of Storms with no human habitation left, only the occasional adventurer or pirate coming to explore and uncover treasures others had missed.

And earlier today, Lumian had confirmed that aside from the three of them, only wild animals remained on this island.
This was very suitable for demigods to battle, without worrying about accidentally killing anyone.
Franca glanced around, gaining a general understanding of Lumian's intentions.
Jenna then said, "Still, do the preparations first, then tell us about your secret deed experience, in case some unexpected thing happens midway, "Who knows, maybe some high-ranking being will kindly help shorten the distance for that Beyonder characteristic, letting it arrive early."
Lumian accepted Jenna's suggestion, praying or summoning messengers, going through a round of preparations.
Then he began recounting from when his consciousness manifested in that "Eastern" city's telegraph office, up to the point where the mirrored Alista Tudor, despite having a clear advantage and filled with fighting spirit, voluntarily withdrew into the darkness and disappeared.
Before Franca and Jenna could respond, Lumian asked curiously and puzzledly, "What did that person who also infiltrated the wooden tower mean when they muttered those words after seeing me?"
He then mimicked the other party's pronunciation.
Franca pondered for a moment, then suddenly laughed.
"He was cursing 'bad luck'.
"Meaning, it's bad luck to run into you."
"Did I interfere with his actions?" Lumian mused aloud, "Or had he been previously deceived by a Beyonder from the Demoness pathway? In the West Continent, Demonesses don't have a very good reputation?"
"You think Demonesses have a good reputation in the Northern and Southern Continents too?" Franca said, amused. "I think he's really been scammed by a Demoness before, otherwise a normal person wouldn't immediately curse 'bad luck' just from seeing your face; he's got PTSD."
Jenna chuckled as well, looking at Lumian. "Judging from this, that Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic coming may not necessarily be a good thing, I can already smell the scent of conspiracy."
"Kill you? It's neither an ambush nor a hidden environment, so it's almost impossible to kill Mr. Fool's Saint unless someone holds back Mr. Fool. However, that's unless the evil gods have completed Their invasion and the apocalypse has come early. Otherwise, anyone able to stop Mr. Fool wouldn't have any underlying

motivation..." Pondering for a few seconds, Franca looked at Lumian and continued. "Actively becoming your potion ingredient, letting you consume it to advance, then linking with the residual Blood Emperor aura in you to resurrect and occupy your body? Even for a plot that straightforward, normal people should be able to think of it, right?"
"Yes." Lumian nodded. "I can also ask Mr. Fool to help shatter the characteristic, remove the remnant Blood Emperor psyche. Even if I can't completely purge it, at least Alista Tudor won't be able to resurrect inside me."
"Then this is..." Franca and Jenna exchanged a puzzled glance.
Lumian suddenly smiled. "This should be an open stratagem.
"Alista Tudor wants me to become an Angel.
"Then the resurrection preparations He left behind will truly manifest.
"Red Angel Medici previously said He would give me a chance, but it's likely not because I was too weak for Him to bother with at the time, nor out of deep empathy for my experiences-that may be a factor, but not the main reason.
"He too is waiting for me to ascend to Sequence 2."
Jenna's brow furrowed slightly. "So you mean Alista Tudor's current goal is to help you advance to angelhood, and it doesn't matter whether you choose to become a Weather Warlock or a Demoness of Catastrophe, using that Beyonder characteristic or something else, the end result will be the same?"
"Probably." Lumian nodded, with a wry smile. "That's why the mirrored Alista Tudor was able to restrain His madness and killing intent."
Franca and Jenna fell silent, not knowing what to say.
After all, they couldn't really advise Lumian not to ascend to angelhood, right?
Lifting his chin slightly, Lumian chuckled nonchalantly. "What's meant to come will come. I also want to see what awaits me, hopefully it won't disappoint."
Hearing this, Franca sighed. "Chaos, chaos, with the apocalypse looming, a bit of chaos is good, there's a chance to win amidst the chaos."
An hour passed quickly, and the weakened and fatigued Lumian from the secret deed ritual had fully recovered.
Suddenly, a deep purple light shot across the western sky. As it drew nearer, it grew larger and larger, eventually becoming clearly visible to Lumian, Franca. and Jenna.
It was a violently burning mass of deep purple flames, with flashes of pure blue at its core.

Interwoven within the flames were jet-black metal rods, forming a massive skeletal frame.
The deep purple-blue flames flowed along the metal bones, trailing long feathers, giving the whole the appearance of a colossal bird with a wingspan spanning dozens of meters. The intensely burning deep purple-blue giant bird had not even fully approached Bansy Harbor, but the weeds, trees at the edges of the ruins, and remaining walls all spontaneously ignited.
Cracking sounds rang out as Bansy was enveloped in flames.
At the same time, a disdainful yet condescending booming voice reverberated in Lumian's ear: "Dare you face me?"
It was spoken in ancient Hermes.
Lumian suddenly gained an epiphany-there were several layers of meaning to this "facing":
Dare you withstand my attack alone and endure?
Dare you ascend to Weather Warlock using the Beyonder characteristic I extracted?
Do you have the courage and bravery for this?
His mind made up. Lumian turned to Franca and Jenna. "You two should leave this area."
Franca and Jenna exchanged a glance, not saying much.
In a critical moment, they unhesitatingly believed in Lumian's judgment and choice.
Franca's eyes immediately reflected layers of darkness, then she grabbed Jenna's hand and departed Bansy Harbor through the mirror world.
Lumian shifted his gaze back, looking up at the purple-flamed giant bird blotting out the sky, and reached into the Traveler's Bag, withdrawing the parchment- bound Post-Apocalyptic Scripture.

Chapter 1083: "Sparring"

The moment the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture was withdrawn, it began to turn pages on its own, arriving at one of the pages.

On it was a "prophecy" written by Lumian's thoughts: "Lumian Lee will ultimately emerge victorious in this battle, thanks to his exceptional good fortune."

As the mercury-colored text shimmered, the purple- flamed giant bird up in the sky began circling, trailing its long feathers.

It had not yet revealed its complete Mythical Creature form, for if it did, Lumian would not continue "playing" with it, and would immediately summon assistance.

Dark clouds amassed rapidly, looming low over the ground.

In the blink of an eye, a torrential downpour plummeted, as if the sky had split open like a lake.

The deluge quickly formed into a massive water column poured down towards Lumian, but he did not move an inch, simply drawing upon the War Bishop boon's power to become both male and female, with a more androgynous beauty, his chest still pronounced.

The descending downpour slowed down more and more, soon freezing in midair, reflecting the sunlight to reveal a crystalline, translucent appearance.

The layer of ice continued growing upwards from above Lumian, drawing in the abundant rain into its frigid domain, creating an illusion of a rainbow arching across.

With a clattering sound, the subsequent rainfall was blocked by the solid ice sheet, sliding off towards the other areas of Bansy Harbor, combining with the earlier deluge and the already damaged drainage system, rapidly flooding the ruins.

Sheltered by the layers of ice, Lumian calmly surveyed his surroundings, puzzled by the current manifestation of the purple-flamed giant bird's abilities.

This truly has the might of the heavens and earth, if it keeps raining for another two to three hours, combined with the seawater rushing in, the entire Bansy Harbor will be submerged.

But in the realm of angelic combat, this is utterly useless. *What Angel would drown in this?* And there's ample time to escape the scene...

Unless it keeps raining until the mountainsides collapse, there may be a chance to pose a threat to Angels...

However, this is excellent for slaughtering ordinary people and Low-Sequence Beyonders. Truly befitting the path of war and calamity...

Just as Lumian was pondering this, the purple-flamed giant bird pierced through the thick clouds, extending His head.
Amid the dark clouds, silver-white lightning snakes flashed, converging into a long, lashing bolt.
The lightning struck the crystalline ice, unable to conduct through, shattering and spraying outwards.
Boom!
The thunderous sound reverberated as countless electric snakes plunged into the pooled water of Bansy Harbor, rapidly darting to form a vast silver web covering the entire ruined area.
Crackling sounds rang out endlessly, and Lumian finally understood the purpose of the earlier downpour.
To make the subsequent lightning strikes more destructive and far-reaching!
But Lumian himself stood on dry soil, surrounded by the near-insulating layers of ice, largely unaffected.
In the next moment, new lightning formed, more magnificent and colossal, like a silver-white divine tree connecting the sky and earth.
It struck the thick ice sheet, shattering the barrier as if carrying horrific kinetic energy or releasing stored power, causing an impact.
Rumbling, the thunder waves spread as the terrifying lightning cracked through the layers of frost, reaching the top of Lumian's head.
Lumian's body cracked and shattered, like all fragile mirrors.
Yet his silhouette remained within the area once protected by the ice, still discernible among the collapsed ruins.
Plummeting from the sky, the purple-flamed giant bird spread His burning wings like a meteor, crashing towards Lumian's location.
The nearby rainwater suddenly vaporized, diffusing as mist to welcome the giant bird's descent.
The ground was set ablaze, the remaining walls ignited, and Lumian's body was set on fire.
Boom!
The giant bird struck the ground, kicking up a mushroom cloud of dust.
Lumian's body shattered once more, the original ruins either reduced to ashes or blown away.
At the bottom of the crater formed by the explosion and melting, two bloodstained silhouettes resembling human pulp appeared, slightly dimmer.
Lumian's androgynous figure manifested in the air opposite, his pale blue eyes reflecting the image of the purple-flamed giant bird

as he prepared to unleash the Demoness's curse.
The surrounding mist instantly thickened. transforming from scalding steam into true fog of war.
Lumian lost his lock-on, unable to effectively apply the curse.
Immediately after, a tremendous, piercing howl arose, and a horrifying hurricane formed over the sea, sweeping in towering azure waves over 10 meters high towards Bansy Harbor.
A tsunami driven by the hurricane!
Lumian's body was slammed to the ground, shattering.
The remaining building ruins in Bansy Harbor that had managed to retain some height were all flattened, and the purple-flamed giant bird took to the skies, seemingly circling to search for the vanished target.
At that moment, Lumian's silhouette emerged at the bottom of the crater with the two bloodstained human-like imprints, the ashen-white rushing upwards towards the hovering purple-flamed giant bird.
Stones of solidified air fell one by one.
The purple-flamed giant bird suddenly let out a shrill cry.
Lumian's body and mind trembled, as if hearing the incessant drumbeats of an ancient battlefield.
Purple-blue fireballs rapidly materialized in the air, densely packed to block out the sunlight in this area.
They plummeted with a roar, crashing into the advancing ashen-white.
Thunderous explosions rang out ceaselessly, the shattered ashen-white flame statues flung in all directions.
Lumian's created ashen-white kept breaking and retreating, until it finally disintegrated, leaving the remaining purple-blue fireballs to pummel Lumian's body.
This time, the shattered mirror fragments quickly dissolved into liquid.
At this stage of the battle, the good fortune Lumian had gained from the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture had not manifested-neither his attacks on the purple- flamed giant bird, nor the giant bird's strikes on him developed into any unexpected success or failure.
Lumian's silhouette reappeared in an even deeper, larger crater.
The purple-flamed giant bird did not relent, continuing to assault with various Beyonder abilities.
Lumian struggled to endure, relying on his Mirror Substitutions to repeatedly evade fatal blows.
As the entire elevation of Bansy Harbor lowered by several meters, about to be completely subsumed by the azure seawater, Lumian's Mirror Substitution reached its limit.

From then on, he could only afford the death of his real and mirror self.
Circling high above, blocking the sky, the purple- flamed giant bird let out a soul-shaking, chilling cry once more.
He locked onto Lumian's figure, about to plummet like a meteor, carrying His violently burning purple-blue flames.
Almost simultaneously, His body strangely stiffened.
The purple flames on His surface dispersed outwards, the jet-black metal forming His neck stretched impossibly long, as if about to be torn apart by an invisible force.
The purple-flamed giant bird writhed in agony mid-air, the flames continually showering down, adding new blazes to the already raging inferno of Bansy Harbor.
This change was so sudden and bizarre, not caused by any of Lumian's attacks.
Lumian had been on the defensive the entire time, unable to find an opportunity to curse the opponent, and the mystical pathogens he had secretly spread were also succumbing to the indiscriminate purple flames and terrifying heat, unable to propagate and spread.
However, Lumian was not at all surprised by the giant bird's predicament, a distinct smile appearing on his lips.
He watched until the purple-flamed giant bird, driven to madness by the agony, manifested His complete Mythical Creature form.
Lumian averted his gaze.
The fiery giant up above, bearing avian features, seemed to harbor deep, unfathomable knowledge-it materialized phenomena like lightning, hail, and hurricanes, causing the weather in this area to undergo violent changes.
Soon, the fiery giant receded back into the giant purple bird, plummeting earthwards.
Lifting his head, Lumian looked at the giant bird's eyes, fixed with pain and bewilderment, and said with a smile, "Do you know what place you've been attacking this whole time?
"It's the Bansy Harbor telegraph office!"
Pausing for a moment, Lumian took out the fully-burned corpse wax candle from the Traveler's Bag, his smile growing brighter as he said.
"And you are an Angel of the Hunter pathway.
"While I am a bestowed of the two apex powers of Calamity!"
This was why Lumian chose to face the purple-flamed giant bird directly, not seeking assistance from Madam Magician or other Major Arcana card holders, and remained within the fixed area, never fleeing far away.
The Bansy Harbor telegraph office should be a leakage point,

connected to a metropolis in the Western Continent, linked to the "malevolent dragon" locked within the ancient well but still able to influence the entire city. Using the corpse wax candle here could grant him a different, more advanced secret deed experience.
In this context, attacking the Bansy Harbor telegraph ruins, assaulting the Lumian who had already extracted the War Bishop boon's power, and being an Angel of the Hunter pathway, then personally crashing into the leakage point, had a significant probability of triggering anomalies and being subjected to unseen influences!
Of course, the anomaly was not a 100% certainty, and the purple-flamed giant bird did not necessarily have to enter the telegraph ruins directly, bombarding it as a flaming meteor. That's why Lumian had used the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture to add sufficient good fortune.
Now, the prophesied outcome had arrived!
Boom!
The purple-flamed giant bird landed nearby, kicking up more dust and flames.
His blazing purple wings folded in, His body gradually shrinking, as if coalescing into a physical form.
Then His final words reached Lumian's ear: "I acknowledge you are qualified. This has nothing to do with Tudor's arrangement."
The purple-flamed giant bird grew smaller and smaller, until only points of light remained. Ultimately, the main body transformed into a palm-sized, crystalline and porous pillar.
The various holes in the pillar contained mists, hall, rainwater, lightning, and other meteorological phenomena, sometimes diffusing outwards. sometimes receding back inside.
The scattered purple feathers and iron bone crystals littered the ground around it.

Chapter 1084: Hidden Conditions

Within the raging inferno of Bansy Harbor, Lumian's smile gradually faded.

A blood-red bulge suddenly rose on his brow, the androgynous hues of his features rapidly fading.

The bulge then retracted, crawling and slithering across his forehead and face, finally descending slowly down his neck, shoulders, and arms, merging with the altered remnants of the Blood Emperor and the War Bishop boon powers through the black pinhole, still covered by the pallid skin from the Underworld Daoist's sealing.

The pinhole expanded slightly, the abysmal, lifeless darkness within seemingly brewing some kind of violent force.

Lumian exhaled slowly, then collected the purple-blue, porous crystal pillar, along with the purple feathers and iron bone crystals, and placed them in a mirror Inside the Traveler's Bag-a temporary sealing measure.

Plop. A raindrop fell on Lumian's hand, leaving a damp feeling.

One drop, two drops, three drops... the raindrops grew more and more numerous, rapidly turning into a downpour.

Influenced by the widespread burning and the residual powers of the Weather Warlock, the sky over Bansy Harbor and the surrounding sea had darkened, producing vast, gloomy clouds, the rain pouring down.

Lumian did not seek shelter or obstruct the rain, allowing it to soak his hood, his hair, his face, his clothes.

As it fell, the rain grew colder, congealing into ice crystals and snowflakes.

Thick, heavy snowflakes drifted over Bansy Harbor, blanketing the scorched earth, collapsed bricks, and other signs of destruction in a pristine white.

Lumian's body was covered in frost and icicles.

He finally composed himself-the help of the higher beings was not easily obtained, even if this was not something he had actively provoked, but brought about by the purple giant bird.

The ice fell away, Lumian's hood and black robe drying rapidly.

He pressed a hand to his chest, thanking Mr. Fool for his gaze, then turned his gaze to the sky.

Beyond the swirling snowflakes, Lumian saw the ever-ready-to-assist Madam Magician.

The renowned author's expression was rather complex, as if seeing her past self, forced to rapidly advance with the abundance of high-level ingredients.

However, she could pause and take an extended rest, later considering whether to ascend to Sequence 1, while Lumian could not-neither he nor the forces driving him here would allow him to stop.
Lumian nodded in greeting, then Teleported back to the luxurious villa in Trier.
Franca and Jenna were pacing in the living room, while Ludwig was enjoying a double-layer cream cake.
"Done?" Franca looked at Lumian, asking excitedly.
"An 'item' that can't reveal its complete Mythical Creature form is nothing to be afraid of. If it really uses its full power, I'll just call for help." Lumian said with a smile.
"Why didn't you just call for help in the first place?" Jenna couldn't understand.
Lumian thought for a moment and explained, "The higher the Sequence in the Hunter pathway, the more courage and boldness one needs. I skipped the Iron-blooded Knight and War Bishop Sequences, without the corresponding Beyonder characteristics to provide a boost. I can no longer retreat, and must face the difficulties, challenge myself.
"This may be the implicit, hidden ritual condition for me to advance to Weather Warlock, or an additional ritual."
Jenna suddenly understood. "For a normal advancement, it is unnecessary for a Beyonder progressing step-by-step along the Hunter pathway to Sequence 3-the previous Sequences have already provided the corresponding enhancements. But a Sequence 3 Demoness wanting to make the jump must not shy away, and be filled with courage?"
"It seems that to switch pathways at the higher Sequences, there are hidden conditions to some degree, stemming from the lack of previous Sequence elements..." Franca also realized.
Then, she asked Lumian with a smile, "Did you rely on the special qualities of the Bansy Harbor telegraph office to defeat that purple phoenix, or rather, the purple giant bird?"
"You figured it out?" Lumian raised an eyebrow at Franca.
Franca chuckled and explained, "What other abilities and items of yours do we not know about?
"A simple analysis can lead to one conclusion: Relying on the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture and the Demoness's traits can only delay things, hoping the purple giant bird would acknowledge your strength, but victory is unlikely. Yet the way you acted clearly showed you achieved the final win.
"Unable to do it alone, yet you didn't call for help, so you must have utilized the environmental conditions."

"You do have some talent when it comes to combat." Lumian smiled, praising her.
He summarized the key points of the battle, the core idea being to, with the target unable to reveal its complete Mythical Creature form, leverage the Demoness pathway's self-preservation abilities to guide the opponent to attack the Bansy Harbor telegraph office as much as possible, while delaying until the anomaly was triggered.
Jenna listened quietly, then asked, "So the core supplementary ingredients are in place-are you planning to advance soon?"
Lumian's Unaging potion had been completely digested in just a short time, thanks to Aurore's special trait.
"Why not?" Lumian understood Jenna's and Franca's concerns, smiling as he said, "Setting aside the matter of reviving Aurore, do you think if I hold back and don't ascend, Alista Tudor's preparations won't erupt? With the apocalypse looming and the situation becoming chaotic, when Mr. Fool and the other true gods are preoccupied, they may seize the opportunity to forcibly help me ascend.
"I have no choice but to advance!"
Lumian's gaze swept over Franca and Jenna, pausing as he continued, "Since that's the case, it's better to take advantage of the relatively stable situation now, while Mr. Fool's awakening has deepened a bit, and advance without external interference.
"With the status and power of an Angel, even if I encounter Alista Tudor's arrangements in the future. I'll at least be able to struggle a bit, buying more time, and perhaps help will arrive."
Franca and Jenna were only expressing their own concerns, not trying to prevent Lumian from becoming an Angel.
Seeing that Lumian had thought it through thoroughly, his analysis of the pros and cons sound, they both nodded, urging Lumian to prepare the ritual and pray to Mr. Fool, asking this great being to help shatter the Beyonder characteristic and remove Alista Tudor's imprint.
Although this might not have much impact on the subsequent arrangements of the Blood Emperor, it would at least reduce a hidden danger.
Lumian did not delay, busying himself in the specially prepared room for the ritual and prayer to Mr. Fool.
After dripping the oil and offering the appeasing sacrament, the purple crystal pillar placed on the altar was suddenly enveloped by the murky darkness emerging from the candle flame, rapidly disintegrating into points of light in various colors-purple, blue, white, red.

These light points, as they settled and coalesced, released threads of frenzied aura, occasionally condensing into distorted faces or emitting terrifying roars, until finally dissipating.
The reconstituted purple crystal pillar appeared purer.
"Praise be to you, Mr. Fool!" Lumian pressed a hand to his chest, bowing.
After putting away the Weather Warlock Beyonder characteristic and dispelling the wall of spirituality, Franca asked concernedly.
"How do you plan to complete the ritual?"
"I have a clever plan," Lumian replied with a smile.
Jenna then asked curiously, "Based on the books you've been reading these past few months?"
Lumian scratched his face, chuckling self- deprecatingly, "That was my original plan, and I had corresponding arrangements. But after factoring in my own Beyonder abilities, I found that a Demoness of Unaging, who was once a Reaper, has a simpler and more effective handling method.
"Perhaps the truth of the Calamity pathways is that one must transfer back and forth, to get closer to the apex existences. So those who keep switching can take shortcuts when it comes to the ritual."
"What method?" Franca asked curiously.
Lumian chuckled. "I'll tell you after I succeed. If I say it now and then fail, won't you mock me forever?"
"Do you think you won't be mocked even like this?" Franca and Jenna chorused.
On this topic, the three exchanged playful banter for a while.
As the laughter faded, Jenna asked, "When will you perform the ritual?"
Lumian responded with a smile, "First, I need to gather the remaining ingredients. Then, I'll wait for a typhoon or hurricane."
The countries of the Northern Continent typically referred to such extreme weather as hurricanes, while the Intisians, influenced by Emperor Roselle, often called them typhoons.
...
In a thunderstorm.
The residents staying indoors watched as a silver-white lightning bolt struck the treetops, knocking down the people taking shelter under the trees.
Boom, boom, boom. One lightning strike after another rampaged, even those in safe places shivering.
After a while, some residents saw a figure next to the charred, smoking trees.
The figure was cloaked in black, hooded, like the legendary witch.

She took a blackened tree branch, causing dark red drops of blood to fly out from the fallen corpses.
A witch indeed! The witnessing residents frightened, retreating from the window area.
...
In the southern part of the Haagenti Kingdom.
The first snowfall of the year came in an exaggerated fashion, killing many livestock and piling up snow in front of people's homes, blocking the doors.
The people inside, struggling against the bitter cold, suddenly saw a hooded figure in black robes, seemingly a witch, walking on the snow-blanketed ground, heading towards the bridge underpass.
There were several frozen-to-death vagrants there.
...
The heat-induced drought had left many humans dehydrated, some unfortunately dying, their bodies dragged to the street.
A tall, hooded woman dressed as a sorceress approached, stopping in front of a freshly deceased corpse.
The surrounding people fled in fear.
...
The Feynapotter Kingdom, on the Berserk Sea coast.
Many experienced fishermen and captains began returning their ships to the harbor.
The sky in the distance had somehow turned gloomy, the waves surging in.
The wind had picked up.

Chapter 1085: Typhoon

Ooo!

The howling winds rampaged, slamming the windows and doors, the trees trembling and their branches bending to one side.

The residents along the Berserk Sea coast had rich experience dealing with hurricane weather—they had all tightly shut their doors and windows, crossed tape over them, and taken shelter away from the balconies and doors.

Yet, despite this, as they heard the roaring, shrill winds outside and felt their houses shuddering, they couldn't help but feel anxious and afraid. The vagrants had taken refuge in the cathedrals or poorhouses.

Amid the towering, crashing waves that sometimes reached the sky, the hooded, black-robed figure of Lumian could be seen.

His clothes were flapping loudly, his hood nearly blowing off.

Without the ability to fly or levitate, he surveyed the layered cloud walls surrounding the typhoon's eye, unable to find the final coordinates of the spiritual realm in the chaotic environment—he could only go where his eyes led.

Then, he activated the black mark on his right shoulder and Teleported into the heart of the typhoon.

Simultaneously, the water droplets violently swirling in the area he had just left rapidly condensed into ice, the temperature plummeting.

In the typhoon's core, Lumian's figure barely materialized before the gale-driven waves, roaring like a speeding steam train, crashed into him ferociously.

Lumian was blown away, but he Teleported deeper into the typhoon, again relying on the "see and take" method in this gloomy, apocalyptic environment.

Wherever he went, the rain froze into a thick layer of ice.

After a few such jumps, he finally reached his destination—the typhoon's eye!

The howling winds seemed to vanish, and the high altitude even revealed a clear, azure sky.

Lumian didn't have time to admire this special place. His pale blue eyes suddenly turned a deep, iron black.

As he plummeted, he quickly observed the surrounding cloud walls and the core structure of the typhoon.

Weakness Investigation!

A typhoon had weaknesses too!

In just a few seconds, the falling Lumian spotted several large, pallid areas.

The typhoon's weak points weren't just one.
Lumian Teleported again, arriving near the largest pallid spot, looking down on it from above.
At this point, if he were a pure Sequence 3 Hunter, completing the next steps would be quite difficult, even if he could skillfully use explosives and Cull—by targeting the weak points and disrupting the core structure, the typhoon might not necessarily dissipate, but could instead reorganize and strengthen, and the weather wouldn't change in the short term.
But for a Demoness of Unaging, why use such a brutal method? Besides, the effect might not even be good.
As Lumian continued falling, he took out a mirror, reflecting the pallid area above the cloud walls and hurricane.
This wasn't to curse the weak point and complete the Cull, of course—a Demoness's curses couldn't target soulless objects.
What Lumian wanted to do was forcibly transfer the typhoon's weak points and structural flaws into the mirror world.
This was also a form of destruction, and it could be repeated multiple times quickly.
Lumian raised his right hand, rapidly brushing across the mirror's surface as he fell.
A crack sounded—the makeup mirror seemed to be unable to withstand the strain, about to shatter.
Lumian unhesitatingly poured in a large amount of spirituality, forcibly dragging that cloud wall and hurricane area into the mirror world.
With that section suddenly gone, cracks spread across the mirror in Lumian's hand.
Simultaneously, the typhoon's core structure began to disintegrate, the cloud walls dissipating piece by piece.
Lumian used Teleportation and the ability to drag things into the mirror world to continue destroying other structural weak points, not giving the typhoon a chance to reorganize.
In the end, more and more of the cloud walls and the hurricane were pulled into the mirror world.
On the coastline nearest to the typhoon, some people observing the sea from their rooms suddenly noticed the winds dying down and the waves subsiding.
In the distance, the surrounding clouds and fierce winds were pouring into a funnel, an impressive sight.
As the onlookers blinked, they found that another section of the hurricane-swept clouds had mysteriously vanished.
Piece by piece, they disappeared.
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Some mirrors in their room abruptly shattered, with a gust of wind blowing out, but not particularly strong.
These were the random remnant winds that had escaped the mirror world after a long journey.
After another dozen seconds or so, the sky in the affected area gradually cleared.
Gazing at the cloudless, azure sky, Lumian plummeted rapidly toward the sea surface.
With a Teleport, he appeared directly over the sapphire waters, a thick sheet of ice forming beneath his feet.
Under the deft pull of invisible spider silk, the violet-blue crystal pillar, violet feathers, iron bone crystals, blood of varying shades, charred tree branches, and seemingly unremarkable clear water all flew out of the Traveler's Bag, leaving their original containers to converge in a glass cup.
Silently, the slightly violet liquid that formed ignited, melting the glass and dripping downward.
Cupping the burning liquid, Lumian brought it to his lips and drank.
His entire being, including his mirror self, was instantly set ablaze.
Rumble!
Dense, dark clouds gathered in the sky, real lightning and hail coalescing and drawn to Lumian's state, striking him.
At this moment, the spirit world's information of this area had not yet fully changed, still partially corresponding to the typhoon. There was a rapid influx of information of Lumian relying on his own abilities to change the weather, creating an extremely strong connection between him, this area, and the corresponding spirit world.
Rumble!
Lightning struck, sharp hail pelted down—various extreme weather phenomena assaulted the still-burning Lumian in small bursts, tearing and ravaging him.
Lumian felt excruciating pain in body, mind, and spirit, his thoughts growing increasingly hazy, as if about to dissipate into this area, this spirit world.
This area, this spirit world, resisted the fusion of Lumian's spirit and consciousness, because he was the destroyer, the changer—he would inevitably be rejected in the short term.
At this moment, Lumian's blurred mind heard voices—Aurore's, Franca's, Jenna's, and countless other anchors.
His body tore apart, shattered, turning to ash, including his mirror self and the him slumbering within the mirror.

The next moment, a wavering, violet-tinged blue flame ignited amidst the remnant ashes.
This flame rapidly expanded and intensified, forging within it black iron bones, an indescribable tangle of complex symbols and patterns.
They gradually formed a towering, five-to-six-meter figure, like the legendary fire giant come to life.
Immediately, Lumian's face coalesced, its iron-black hue gleaming with a metallic luster, yet still clearly handsome and masculine in appearance.
Blood-red hair also sprouted, each strand as thick as a python, some rotating black-and-white eyeballs at the top, others opening jaws with venomous fangs.
A complete Mythical Creature form!
A Mythical Creature form blended with Demoness traits!
In this moment, Lumian dimly sensed the banner-like 0-01 and the massive, shrouded black shadow lurking in the ancient well—existences closely connected to him, at the pinnacles of the pathways, the former relatively clearer, the latter extremely hazy, as if cloaked in layers of gray fog.
Additionally, three more gazes were cast upon him from afar, but he couldn't discern who they belonged to or where they came from.
This hallucination-like sensing vanished in an instant, and Lumian's body rapidly shrank, the violet-tinged blue flames on its surface dissipating.
A second later, he returned to a human male form, exuding a powerful, masculine aura.
Over two meters tall, bronze-skinned, his muscles were not only vivid and full of explosive strength, but also flowing in graceful lines, like the finest sculptural masterpiece.
His features had become even more handsome and sharp, his pale blue eyes deepening slightly, the refined details softening some of the aggressive edge.
Lumian turned his gaze forward—the sea had already frozen into a thick, crystalline sheet, the azure currents visible raging beneath.
The Traveler's Bag was in the distance, beyond the ice layer, or else even the one specially made by Mr. Fool would have been damaged in the previous blazing inferno and calamitous weather.
With an invisible spider silk tug, the Traveler's Bag flew back into Lumian's hand. He took out a change of clothes, awkwardly putting them on, as if an adult trying to squeeze into a child's garments.

His figure then vanished, leaving only scattered broken ice floes.
...
In a drought-stricken hot area, the onlookers, fearful yet curious, watched from a distance as the witch took the dead's blood, some believers even going to find a priest.
Suddenly, a dull thunder rumbled.
They instinctively looked up, finding the sky had somehow become heavily overcast.
Plop!
A raindrop splashed on the cracked lips of one of the observers.
He exclaimed joyfully, raising his hands, "It's raining, it's going to rain!"
...
In the southern Haagenti Kingdom, the residents worried about the snowstorm continuing to the point of collapsing their roofs considered braving the risks to clear some of it.
Just then, they saw rays of clear sunlight shining through the windows, into the house.
Wh— The residents rushed to the window, looking outside.
The lead-gray clouds dominating the sky had all dissipated, the not-so-warm sun shining upon the land once more.
The thick, fluffy snowflakes falling from mid-air gradually grew smaller, until they disappeared.
...
Rumble!
In a thunderstorm, few dared to go out, the children huddling fearfully beside their parents, unable to sleep.
Their parents worried about subsequent heavy rain and flooding.
Amid these emotions, they suddenly realized the lightning had stopped flashing across the sky for some time, the rumbling thunder vanished.
...
Trier, inside the luxurious villa, a swirl of violet-tinged blue flames coalesced before Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig, forming the tall, handsome Lumian.
"You've grown taller again..." Franca looked up, studying him for a few seconds.

Chapter 1086: War Machine

Lumian shrugged his shoulders. "This is the result of my best efforts to compress it."

Of course, if he didn't consider body balance, he could shrink down to 1.9 meters, as he was essentially a Mythical Creature now.

Jenna said with a suppressed smile, "Let's get you changed into some proper clothes first."

The way he looked now was really awkward, giving the impression of intentionally wearing undersized clothing to perform as a clown.

After Franca used the mirror world to go to the New City of Silver and buy clothes suitable for Lumian's current stature, and had him change into them, the group took their seats.

Franca looked at Lumian's face and muttered, "Oh no, he's too handsome... I'm starting to feel a bit... flustered."

Jenna did not speak, but her gaze seemed to echo Franca's words.

The experienced Anthony didn't show any obvious reaction.

Lumian leaned back on the sofa. "This change is the result of the Demoness of Unaging and the Weather Warlock's charms merging.

"A normal Sequence 2 Beyonder in the Hunter path mainly possess a charisma that makes people want to follow and be loyal to them, and may cause women to develop feelings of admiration, but there is no active Charm. Now, it's not just admiration, and not just towards the opposite sex.

"Hmm, as long as I don't use Charm, it's still somewhat controllable."

"Ooh." Franca looked curious. "What abilities and traits does the Weather Warlock have?"

Lumian considered carefully before saying, "This Beyonder characteristic contains Sequence 9 to Sequence 2. The abilities I was missing before, like the Iron-blooded Knight and the War Bishop, have now been filled.

"I'm always full of courage and won't be significantly affected by emotions like fear and terror, but I'm not reckless or blind because of it. In fact, I still feel fear and terror, it's just that my courage overcomes them."

"The Sword of Courage is the extreme version." Franca nodded in understanding.

Lumian took out the iron-black longsword from the Traveler's Bag and tossed it to Franca.

"It's no longer of much use to me. Between you and Jenna, use it if need be."

Franca caught it and gave a simple "Mm".

Then, as she was putting the Sword of Courage back into the Traveler's Bag, she stood up and walked towards Lumian and Jenna.
After stowing the Sword of Courage, she suddenly found herself awkwardly standing in the middle of the living room.
After a brief silence, she chuckled nervously at Lumian. "This sword has given me the courage to beat you up."
Lumian scoffed, dividing the bundle of longswords used to seal the Sword of Courage into two parts, and using invisible spider silk to pass one part to Jenna and one to Franca.
He continued thoughtfully, "I can also galvanize and flame my body.
"At the Sequence 2 level, the former is no longer just ordinary steel, but closer to the symbolism of 'steel', able to withstand attacks that would normally destroy or melt real steel. The latter allows me to disperse into multiple flames, each of which I can control precisely, then coalesce back into my body. Even if most of the dispersed flames are extinguished by the enemy, it doesn't affect the integrity of my physical form, it just weakens my vitality and spirituality proportionally.
"The Angelic-level flame transformation can also turn me into a stream of flame, a huge flaming spear, and a terrifying flaming meteor to attack enemies or travel quickly. Combined with hurricane-like winds, I can reach speeds over 4,000-5,000 kilometers per hour. And once the magic potion is fully digested, I can enhance it further.
"The most powerful flames controlled by the Iron-blooded Knight and the War Bishop are azure, but the Iron-blooded Knight is not pure in this regard, having a tinge of dazzling white. At the angelic level, the flames become violet, the Weather Warlock's are a violet-tinged azure to an azure-tinged violet, the specific hue depending on the digestion of the potion. In the subsequent Sequence 1, the flames should be a pure violet.
"Hmm, if I borrow the power of 0-01, the violet will become paler and more transparent. If I draw on the force from the depths of the ancient well, the violet will be tinged with a deep red, not the scarlet of a Pyromaniac, but a blood-red hue.
"My control over the flames has also greatly improved. Compared to before, I can now cover a battlefield of tens of kilometers, directly raining down Meteor Shower, or summoning flocks of Fire Ravens.
"The explosive power of compressed fireballs now far surpasses that of a fleet's main guns... by quite a margin.
"The Iron-blooded Knight can establish a mystical connection with

their team, concentrating the entire group's strength on themselves, and sharing their teammates' vision, distributing the damage they receive. However, this concentration only applies to power and spirituality, not the Beyonder powers of the members.
"At the War Bishop stage, not only can they use the Beyonder powers of team members within a 3km range, but they can also share their own abilities and power with them.
"In this regard, a Weather Warlock's range is 10km, and there is no longer a restriction on sharing abilities. Simply put, while a War Bishop can only let one member use their ability at a time after sharing it, a Weather Warlock can allow every team member to use it simultaneously, lending them the corresponding spirituality. Of course, the team's overall spirituality doesn't increase.
"From the War Bishop stage onwards, the team's mental resonance becomes direct telepathy, and the War Bishop can selectively shield and modify certain information in the communication.
"A War Bishop can also create Fog of War, significantly reducing the visual range, hearing, and smell of all living beings within, and enveloping the corresponding spirit world as well, suppressing the interaction between spirit entities and the spirit world, dulling spiritual warnings and intuitions.
"At the Weather Warlock level, the Fog of War range initially expands to 20km, continuing to increase as the potion is digested. Additionally, the Fog of War will also have the ability to interfere with outside divination and prophecy.
"At even higher levels, it may affect the astral world.
"Within the Fog of War, I am unaffected by anything. This trait can be shared with team members after becoming a Weather Warlock.
"A War Bishop also has abilities like War Cry and War Song that can be used to boost the team's morale, temporarily enhance strength, influence the enemy's mentality, and suppress the target's performance.
"After offering sufficient sacrifices, each War Bishop can petition the essence of war or the symbolic 'war' for assistance once per battle, while a Weather Warlock can do so every seven days."
Hearing this, Franca clicked her tongue. "It's practically a war machine, a scythe reaping lives."
"That's why the true god of this path is titled things like God of War and 'War Overlord'," Lumian replied with a smile.
He then said, "A Weather Warlock has the partial authority to change regional weather and create extreme weather conditions, such as thunderstorms, hurricanes, heavy rain, hail, blizzards, and dense fog. I call this Weather Manipulation."

"In the Western Continent, it might be called 'to call the wind and summon the rain'—being completely influential! No, that doesn't cover it comprehensively enough," Franca said excitedly.
Lumian gave a sound of agreement.
"A Weather Warlock mainly controls the weather, while things like meteors, tsunamis, and earthquakes are not under our purview, though some can be indirectly induced, like using a hurricane to trigger a tsunami.
"My Weakness Investigation has also been enhanced. The targets I see will be in the overall sense, including substitutes, avatars, and manifestations. Then I can find the weak points in this whole. If combined with Cull and Mighty Blow, and the target doesn't have enough substitutes or avatars, I can wipe them all out at once. Even Demonesses can't withstand a few such Culls."
"Sounds like it's aimed at Demonesses..." Franca muttered.
"Is that how the neighboring paths are?" Jenna said thoughtfully.
With a nod, Lumian said, "My weapons will be extensions of my body. Ordinary objects can serve this role, they'll just be destroyed afterward.
"There are corresponding qualitative changes in strength, stamina, spirituality, intuition, tracking, and target pursuit. I can also fly by the wind and levitate in the air."
At this, Lumian smiled. "And the last thing is that I've reverted to a male."
Jenna's eyes moved slightly, and she muttered, "What about the fusion of Hunter and Demoness abilities?"
Sitting in the armchair, Lumian raised his right hand, a black flame of madness and destruction igniting in his palm.
Immediately, he stretched the black flame into a deep, oppressive flaming greatsword.
Seeing this black flaming greatsword, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony all had their hair stand on end, their bodies growing cold, as if the apocalypse had arrived prematurely.
The eating Ludwig instinctively scooted two spaces further into the other end of the sofa. "If I ever encounter a spatial seal again, I can directly cleave a fissure in the barrier with the Sword of Destruction, without needing to do any further attacks," Lumian flicked his wrist, causing the quietly burning black flaming greatsword to dissipate.
He continued, "I can also 'insert' extreme weather or lethal attacks into mirrors, guiding them through the mirror world to precisely target locations, attacking people and environments outside the mirrors.
"Oh, and as long as the title conditions are met, I can respond to

prayers worldwide.
"Hmm, I can also hide Petrification powers within fireballs. After they explode, the effect is released, affecting the surroundings, without needing to spread it inch by inch.
"My mystical pathogens are more heat-resistant now and can spread through rain, gales, and snowflakes, influencing a large area in the shortest time, breaking the limitations of my own abilities.
"My Mythical Creature form, aside from igniting those who witness or approach me and creating various weather phenomena, can also petrify them, induce extreme euphoria, immediately sicken them, curse them, or make them deeply infatuated with me..."
After describing his abilities, Lumian concluded, "If I don't suppress and restrain my psyche, the weather in the areas I'm in will gradually become more volatile and extreme, and the likelihood of war or massacre events occurring will continually increase."
Listening to Lumian's account, the word that flashed through the minds of Franca and the others was: "Calamity."
Disasters of all kinds, both natural and man-made.

Chapter 1087: Something Else Special

After a while, Jenna recalled Lumian's previous introduction. "At the angelic level, do you still have to fly to get around?"

"Each pathway is different. At least the Hunter pathway doesn't have those more mystical methods. By Sequence 1, maybe my speed will let me fly out of the current planet, or even faster."

Lumian thought for a bit. "Actually, I can already use the explosive force of flames to continually accelerate, reaching a terrifying speed, but my body would be unable to withstand it long before then."

"A human rocket, huh..." Franca joked.

Lumian continued, "I can also directly descend through the prayers of believers, and enter the spirit world without relying on other abilities, but I can't discern directions or complete the pinpointing, I can only go to the markers I've already set up in the real world."

"I see... So the higher-level Hunters rely on their team members to gain diverse capabilities." Franca was quite satisfied with acquiring this knowledge.

Lumian nodded slightly with a smile. "Yes."

As he spoke, his azure eyes vertically slit, tinged with gold.

Seeing this, Anthony sat up a little straighter unconsciously.

Lumian then explained, "Now, you are all my team members, within a 10km range.

"I can use your Beyonder powers without your consent, but you need my permission to use mine."

"Just like that, we're team members?" Franca blurted out in surprise, "No ritual needed?"

"With mental resonance, and no subconscious resistance within the range, you can be integrated into my team," Lumian's voice sounded in the minds of Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig, without his mouth moving.

"Then can't I also get a taste of being an Angel? Borrowing your Beyonder abilities and traits..." Franca's excited remark was suddenly cut off.

She realized something.

The fact that Sequence 2 Hunters must be male was also considered a trait.

Lumian saw through her thoughts and chuckled. "The self-modification during advancement cannot be shared, just like you can't use my Mythical Creature form."

"Alright..." Franca felt a bit disappointed.

She then inquired, "You mentioned before that when you transfer back to the Hunter pathway, being closer to the subject of the

secret deed ritual, you should be able to complete the secret deed without needing the corpse wax candle, performing a ritual, or being in a special environment. Is that the case now?"
"Yes," Lumian nodded. "This is combined with the ability to petition the essence of war or the 'war' symbolism, and has been further refined:
"Ordinary Weather Warlocks can do this once a week, I can do it once a day. The real limit is my body and mind, not the frequency.
"Also, ordinary Weather Warlocks only get corresponding, somewhat distorted assistance when they petition, but I can also gain secret deed experiences. How deep the secret deed can be depends on whether I'm petitioning 0-01 or the dark presence in the ancient well, and what I'm petitioning for, as well as the state of the secret deed subject.
"Mm, other Weather Warlocks need to prepare sacrifices and perform rituals to petition, I don't. Of course, having sacrifices would yield better results, and always skipping them might anger the secret deed subject."
"So powerful... Is this the true value of a War Proxy, a Son of Calamity?" Franca hissed in awe.
"All prices have already been exacted for what fate bestowed. I just haven't reached the point where I must pay yet," Lumian responded calmly.
At that moment, a voice suddenly sounded in everyone's minds: "I'm so hungry!"
Instantly, Lumian and the others turned their gaze towards Ludwig.
"I'll take him to the sea." Lumian stood up.
Franca pondered for a moment and asked, "While you're at it, bring some food for the Face of the Arcane."
Lowering her voice so Ludwig couldn't hear, she continued, "Can you block Ludwig out of the mental channel, only lifting it if there's an emergency? Otherwise, we'll never get a good night's sleep, hearing 'I'm so hungry, I'm really hungry' every little while."
"Okay," Lumian also felt this was a problem.
When Lumian returned with a well-fed Ludwig from the sea, Jenna was the only one left in the living room.
"Where are the others?" Lumian asked casually.
Sitting on the sofa, Jenna smiled and said, "Franca is continuing to work on the kind of robot she wants, and you know how Anthony has been busy lately, digesting the Manipulator potion and searching for clues about the hidden cults.
"I was also planning to contact the bishops, have some of them go to other provinces, other regions, even other countries, to preach

in remote villages where the Churches' presence is weak. Now that you can respond to prayers worldwide as an Angel, we need more believers, it's time to expand our evangelism, but..."
"But what?" Lumian asked.
Jenna stood up. "You haven't designed a qualifying title yet.
"Additionally..."
Jenna eyed Lumian's face with her shimmering blue eyes.
"I feel like you're not very happy after your advancement, your mood has been low."
Smiling, Lumian replied, "Actually, I'm very happy. Becoming an Angel means I'm substantially closer to reviving Aurore, and I have stronger power to protect those I want to protect. And the latent problems will most likely erupt before the apocalypse, without needing to worry about interference from most evil gods.
Pausing momentarily, he added, "It's mainly that just after the advancement, with my godhood enhanced, my condition is unstable, and I have to devote a large part of my energy to maintaining and suppressing it, so my everyday demeanor will naturally be more muted.
"After some time, when I've adapted and begun to digest it, I'll be a lot more normal."
Jenna pursed her lips and nodded slightly. "I see."
She was silent for two seconds, then suddenly walked up to Lumian.
She stopped in front of him, spreading her arms and her face blooming with a clear smile.
Then, she proactively hugged Lumian, her voice coming from the embrace.
"Long time no see, Lumian Lee."
Lumian slowly raised his hands and hugged Jenna back.
His expression gradually softened, and his body seemed to relax a bit as well.
After hugging for a while, Jenna and Lumian suddenly felt something was off.
They straightened up and turned their gaze to the side.
Ludwig was eating a lollipop, looking slightly puzzled at them.
"I'll go contact the bishops and have them prepare to preach in other regions." Jenna gestured towards a room on the first floor.
That was the exclusive papal office, which the two "deities" did not have.
"I also need to pray to Mr. Fool. He gave me a revelation just as I completed my advancement, telling me to go above the gray fog after stabilizing my condition." Lumian nodded in response. "There should be something I can understand at the angelic level."

Separating from Jenna and heading upstairs, Lumian heard clanging sounds coming from the end of the second-floor hallway.
He went over and found Franca's workshop door slightly ajar, making quite a commotion.
Pushing open the door, Lumian saw Franca with the left side of her face covered by a mask made of rivets, springs, gears, and various mechanical parts, trying to assemble a mechanical arm.
She had already invented her fully automatic healing machine, and in the process, she had also created her own unique mystical pathogen.
Now, the machine she had infused with soul fragments and brought to life using the Face of the Arcane had been moved to the mirror world, staying with her mirrored self, fully automatically responding—this required no further operation from the her mirrored self, just categorizing the requests, as it was a truly autonomous machine with living properties and basic intelligence.
Franca stood up, removing the Face of the Arcane, and came to the door, jokingly handing it to Lumian, "It's Master Arcane's mealtime."
Lumian took out a mirror and put the Face of the Arcane into it.
Behind the mirror, there was seawater and a large number of marine creatures.
Franca looked down the hallway and asked, "Where's Jenna?"
"She went to assign the bishops to preach in other regions," Lumian briefly answered.
"Oh, it's time to preach in other regions," Franca replied and then fell silent.
Looking at her, Lumian suddenly smiled and said, "You said before that you occasionally still want to see Lumian Lee, to hug Lumian Lee, right?
"Now you can hug him."
"..." Franca was suddenly dumbfounded.
Me saying it is fine; but you saying it?
Shameless!
She snorted a couple of times, but still stepped forward and hugged Lumian, muttering,
"I'm starting to miss Lumina and Aurore..."
Pausing for a moment, she then said in a muffled voice,
"Welcome back, Lumian Lee."
Lumian returned Franca's hug, embracing her in silence.
After a while, Lumian released his arms. "I need to go above the gray fog."
He took the well-fed Face of the Arcane out from behind the mirror.

"Mm-hmm, I'll keep going, I'm sure I can make it!" Franca excitedly took back the Face of the Arcane.

...

Above the gray fog, within the majestic palace.

Lumian's figure appeared by the bronze long table, seeing only Mr. Fool and Madam Magician present.

As expected, the upcoming topic is something only Angels can engage with... Lumian stood up and greeted Mr. Fool.

Ma'am Hermit and Madam Judgment were still unable to become Angels due to the level of their potion digestion and the required rituals.

Sitting at the head of the bronze long table, Mr. Fool looked at Lumian and asked in a gentle voice, "How are you feeling now?"

Lumian didn't hold back any information.

"I'm full of the urge to kill and destroy, and also have a strong desire for copulation, especially towards the Demonesses, wanting to merge with them body and mind, until I devour and swallow them, truly becoming one. Additionally, I also want to conquer everything around me."

Mr. Fool nodded slightly and said, "This is the manifestation of godhood."

Madam Magician sitting diagonally opposite Lumian quickly asked, "Mr. Fool, can you explain the difference between godhood and humanity in more detail? I'm not too clear on it myself."

She didn't have this dilemma before, and Mr. Fool hadn't specifically discussed it. By the time she became an Angel, Mr. Fool had already entered his slumber, unable to answer her questions.

Enveloped by the gray fog, Mr. Fool glanced at The Chariot Lumian and The Magician Fors and said, "Okay."

Chapter 1088: Godhood and Humanity

Mr. Fool tapped the edge of the bronze table a few times with his finger.

"To understand the difference between godhood and humanity, we must first understand what godhood is and what humanity is.

"What is godhood?"

Hearing Mr. Fool's question, Madam Magician contemplatively answered, "The godhood of 'all things possess godhood'?"

"A crazed, chaotic spirit filled with destructive desires?" Lumian also tried to answer, based on his own situation.

Mr. Fool let out a chuckle. "This can be divided into true godhood, apparent godhood, and the vague conception of godhood that many people have.

"True godhood naturally comes from true deities. In a narrow sense, only the Oldest One-the original Creator, the different personas split from Him. His direct offspring, and the first beings nurtured by the Great Mother can be called gods.

"The indestructible spirit left in their sefirot and corresponding Beyonder characteristics is the godhood that every later arrival must contend with- the essential godhood."

Sefirot... Split-off different personas... Lumian had too many questions he wanted to ask, but ultimately chose the most important one at that moment.

"The godhood that we who have consumed potions and advanced on the path of the divine must contend with is the indestructible, indelible spirit left in the Beyonder characteristics by the original Creator?"

For most 'paths of the divine', that is the case, at least for you, for her, and for me too." Mr. Fool glanced at Madam Magician, his words tinged with a touch of amusement, "But not entirely."

Without giving The Chariot Lumian and The Magician Fors a chance to ask further questions, the Mr. Fool enveloped in gray fog said with a touch of sentiment, "The original Creator is the collective of all. He is crazy, but also rational; He is confused, but also lucid. He created everything, and He destroyed everything. He loves all things, and He also hates all things. He has the most intense of all desires, yet He is indifferent and unaffected by anything. All His actions are random, even He Himself cannot predict them.

"He created the entire world, created all things, and finally split into six sefirot, sixteen Uniquenesses, and countless Beyonder characteristics. From this perspective, all things possess godhood.

"The extreme loss of control for most Beyonders is when godhood

gains absolute dominance, transforming them into the state I just described, completely losing their sense of self.
"But this is not the full extent of the godhood we must contend with."
Recalling his conversation with Mr. Fool in the dream city, Lumian had a rough understanding of what else they had to contend with.
"The different personas split off from the original Creator, who are also true deities, have left their psyche in the corresponding Beyonder characteristics. Uniquenesses, um, sefirot, and that is also the godhood we need to contend with, such as, that of the Celestial Worthy?"
Mr. Fool nodded slightly and said, "Yes, after the original Creator awakened, He naturally disintegrated, and before that, His mind and consciousness had already completely split, with different spirits controlling different sefirot, Uniquenesses, and Beyonder characteristics.
"Among Them, the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways belong to the Celestial Worthy, the Spectator, Sailor, Reader, Secrets Suppliant, and Bard pathways belong to the primordial God Almighty-They are all personas of the original Creator. As for the great existences corresponding to the other personas, I do not know Their names.
"I can only tell you that the Celestial Worthy is the embodiment of Sefirah Castle, the primordial God Almighty is the symbol of the Chaos Sea, and the other sefirot include the City of Calamity of the Hunter and Demoness pathways, the River of Eternal Darkness of the Sleepless, Warrior, and Corpse Collector pathways, the Knowledge Moor of the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways, and the Key of Light of the Fate pathway-all of these originate from the original Creator.
"In other words, the godhood that Beyonders on the Seer pathway must contend with is a combination of the primordial Creator's residual psyche and the Celestial Worthy's residual psyche and spirit.
"Similarly, the godhood that Beyonders belonging to different sefirot must contend with varies, with different focuses, reflecting the characteristics of their own pathways and corresponding sefirah."
The City of Calamity... why is it an ancient well and a malevolent dragon? And Mr. Fool only mentioned six sefirot and sixteen pathways... Hearing this, Lumian suppressed his doubts and asked to confirm, "The godhood I need to contend with has crazed, chaotic overtones, leaning towards destruction, conquest, and yin-yang coupling? The Beyonders under the Great Mother may need

to contend with the crazed aspects of fertility?"
"I see..." Madam Magician also largely grasped her own situation.
Mr. Fool nodded and answered Lumian's question,
"Yes.
"This is the general outline, but there are still some details to be addressed.
"For example, the Beyonders of the River of Eternal Darkness pathways actually need to contend with a mixture of the Celestial Worthy's mental imprint, because in the ancient era, in the First Epoch, the Celestial Worthy had accommodated both the River of Eternal Darkness and the Nation of Disorder."
"Can one accommodate multiple sefirot?" The newly advanced Lumian, weaker in emotional self-control, blurted out in surprise.
"For the Celestial Worthy, obviously not." Mr. Fool seemed to have thought of something amusing. "I'll explain that knowledge later."
"Yes, Mr. Fool." Lumian restrained himself.
"I can't see who else has accommodated the other sefirot, but I can speculate that the City of Calamity was once accommodated by the primordial God Almighty." Mr. Fool continued, "The godhood you need to contend with will also include a portion of His psyche."
The City of Calamity was once accommodated by the primordial God Almighty? Lumian suddenly recalled the images of Grisha and Peng Deng in the dream city, the arrangement he saw through the magic mirror Arrodes, the fact that the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness were created through the guidance of the Angel of Imagination Adam, and that he himself was also arranged by Adam, whose current godhood was obviously dominated by the primordial God Almighty's residual consciousness and psyche!
Thinking about this, Lumian suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.
This feeling was quickly suppressed by the courage of a Weather Warlock.
Mr. Fool's voice returned to a gentle tone, "What I just talked about was true godhood.
"When we have to use the vast majority of our energy, emotions, and feelings to contend with and suppress true godhood, the external manifestation will be different:
"Some are indifferent, some are gentle, some steadfastly execute a single intent and eliminate any obstacles. Of course, there are other manifestations as well.
"This is what I call apparent godhood."
Apparent godhood... Lumian suddenly felt a sense of emptiness in his heart, like a fist that had been cocked and was waiting to be

thrown out, very likely to land on empty space.
"Then what is the vague conception of godhood in the general public?" Madam Magician asked curiously.
She seemed quite accustomed to this kind of conversation and exchange with Mr. Fool.
Mr. Fool sighed and said, "Let me first explain what humanity is."
This has something to do with the vague conception of godhood? The Chariot Lumian guessed silently.
Mr. Fool continued, "In my understanding, humanity has two layers.
"The first layer is the most basic-the self-awareness of a living being's core and various instincts: selfishness, greed, survival, indifference, only caring about oneself, only doing things beneficial to oneself, not influenced or constrained by group morals, group interactions, or group perceptions.
"This layer, in fact, the great existences like the Celestial Worthy also possess, but since we've defined Them as true deities, we don't need to include Them here.
"Innate Mythical Creatures like Amon, the Hidden Sage, and Red Angel Medici also possess humanity, which is the first layer of humanity. If They didn't even have self-awareness, how could They contend with true godhood? They would have long ago become confused, crazed, and extreme, Their bodies hotbeds for the revival of great existences like the Celestial Worthy, allowing them to be completely occupied.
"The vague conception of godhood that many people have is just this first layer of humanity: indifferent, selfish, utilitarian, with the main goal of one's own continuation and empowerment. When true deities have resided at Sequence 0 for long enough, weathered by the passage of time, seeing the anchors of Their past strong emotions and important experiences gradually disappear, Their humanity will also gradually degrade to this layer.
"In a sense, this is also the 'godhood' we need to contend with.
"And high-level beings with only this layer of humanity will likely become passive in contending with true godhood, until they are defeated-this is an inevitable outcome in the long run.
"In this regard, innate Mythical Creatures like Amon and Red Angel Medici, due to Their mode of birth, growth experience, strong relational interactions, and the team requirements and conquest desires brought by Their own Beyonder characteristics, may have some aspects that go beyond the first layer of humanity, such as the Red Angel's pride and unyielding side.
"In contrast, the Hidden Sage suddenly came to life, and His interactions with other beings were just about imparting

knowledge and accepting supplications, so He has mostly remained at the first layer of humanity. He didn't feel that begging for mercy is shameful, He didn't even have the concept of dignity and pride, which is something that human or human-like groups and societies have-He only had the instinct of survival and continuation.

"Because we often battle and contend with innate Mythical Creatures and high-level beings who have degraded to the first layer of humanity, we will vaguely perceive this as godhood."

The Chariot Lumian and The Magician Fors both understood and agreed with what Mr. Fool had just said.

Mr. Fool let out another laugh, his tone seeming a bit lighter. "The second layer of humanity is the widely recognized humanity-the love, benevolence, courage, sacrifice, compassion, justice, and concern for others that we learned in our brief lifetimes.

"Of course, there are also negative aspects of humanity at this layer."

"I understand, Mr. Fool," Madam Magician and The Chariot Lumian responded in unison.

Mr. Fool leaned back in his chair and then turned to The Chariot Lumian. "Are you still wanting to ask what sefirot are, and why I only mentioned sixteen paths of the divine just now?"

"Yes, Mr. Fool, please enlighten me." Lumian intuitively felt that what was about to be discussed was the purpose for which Mr. Fool had summoned him above the gray fog.

Chapter 1089: Above the Sequences

Mr. Fool directed his gaze toward Madam Magician Fors.
She habitually cleared her throat and said to The Chariot Lumian, 'You must have already guessed that there's another level above Sequence 0, right?'
'Those great existences?' Lumian asked without any surprise.
'Yes, the great existences above the Sequences.' Madam Magician nodded. 'They have accommodated a sefirah and all corresponding Uniquenesses, plus one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from each corresponding pathway. They are also known as Great Old Dominators and Outer Deities, with indestructible psyches.'
Great Old Dominators... Outer Deities... Lumian mulled over these terms.
Madam Magician said with a smile, 'This is how I understand it: all current great existences above the Sequences are true deities as defined by Mr. Fool. They are either personas split from the original Creator, His direct offspring, or the first beings born from the Great Mother. They had essentially appeared in this universe before the original Creator awakened and completely self-destructed, Their status originating from the old era.
'These are conditions that subsequent advancers can never achieve. Even if they truly become great existences, they would only be newly born Above the Sequences...'
As she spoke, Madam Magician felt like she was discussing Mr. Fool right in front of him, and her voice gradually became quieter.
She paused before continuing, 'Therefore, those great existences like to call themselves Great Old Dominators, and some true gods refer to Them as the Great Old Ones.
'And the currently living Great Old Dominators are all outside the barrier. Some want to invade our world, thus they are also called Outer Deities.'
'I see... Uniquenesses correspond to Sequence 0 true gods, sefirot correspond to those above the Sequences...' Lumian summarized in his own way.
Madam Magician quickly glanced at Mr. Fool, and seeing no particular reaction from this great existence, she continued, 'Sefirot are collections of symbols, sources of authority, and origins of power.
'Back then, when the original Creator awakened, causing the destruction of the old era, He split into six sefirot, sixteen Uniquenesses, and all the Beyonder characteristics of sixteen paths of the divine.'
The destruction of the old era? Did Mr. Fool, Aurore, Franca, and

other transmigrators come from the old era that was destroyed when the original Creator awakened? Lumian nodded imperceptibly.
Madam Magician Fors carefully said, 'But currently, there are not just six sefirot in our world, but nine.'
Nine? Lumian asked in surprise, 'Did they originally exist?'
Besides Sefirah Castle, Chaos Sea, City of Calamity, River of Eternal Darkness, Knowledge Moor, and Key of Light, there were three more sefirot?
Madam Magician shook her head. 'No, they are extraterrestrial in nature.
'The awakening and self-destruction of the original Creator was a catastrophe for the entire universe. During this process, His three direct offspring—the Mother Goddess of Depravity, um, that is, the Great Mother, along with the Mother Tree of Desire and Child of Chaos—were most affected. Their sefirot were each torn in half, with one half being drawn to the site of the original Creator's self-destruction along with Their corresponding Uniquenesses and Beyonder characteristics—that is, to our world, or rather, our planet.
'Since then, there have been nine sefirot, twenty-two Uniquenesses, and twenty-two divine pathways within the barrier.
'*Why specifically nine and twenty-two?* Perhaps it can be explained by the Moses Ascetic Order's theory that all things are numbers and numbers have spirituality—nine and twenty-two have special mystical significance.'
When Madam Magician mentioned terms like Mother Goddess of Depravity, Lumian suddenly felt as if numerous gazes were directed at him, though they couldn't penetrate the grayish-white fog.
At this point, Mr. Fool lightly tapped the edge of the bronze long table and added, 'Normally, like Uniquenesses, sefirot cannot be divided, copied, or destroyed. Only one situation can cause them to be torn apart—encountering the original Creator.
'He is the 'Exception', the 'Inconceivable', the 'Incomprehensible', the 'Indescribable'. All things that shouldn't happen might happen when encountering Him—unknowable, undiscussable, unnameable.
'And it was this single instance of sefirot being torn apart that led the Great Old Dominators to discover that torn sefirot could self-complete.
'The sefirot of the Mother Goddess of Depravity that was torn into our planet self-completed into the Brood Hive. The Mother Tree of Desire lost titles such as 'Father of Devils' and 'Source of Curses',

and they perfected themselves into the Tenebrous World.
'Among them, the Child of Chaos had a somewhat different experience. Whether His main consciousness was on the torn sefirot and followed it inside the barrier, or He later used His special symbolism to project His main consciousness inside to try to reclaim the torn sefirot, ultimately, His main consciousness was either defeated or deceived by the Celestial Worthy and sealed within a magic lamp formed from a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic—this is the origin of the Grade 0 sealed artifact 0-05.
'The main consciousness of the Child of Chaos became Genie, the sefirot torn inside the barrier self-completed into the Nation of Disorder, while what remained outside the barrier was called the Uncertain Mist—that is, the one worshiped by the Brokers, and the Uncertain Mist has some consciousness.'
After hearing Mr. Fool's account of the Child of Chaos's experience, Lumian suddenly found the School of Truth's Brokers' search for Sealed Artifact 0-05 somewhat amusing.
It was like saying 'our god's brain is lost, please help us find it.'
Beyond the humor, Lumian was more concerned about another matter.
'The Brood Hive... it's in the Western Continent?
'What you didn't explicitly say before, Mr. Fool, is that it was possibly the Brood Hive that brought the Hidden Sage to life?'
'Yes, these matters are dangerous and corruptive for those without an Angel's status—difficult to bear.' Mr. Fool nodded slightly and said, 'In the middle to late period of the First Epoch, before the Celestial Worthy's fall, He sealed seven sefirot—the Brood Hive, Nation of Disorder, Tenebrous World, City of Calamity, River of Eternal Darkness, Knowledge Moor, and Key of Light—in the Western Continent, to be guarded by Penglai.
'As a result, faced with the approaching apocalypse, all true gods who wanted to exceed the Sequence limitations to deal with the Outer Deities' invasion had only one choice—to support the emergence of a Lord of Mysteries to lift the seal, and the Celestial Worthy could then be revived within the body of the new Lord of Mysteries.'
So Mr. Fool and I had similar experiences... he was nurtured by the gods who were 'forced' by the Celestial Worthy to ensure His revival, while I was forcibly created by the Blood Emperor' revival efforts and to achieve some goal for the Aurora Order's deity...
Lumian felt somewhat emotional and reflective.
Mr. Fool continued, 'The Celestial Worthy's fall came from that primordial God Almighty who had also accommodated multiple sefirot. They nearly perished together.

'Some of the Celestial Worthy's arrangements were for His own revival, while others were meant to interfere with the primordial God Almighty's revival, and vice versa.
'In short, there are many reasons why I was able to suppress the Celestial Worthy this time: first, the help of the primordial God Almighty; second, the Mother Goddess of Depravity had other plans and didn't exert Her power; and third, the Celestial Worthy's arrangement of sealing most sefirot in the Western Continent developed in ways He hadn't prophesied.
'The Beyonders of the Western Continent, through generations of sacrifice, managed to carve out a new path and grow stronger without a potion system and with few Beyonder characteristics. For example, the Celestial Master and the Underworld Daoist—They all have status and power approaching that of deities, and could be even stronger if they fought without regard for themselves. Penglai thus remained hidden.
'How could such high-level beings stand by and watch the Celestial Worthy's revival and allow Penglai to play its role?'
I see, the Celestial Worthy's backup plan was held back by the Celestial Master and others? His arrangement to force everyone to cultivate a Lord of Mysteries actually hindered His revival? Fate is truly wonderful... Indeed, everyone only wants a Lord of Mysteries, whether the Lord of Mysteries is The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings doesn't matter... Lumian looked at the bronze long table in front of Mr. Fool, knowing this great existence hadn't finished speaking.
Mr. Fool looked at him and Madam Magician and said, 'After my initial awakening, although I still can't lift the Western Continent's seal, I can communicate somewhat with the Celestial Master through it.
'The Celestial Master told me that their sect's ancestral court had once been breached and occupied by the Luo Sect, and many historical Celestial Masters had romantic entanglements with Luo Sect holy maidens and had children with them.'
'Luo Sect...' Both The Chariot Lumian and Madam Magician Fors were somewhat confused.
Mr. Fool smiled. 'The Luo Sect has a saying: 'Unborn Ancient Mother, True Void Homeland'.'
'Unborn Ancient Mother, True Void Homeland'... True Void Homeland... Paramita? Lumian suddenly understood. 'This is a sect that worships the Brood Hive? 'Unborn Ancient Mother' is a title for the Brood Hive?'
Mr. Fool nodded. 'Combined with the events described by the Celestial Master, there's reason to believe the Knowledge Moor was

once corrupted and influenced by the Brood Hive at some point in the past.
'This might be why the Hidden Sage came to life.'
I see... The Chariot Lumian finally connected all the pieces.
He raised another question. 'Do the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Mother Tree of Desire, and Uncertain Mist want to invade our world to reclaim their torn sefirot?
'*What other Great Old Dominators are outside the barrier? What are Their goals?*'
Madam Magician said with a slight headache, 'Besides those three, others wanting to invade our world include the Monarch of Decay —originally worshiped by the Sick Church—the Primordial Hunger that Ludwig once served, the Inextinguishable Ravings worshipped by the First Philosophy, Supernova Dominator who was the original owner of that space ship from the sea prayer ritual, the Circle of Inevitability that you're most familiar with, the High-Dimensional Overseer of the Painter pathway, and the Goddess of Fate worshiped by General Philip.'
Wh— Isn't that a little too many? They even outnumber the true gods within the barrier, and They're a level higher, having transcended the Sequences Themselves... Lumian was somewhat shocked, fear briefly surfacing before being suppressed by courage.

Chapter 1090: Pillars

Madam Magician seemed to understand The Chariot Lumian's current feelings and chuckled, "When the original Creator split Himself, He also wanted to reunite and complete His revival. For this purpose, He left behind a barrier to protect the planet we live on.

"Without this barrier, those Great Old Dominators would have destroyed us along with the entire world long ago. By the way, try not to mention the cosmos to people without an Angel's status, or rather, don't let them understand the true situation of the cosmos-the Outer Deities come from there.

"Well, the original Creator's will is gradually fading with time, and power and psyche without will become chaotic and problematic. The barrier formed from this will end up increasingly unable to resist the great existences, until it reaches a critical point and completely shatters under the horrifying pressure.

"According to different prophecies and previous patterns, this critical point will arrive in 1368-this is the essence of the apocalypse.

"However, from the current situation, the apocalypse may not wait until the critical point appears. Problems within the barrier might cause the passageways to open prematurely."

The Chariot Lumian nodded slightly, finally understanding completely why there would be an apocalypse and what the main dangers would be when it arrived.

When the barrier shatters, even if Mr. Fool fully awakens and replaces The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings to become a great existence, their planet would only have one Above the Sequences being who could fight against the Great Old Ones, while there were a full ten Outer Deities in outer space!

"In the Vortex incident, the deity worshiped by the Aurora Order, with the help of Amon consuming Termiboros and the Genie's special nature and other arrangements, severely wounded the Uncertain Mist and killed all the Brokers. This is a good thing." Madam Magician suddenly smiled. "The Great Old Ones waiting to invade from different planets in the solar system have lost one of Their number, and the remaining ones can no longer be effectively united. The bad news is that after such careful planning and great effort, there are still nine Outer Deities left."

Lumian already had some understanding of the final outcome and general development of the Vortex incident, but it wasn't entirely clear.

Now, he finally understood what all those arrangements were for.

He remained silent for a few seconds before repeating one of his previous questions, "Besides the Mother Goddess of Depravity and Mother Tree of Desire, what are the other seven Great Old Ones trying to achieve?"
Mr. Fool had mentioned earlier that accommodating multiple sefirot was impossible for the Celestial Worthy, although He had indeed done so. From the subsequent narrative, it seemed that the Celestial Worthy's ultimate fall was somehow related to this.
Madam Magician glanced at the bronze long table in front of Mr. Fool, and seeing no objection from this great existence, she carefully said, "There are actually different levels for Above the Sequences.
"The Mother Tree of Desire, Monarch of Decay, and other Great Old Dominators are at the first level. Besides Them, there are some other Outer Deities in the depths of cosmos, but They are either weaker in strength or have no desire for the symbolic meanings of the sefirot within the barrier, so They aren't involved in this matter.
"The original Creator is at the third level, representing the ultimate, representing chaos, beginning and end, representing the unknowable and undiscussable. No existence can surpass this level, and this level can only have one being, and it's very unstable because both aggregation and division are His instincts.
"Between the first and third levels, there's another level-the second level.
"The great existences at the second level aren't much more powerful than the strongest first-level Great Old Ones like the Mother Tree of Desire, Child of Chaos, and Monarch of Decay, but They possess special symbolism. They are the foundation for the universe's maintenance and development, each supporting a realm, and are known as 'Pillars'."
"Pillars..." Lumian thought of the "Ten Pillars" of the Moses Ascetic Order.
Madam Magician Fors said with undisguised amusement, "This is a case of knowing the term 'Pillars' but not understanding its true symbolic meaning. They thought it sounded sophisticated and misused it. In the eyes of those who truly understand the weight of 'Pillars,' it's simply foolish."
"It was the Brood Hive that brought the Hidden Sage to life and secretly corrupted Him.
"If I'm not mistaken, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, who split off the Brood Hive, is one of the true Pillars, right?"
"Ah, yes..." Madam Magician Fors was stunned again.
"Fate is truly wonderful..."

The Chariot Lumian glanced at the head of the bronze long table, then withdrew his gaze and asked Madam Magician, "Are there only three Pillars?"
Madam Magician Fors nodded. "From a realistic perspective, there are countless planets in the universe, each planet equivalent to a world, and simultaneously, there exist numerous alternate dimensions, too many to count.
"But in mysticism, there are only three layers of worlds: the physical world, the spirit world, and the astral world.
"Many schools of mysticism might have different interpretations of this, but the final division of worlds still comes down to just three layers.
"Returning to conventional concepts, the primordial God Almighty is the dominator of the astral world, Mr. Fool is the lord of the spirit world, and the Mother Goddess of Depravity is the sovereign of the physical world. Well, although She had part of Her sefirot torn away. She still possesses the symbolism and status of a Pillar.
"You should know that besides the Mother Goddess of Depravity Herself, the Mother Tree of Desire, and the Child of Chaos being directly born from the original Creator, the remaining Great Old Ones were all born from the union of the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the original Creator. They are the first batch of beings She created. She is literally the mother of the Monarch of Decay, Supernova Dominator, and other Great Old Ones-the true Mother of All Things.
"Each controls a realm, but not completely. Their authorities overlap with each other-that's what Pillars are.
"Complete Pillars are at the second level of Above the Sequences, with a status higher than other Great Old Ones and slightly stronger in power, but not fundamentally different. A complete Pillar can defeat a Great Old One but cannot truly kill Them, and at most can simultaneously fight against two Great Old Ones, probably..."
Mr. Fool, shrouded in grayish-white fog, neither confirmed nor denied her statement.
Madam Magician withdrew her gaze and said to Lumian, "If a complete Pillar accommodates one more sefirot, They will lose control over Their aggregation instinct and will actively consume more sefirot until They aggregate into the original Creator, causing His revival.
"Once this process begins, it can only be interrupted by Their complete fall and division.
"As for the first-level Above the Sequences Great Old Dominators, They can still accommodate another sefirot that has similar, close,

or adjacent symbolism to Their own. This would make Them equal in power to the Pillars, though They still wouldn't possess the symbolism of Pillars.
It seems the apocalypse is inevitable and unavoidable because the contradictions cannot be reconciled!
Madam Magician reminded him, "Don't think that sending away the sefirot would prevent the apocalypse.
"Let's not even discuss whether the current owners of the sefirot are willing, but those Outer Deities would need all the Uniquenesses of the corresponding pathways and one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from each pathway while accommodating the corresponding sefirot. Should we have those true gods and Archangels commit suicide or find ways to lower Their status?"
Sequence 1 was often referred to as Archangels.
Hearing Madam Magician's words, Lumian suddenly had some thoughts.
Madam Magician continued, "Even if we overcome all difficulties and reach an agreement on similar matters, and this world doesn't destroy itself through internal strife, the apocalypse would still come.
"You should know that godhood's tone is fundamentally madness, chaos, filled with desires for destruction and creation. Those Outer Deities have waited for thousands or tens of thousands of years - They won't spare our planet.
"Once the barrier is damaged, even if Their attention is focused on the sefirot, Uniquenesses, and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, it would still be unbearable for other Beyonders, ordinary people, and our planet. They are the manifestation of such symbolism.
"For example, the Monarch of Decay would naturally cause the entire planet and all living beings to start decaying, eventually either rotting to death or becoming disgusting creatures loyal to Him, and without necessary resistance, the mere approach of the Supernova Dominator would tear the planet apart.
"At that time, those above Sequence 2 will be watched, and below Sequence 2, not many Beyonders have the ability to survive in space. Sequence 2 is probably the Sequence most likely to survive the apocalypse, but for most Sequence 2 Angels, it would be extremely difficult to cross space, resist various dangers, and find a suitable planet for subsequent survival."
Madam Magician was telling Lumian that once a house collapsed, most people inside will die-escape couldn't solve the problem.
The Chariot Lumian thoughtfully said, "Is it possible to find common desires among multiple Outer Deities, throw out the sefirah that would satisfy the most Outer Deities' needs outside the

barrier, incite internal strife among that portion of Outer Deities, let Them severely wound each other first, make the wounded ones retreat to deep space, and thus reduce the number of invading Outer Deities when the apocalypse comes?"
As he spoke, Lumian furrowed his brow.
"But the victorious Outer Deity would become more powerful-it's impossible to assess whether this would be equivalent to the Outer Deities who were driven away...
As he was muttering to himself. Mr. Fool, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly spoke, "Actually, there is a hidden fourth Pillar."

Chapter 1091: Chaos's Future

"A hidden fourth Pillar?" Madam Magician exclaimed in shock.
She clearly had never heard of this before.
The Chariot Lumian was equally surprised.
He couldn't help but glance at Madam Magician, muttering internally, Her humanity is well-preserved...
Mr. Fool, shrouded in grayish-white fog, explained in a calm tone. "This world was born from chaos. Besides the astral world's dominator, the spirit world's lord, and reality's sovereign, there is another important symbolism-one that represents the endpoint of destiny, the universe's destruction, and the finale of all things. Under such a symbolism, even the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings and the Mother Goddess of Depravity would completely perish. Their spirits no longer existing, everything returning to chaos. Of course, the hidden fourth Pillar would meet the same fate, not much later than us.
"Or rather, Its self-destruction brings about all termination."
"Mr. Fool, which sefirot does this correspond to?"
Madam Magician curiously asked, beating The Chariot Lumian to the question.
Mr. Fool's fingers lightly tapped the edge of the bronze long table. "Formed by the convergence of two sefirot -one is the City of Calamity, the other the River of Eternal Darkness."
Madam Magician immediately looked across at The Chariot Lumian.
The Chariot Lumian's heart stirred, raising his right hand and gazing at the pitch-black, lifeless "pinhole" in his palm.
Mr. Fool continued, "The best way to transcend the Sequences is first to become a Sequence 0 true god of one pathway, then accommodate the corresponding sefirah, followed by the Uniquenesses of other pathways under the sefirah and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, with no ritual to assist.
"This is the general approach, though some pathways have their own unique details, like the Demoness and Hunter pathways. But ultimately, one must first become a Sequence 0 true god of a pathway to accommodate the sefirah, not become a dual- pathway true god before attempting. The latter has hope of success, but not a great chance.
"When the Red Priest or the Primordial Demoness accommodates the City of Calamity and continues to occupy the neighboring pathway's Uniqueness and one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, becoming the Origins of Disaster or Calamity of Destruction, and then accommodates the River of Eternal Darkness along with its

pathway's Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, they can become the hidden fourth Pillar, becoming the endpoint of destiny and the universe's destroyer.
"Conversely, the Sequence 0 true gods of Darkness, Death, and Twilight Giant pathways can also become the hidden fourth Pillar, starting from accommodating the River of Eternal Darkness.
"Now, the Evernight Goddess has already obtained the Uniquenesses of the Twilight Giant and Death pathways and grasps all the required Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. She is deepening Her connection with that sefirah by using the tributary leaked from the seal through the Underworld Daoist and the River of Eternal Darkness."
Through the Underworld Daoist... Lumian suddenly understood the value the Church of Evernight's emphasis had with Amandina.
In the past half year, they hadn't had much contact with her, but they knew her general situation.
The Church of Evernight Goddess had directly established contact with this Underworld Daoist's student, personally managed by Mr. Star. The current Amandina had obtained the Sequence 5 Spirit Medium Beyonder ingredients, was digesting the Spirit Warlock potion, preparing for her advancement ritual, and waiting to receive a new round of boons at the end-of- year Dream Festival.
Her relationship with the Church of Evernight Goddess had become very close.
Just as Lumian was suddenly worried, Mr. Fool continued, "You should have realized that the hidden fourth Pillar is related to the universe's destruction and the termination of all things, and would not normally appear.
"As for whether we will need to wait until the universe reaches the end of life before the City of Calamity and River of Eternal Darkness can merge and give birth to the fourth Pillar, or if the fourth Pillar can be forcibly born through congregation but would bring about the universe and all things' destruction-unless He immediately falls into slumber or passively splits - everything will perish. I can't see clearly yet, but the deity worshiped by the Aurora Order currently leans more towards the latter scenario."
In other words, the hidden fourth Pillar will either be unable to be born for a very long time, or can only be used as a final option of mutual destruction or intimidating enemies? The Chariot Lumian gradually felt relieved.
Then, he pondered the purpose and implications of Mr. Fool's explanation about the hidden fourth Pillar.
For me, this knowledge is currently meaningless...
Or perhaps, I can first jump to Sequence 1 of Death or Twilight

Giant to better borrow the power of 0-01, narrowing the gap between myself and Red Angel Medici?
If I could defeat this King of Angels, obtain two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of the Hunter pathway from Him, then find a way to lower my status, expel the original Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, return to the Weather Warlock level, and then re- advance, becoming a King of Angels of the Hunter pathway, accommodating 0-01...
Lowering my status and re-advancing has significant risks and potential hidden dangers, but it's much better than competing with Red Angel Medici at Sequence 2. However, I won't challenge the Red Angel one-on-one. I'm a Major Arcana of the Tarot Club, a patron saint-no, a patron angel of the Church of The Fool. Hunters are about collective strength, so why would I fight alone?
After Franca and Jenna's advancement, if the ritual is difficult or Beyonder characteristics are unavailable, they could also consider switching to one of the Darkness, Death, or Twilight Giant pathways...
While The Chariot Lumian was contemplating, Mr. Fool looked at him and said, "After switching to a hidden neighboring pathway, if you don't expel the corresponding Beyonder characteristics, you'll be unable to accommodate the sefirah in the future and will be rejected by the belonging sefirah.
"Also, after becoming a Weather Warlock, your destiny has become chaotic and full of change. I am not omniscient, nor omnipotent. I can no longer see things as clearly and can only remind you to be extremely careful going forward."
When he advanced to Weather Warlock, Lumian had already confirmed that the remaining spiritual imprint of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had not been strengthened or revived within him.
From that point, he knew the Blood Emperor's resurrection arrangement would emerge and erupt in subsequent events, which were currently unforeseeable. Mr. Fool's warning deepened his vigilance in this aspect:
An arrangement that even this great existence cannot provide effective guidance must be extraordinarily complex!
Madam Magician Fors, who had chatted with Mr. Fool many times, knew from his last statement that today's small gathering, or the "common knowledge" lesson for the Tarot Club's new angel, should conclude.
She looked at The Chariot Lumian and said, "You should now understand the current situation and the source of the apocalypse. Analyzing things afterward will allow you to directly see their essence.

"As an Angel more senior than you by several years, let me share three final experiences.
"First, previous Sequences must be acted upon again because the potion you consumed contains Beyonder characteristics from all previous Sequences. Most importantly, you need to make up for the acting of Iron-blooded Knight and War Bishop, Hunter, Provoker, Pyromaniac, Conspirer and Reaper can all be naturally and effectively digested in your future battles or wars.
"Second, travel to different regions to improve local weather and leave behind legends. This is not only necessary for digesting the Weather Warlock potion but also a must-do to spread faith and obtain more anchors.
"Third, Mr. Fool has already explained the difference between godhood and humanity very clearly.
"Combining my own experience, I have one insight: distinguish between the normal desires brought by the second layer of humanity, and the abnormal desires created by first-layer humanity and godhood. Resist the latter, guide the former. Don't be too suppressed and restrained, nor can you be greedy and indulgent."
The Chariot Lumian listened carefully and thoughtfully said, "Thank you, Madam Magician."
Madam Magician Fors smiled self-deprecatingly. "If you have any new insights in this area later, you can tell me too.
"I need to prepare for my Sequence 1 advancement."
"Sequence 1 of the Door pathway?" The Chariot Lumian asked with slight surprise.
In his view, the Sequence 2 Planeswalker of the Door pathway was the Sequence most likely to survive the apocalypse, without question.
First, before reaching Sequence 1, they wouldn't be specifically targeted by the Outer Deities. Second, They possessed the ability for space travel and could carry a group of people. Afterward, They could completely find a planet in a "remote" area of the universe with relatively suitable conditions, and use Their recording abilities or the Beyonder characteristics of different pathways to make it habitable and redevelop civilization.
Madam Magician nodded. "Yes, the Key of Stars. The Beyonder characteristics and supplementary ingredients are not lacking. The Abraham family has long wanted to give them to me. The price is to protect their clan, prevent the Abraham name from going extinct, ensure at least one Sequence 1 Angel is born among them. Afterward, if the apocalypse comes, my first task would be to transfer them away.

"The good news is they now have several Saints. The bad news is they are far from digestion. The Sequence 3 Wanderer still needs to travel in space to digest quickly.
"The ritual itself isn't complicated. Find a continuously rotating, signal-emitting heavy planet, approach it, land on it, and then find a way to establish sufficient mystical connections with it.
"The first part of the ritual is very dangerous, the latter part extremely difficult. But with Mr. Fool's help, these aren't major problems-He can directly Graft me onto the corresponding planet to satisfy the conditions, though the premise is that I can withstand such pressure.
"The current trouble is that my Planeswalker potion hasn't been completely digested. These years I've been going everywhere, the number of times is enough, and the term 'walker' is satisfied, but none of it counts as planeswalking..."
At this point, Madam Magician suddenly closed her mouth.
She felt like she was complaining about work, and her direct superior-who could easily crush her-was sitting at the head of the long table.
Listening to Madam Magician's words, Lumian suddenly discovered a problem.
Mr. Fool doesn't actually have to deal with the subsequent planetary apocalypse, because no Outer Deity would compete for Sefirah Castle- accommodating this sefirah with a Pillar symbolism would only lead Them to self-destruction...

Chapter 1092: Just Wishing to Save Humanity

Madam Magician forcibly changed the topic. 'If the apocalypse truly arrives in 1368 as predicted, I won't need to rush my advancement. In a few years, Mr. Fool should be completely awake, then unlock the seal on the Western Continent, allowing more Above the Sequences to be born. At that time, even if we're still at a disadvantage when the apocalypse arrives, we'll at least have the power to protect ourselves.

'Without the Uncertain Mist mediating, those Outer Deities won't be able to cooperate well, and they must guard against becoming other Outer Deities' prey after being wounded.

'Unfortunately, there's not much time left. I can only quickly advance to Sequence 1. As a Sequence 1 Angel of the Door pathway, my chances of survival during the apocalypse will be much higher than other pathways. After all, those Outer Deities probably haven't set Their target on Sefirah Castle—do They want self-destruction to happen even faster?'

Her thoughts were similar to Lumian's, believing that Sefirah Castle and its three subordinate pathways were most likely not the Outer Deities' targets. Even if she became a Sequence 1 Key of Stars, she wouldn't be specifically targeted.

Lumian detected the insincerity in Madam Magician's words.

No matter what, if purely for self-preservation and protecting the closest few people, a Sequence 2 Planeswalker would definitely be better than a Sequence 1 Key of Stars, less likely to be noticed, able to sneak away during the chaos.

Choosing to quickly digest the potion and advance to Sequence 1 is to do more during the apocalypse? The Chariot Lumian could vaguely grasp that mentality and thought.

At this moment, the Fool shrouded in gray fog said to Madam Magician Fors, 'The Key of Stars will also become a target.

'Before I fully awaken, if the apocalypse arrives, no Outer Deity will want to see a Lord of Mysteries truly born. They will seal the sefirah, take away the corresponding Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, eliminating the possibility of the spirit world's lord returning.

'Although They can't further accommodate Sefirah Castle, occupying one or two Uniquenesses and the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics is not a problem. Their power will increase slightly, and Their abilities will become more diverse.

'Besides, just because They can't accommodate Sefirah Castle doesn't mean there's no suitable way for Them to use it.'

Madam Magician fell silent.

She didn't say she would reconsider, nor did she immediately state her position of becoming an Archangel before the apocalypse.
Lumian was thinking about something else.
Even if only one or two years remains before the apocalypse, with the Major Arcana card holders' efforts and Mr. Fool's current awakening speed, by then, even if he hasn't fully awakened, it shouldn't be far off. As long as he doesn't actively prevent the Outer Deities' invasion, those Outer Deities would probably not intentionally provoke him.
But, he is clearly preparing to confront the apocalypse...
The Chariot Lumian glanced at Mr. Fool at the head of the bronze long table and asked no further questions.
...
Trier, inside the luxurious villa.
Lumian, lying in the armchair, opened his eyes.
He reached out and touched his blood-red long hair, preparing to cut it short, but after thinking, he abandoned that plan.
Lumian stood up and paced the room, his mind filled with knowledge obtained above the gray fog.
He now understood that his goal of becoming a Sequence 0 true god and attempting to accommodate the City of Calamity was not only necessary for Aurore's resurrection but also a requirement to transcend Sequences and face the apocalypse.
Just one or two years to digest the Weather Warlock potion, become a Sequence 1 Archangel, then digest the corresponding Sequence 1 potion, find a way to defeat Red Angel Medici, perform the apotheosis ritual, and finally suppress the City of Calamity's consciousness to accommodate it, and possibly contest with the Primordial Demoness in between...
Isn't this timeline too pressing?
If luck is bad, I might not even complete the first step of digesting the Weather Warlock potion...
Lumian merely imagined the upcoming tasks and felt his scalp go numb, believing there was almost no hope of success.
Not to mention whether those steps could succeed, there simply wasn't enough time!
Digesting a demigod level potion itself required a very long time. Lumian's previous rapid digestion of the Despair and Unaging potions was due to two factors: first, the deity worshiped by the Aurora Order had actively exposed Himself, converting all previous arrangements into 'despair; second, leveraging Aurore's special status as a transmigrator from the past, with her soul fragments maintaining a certain activity, sealed inside him—an arrangement by the deity worshiped by the Aurora Order.

Now, Lumian couldn't see any opportunity for quickly digesting the Weather Warlock potion, and that deity seemed to have made no arrangements in this regard.
As an Angel of the Hunter pathway, Lumian already possessed steel-like willpower and fire-like courage. He quickly suppressed his instinctive retreat and fear, first considering the first step of digesting the Weather Warlock potion.
Based on my previous experience, there are two main approaches to quickly digest a potion: first, through special encounters that adjust one's mental and spiritual state to closely align with the potion's true meaning; second, by using a higher-level Beyonder as the object of acting, obtaining better digestion speed.
The first approach is no longer possible... Those higher than my level are Archangels, true gods, and great existences, and a Weather Warlock isn't meant to be acted out by people... Ask Them to be spectators, observing me change the weather and provide feedback?
Taking it a step further, change the weather in a true god's divine kingdom? At the next gathering, seek Mr. Fool's consent to add special effects to the Major Arcana's discussion, change the weather in Sefirah Castle?
I wonder if this would be effective... I'll seek Mr. Fool's guidance during the next prayer...
Lumian, with his initial thoughts taking shape, suddenly smiled self-deprecatingly.
There was a method that could help him digest the Weather Warlock potion in the shortest time possible.
Let Blood Emperor Alista Tudor resurrect within him, after which he would no longer need to digest other potions.
The only problem was that he would die, and Aurore would not be resurrected.
I wonder what arrangements Alista Tudor has made, if there's a way to use these arrangements to quickly digest the Weather Warlock potion? Lumian thought for a while but found no insights.
He then considered Madam Magician's suggestion.
Strengthen humanity, resist godhood, distinguish between normal and abnormal emotions, desires, and behaviors...
Anchors bring others' perceptions, and everyone's perception of me differs from my true self to some extent. This is also a form of corruption that can easily make my thoughts, spirit, and humanity chaotic, but it can be used to balance and resist godhood, giving my true self and humanity a chance to breathe...
If these are normal emotional responses that would arise from

one's own humanity, even if overlapping with godhood, they don't need to be too suppressed and can be expressed normally?
Is this a kind of fusion?
Mr. Fool said in the dream city to both resist and merge... At the Angel stage, fusion is superficial, not obvious, mainly about resistance and suppression?
Lumian examined himself, sorting through different emotions and desires.
After a while, he roughly knew what he could do, to what extent, what must be strictly controlled, and what signs required immediate restraint.
Of course, having just advanced and not yet adapted to the potion, his state was unstable. Many things he could do now might be difficult to control, potentially being driven by godhood into terrible developments. So, he needed to initially digest the potion.
Thinking this, Lumian immediately used the Hunter pathway's Mental Communication to speak to Franca, Jenna, Ludwig, and Anthony, who had not yet left the 10-kilometer range.
'After becoming a Weather Warlock, Alista Tudor's arrangements might start to manifest. You must be more vigilant and attentive, especially regarding matters involving the Demoness Sect.'
Mental Communication would not transmit all inner thoughts or fleeting ideas to companions; there must be an intention to 'speak out' for the information to resonate in everyone's minds. If Lumian were to share a Manipulator's Beyonder powers and attach it to Mental Communication, he could achieve a weakened version of the Hall of Truth effect.
After speaking, Lumian took out a mirror to divine which region was experiencing extreme weather.
After obtaining the answer, he was about to teleport there.
Before activating the black mark on his right shoulder, he suddenly had a new idea.
Some ways to maintain and strengthen humanity can be done right now!
A wind rose, blowing open the bedroom window.
Then, Lumian sensed the spirit world coordinates of the target area while picking up the coat rack in the room and suddenly hurling it toward the sky.
The coat rack quickly ignited with a purplish-blue flame, speedily racing toward the horizon.
Lumian leaped lightly, jumping out the window and landing precisely on the burning coat rack.
Then, with his feet slightly apart and hands clasped behind his back, his coat fluttering, he rode the flame-engulfed coat rack,

which was now faster than the speed of sound and still accelerating, toward the target area.
In the second-floor studio, Franca, momentarily distracted from her creation by Lumian's warning, heard a booming sound from high in the sky.
Wearing the Face of the Arcane, she stepped to the window and looked at the azure sky, just in time to see Lumian standing on a flaming 'great sword', hands behind his back, rapidly disappearing from her field of view, leaving behind a new sonic boom.
Franca's expression revealed envy.
At the same time, she quietly sighed in relief.
In the first-floor papal office, Jenna had been worried about the negative effects of Franca's fully automatic healing machine—which would make every healed person, upon recovery, filled with a desire to reproduce and want to have a child.
Her solution was to have padres and bishops treat common illnesses, pray to the great God of Disease for serious conditions, and subsequently, for those with families and partners, have the Sick Church handle the economic losses from childbirth. For those without partners, consider matchmaking, and if that failed, have Anthony handle it—making them feel that it was completely fine having had a child!
Hearing the sonic boom, she also came to the window, looking outside and seeing Lumian traveling in his peculiar and arrogant manner.
Jenna's face gradually broke into a smile.
She felt Lumian's state had improved somewhat.

Chapter 1093: Key Points of Acting

High in the cloud layers, the wooden coat rack beneath Lumian's feet, burning with a violet-blue flame, did not quickly turn to ash. It was like a truly heat-resistant, miraculous metal, maintaining its basic, hard state.

This was an ability Hunters possessed since the Iron-blooded Knight stage: "weaponizing" ordinary objects, temporarily transforming them into lethal tools.

At the angelic level, Lumian could now make wood, paper, and similar materials temporarily reach the strength of the Sword of Courage, ensuring they would not instantly dissolve under the added flames and internal explosions, maintaining their most fundamental stability.

This allowed a Hunter's fireball to have a carrier and divert some power to constantly accelerate, ultimately bombing the target area from a distance at several times the speed of sound.

At the Iron-blooded Knight stage, this remote range was 5 to 10 kilometers. For a Weather Warlock, it became hundreds, or even thousands of kilometers.

However, this was not very useful in actual combat. Even if the weapon carrying the fireball flew quickly, adding an extremely long distance would still require a certain time to reach the target area. Not to mention Angels and Saints, even Mid-Sequence Beyonders with strong spiritual intuition could detect it in advance and escape the potentially covered area in time.

The current level of the Fog of War could not be attached and follow along.

Lumian could divert a small portion of his psyche to merge into the fireball or weapon, allowing them to change direction. But such an operation, when done from too far away, would always lack precision and thus could not strike enemies beyond a certain level.

The greatest use of such an attack was only to destroy fixed targets. For Lumian, it was completely incomparable to the mystical long-range attacks delivered through the mirror world.

But...

Lumian looked down at the coat rack beneath his feet, burning brilliantly like a giant sword, then glanced at the blown-open white clouds and the city below that looked like specks of dust, and listened to the sonic boom that could not catch up to him. He laughed Inwardly.

How cool!

Without considering conspiracies, a Hunter must be arrogant!

Otherwise, how would one provoke others?
Boom!
A violet-blue light, with a human figure standing atop it, rapidly traversed the sky, leaving behind a blast that made houses and glass violently tremble.
...
Beside a mountain-side village where rain was pouring down.
The river had already overflowed with yellowish water, surging toward the not-so-large city in the distance.
The city's residents were anxious, worried that mountain floods would erupt and affect their living spaces. Many villagers had already climbed to the second floor or onto their roofs because the rising water had gone beyond their knees and was trying to break down their doors.
Looking at the increasingly yellow floodwaters, experienced villagers grew more worried and had nowhere to escape.
Suddenly, they heard a loud "bang" and instinctively looked up, casting their gaze toward the sky.
They then saw a light, bluish-violet like a fire meteor, hovering and stopping among the layered dark clouds, with what seemed to be a person standing on top-a tall figure with blood-red long hair, though far away.
This person riding a flaming sword began moving amidst rising white water vapor and dense surrounding rain, with powerful, high-strung and frenzied movements, with a twisted, mysterious posture.
A divine being dancing in the sky!
Villagers nearby and city dwellers in the distance all suddenly had the same thought.
This is a ritual.
A ritual of praying to some existence!
The ritual dance became increasingly intense, and everyone who saw this scene seemed to hear thumping drum beats.
As the divine being's dance progressed, the rain gradually diminished, and dark clouds in the high sky dispersed one by one.
In the end, the rainstorm completely stopped, and rays of brilliant sunlight shone upon villagers hiding on the second floor and rooftops, and upon the worried citizens looking toward the mountain's edge.
The divine being stopped the ritual dance, and the flaming sword beneath their feet disappeared.
With a magnificent, layered voice, they proclaimed to the humans below, "My name:
"Family to the King of Yellow and Black, Priest of Weather and

Plague, the Dual-Bodied one who spreads war and chaos!"
Among those born and raised in religious societies, a large portion instinctively bowed their heads and shouted in unison, "Praise be to you, Priest of Weather and Plague!
"Praise be to you for sending away the calamity!"
By the time these people raised their heads, the divine being had vanished.
...
Trier, inside the luxurious villa.
Lumian's figure quickly traced itself in his room.
He distinctly felt that his Weather Warlock potion had been digested a bit.
The effect of this act was much stronger than changing the extreme weather of three regions immediately after his advancement!
Previously, I was doing good deeds quietly, unknown, lacking clear directional feedback?
Hmm, a Weather Warlock must let people know they are a 'warlock', must be seen, or understood, otherwise it's not a successful act... The people in those three regions would probably think it was the local faith's god's protection, praising those gods, not me. Only a small portion might connect the weather changes with the previous appearance of a witch...
It can't be too simple to change the weather. Even if it doesn't substantially take effect, the ritual must be there. The audience must feel I used great effort to change the weather, otherwise I'd be performing as a God of Weather instead of a Weather Warlock...
Positioning the Weather Warlock as a priest of weather should be fine...
Also, Hunter represents the initial masculine side, robust, highly aggressive, often associated with being flamboyant.
Looking at it this way, a Hunter's arrogance and conspicuousness are sometimes a conspiracy, sometimes an acting requirement...
Combining the feedback from two different performances, Lumian vaguely grasped a key point.
A Weather Warlock's performance cannot be low-key!
Hiding behind the scenes doing good deeds is not a Hunter's style!
Moreover, although the Sequence name "Weather Warlock' had no clear good or bad orientation, based on the fact that the Hunter pathway represented war and was one of the two components of calamity, and drawing from previous Sequence acting experiences.
Lumian suspected that the hidden acting principle might be "bringing disaster by changing the weather."
Bringing disaster to enemies by changing the weather will be a key

focus of future acts. Lumian nodded thoughtfully, feeling slightly disappointed.
He murmured to himself. No accidents, no anomalies...
His extremely flamboyant travel this time was partly to satisfy his normal inner desires, maintain and expand his humanity, and partly to provoke hidden arrangements by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor or that Red Angel Medici.
Unfortunately, under Mr. Fool's gaze and with the situation not being chaotic, nothing happened.
Every successful Hunter was a qualified schemer and wouldn't be so easily trapped.
Feeling disappointed but in much better condition, Lumian left the bedroom, intending to pour himself a glass of absinthe downstairs.
Franca heard the movement and walked out of her workshop.
She had let the Face of the Arcane fall back into slumber, returning to the Traveler's Bag.
Glancing at Lumian, Franca asked with unusual anticipation, "Oh-oh, can your previous sword-riding ability be shared?"
"Sword-riding?" Although Lumian had been in the dream city for half a month, his exposure to information couldn't be too comprehensive, so he wasn't familiar with this somewhat niche term.
However, he quickly associated it with his coat rack flying based on the literal meaning, and said with a smile, "Got it. It can be shared.
"It's formed by combining the ability to 'weaponize' any object and the ability to manipulate fireballs.
"Although I can only share one ability with you at a time, they don't need to be used simultaneously to complete the combination."
Franca's eyes became increasingly bright. "Can I try now?"
Lumian couldn't help but chuckle. "Of course, but remember, only within a 10-kilometer range.
"'Weaponized' items won't quickly return to normal and get damaged, but once you exceed the team's effective distance, you'll lose control of the attached flame."
Franca was a bit disappointed but found it acceptable.
"Fine, 10 kilometers it is."
She thought for a moment and added, "To go beyond 10 kilometers, you'd have to stay with me, not creating distance? Well, you can stand on the back half of my flying sword..."
The leader of a Hunter team must necessarily be a Hunter, with the 10-kilometer range calculated from their center.

If a team has more than one Hunter, only one led, the highest-Sequence one. If there was more than one highest-Sequence member, they determined superiority through combat.
"That's right," Lumian confirmed Franca's statement.
Franca's face immediately lit up.
"Let's start, first have a quick spin within the 10- kilometer range.
"Then we'll ride swords through the sky, hmm, let's bring Jenna along..."
Just as she was saying this, Franca suddenly sensed something and took out a makeup mirror from her clothing's hidden pocket.
She took it out while telling Lumian, "My only subordinate sent a message."
Although the Sick Church had multiple priests and bishops, and the market district had gang leaders at Franca's disposal, the one who actually led them, assigned tasks, and received reports was mainly Jenna.
Franca's true subordinate was only one person: her subordinate in the Demoness Sect, the Witch Niceea, who was a mole in the Emperor Party.
Of course, Niceea was now a Demoness of Pleasure.
"Stay alert," Lumian cautioned.
This involved the Demoness Sect and the special mirror world, so they had to be extra careful from now on.
"Mm-hmm." Franca nodded while seeing a light on the mirror's surface unfold into Intisian: "Louis Gustav has mysteriously disappeared."
"Louis Gustav has mysteriously disappeared." Franca's eyes narrowed.
The leader of the Emperor Party, the man secretly planning to overthrow the current government, with some connection to the mirror world's Roselle, Louis Gustave, had mysteriously disappeared?

Chapter 1094: Trap?

In the Maison d'Opéra district, on Rue du Chapeau Noir, inside an apartment with drawn curtains.

Niceea, with her curly brown hair pulled up, wearing an off-shoulder black dress and a thin gauze shawl, placed the makeup mirror given by her immediate superior on the cabinet in front of her and patiently waited for feedback.

After about twenty to thirty seconds, she saw a human figure quickly traced within the mirror, stepping out.

The person had slightly blackened, somewhat flaxen- colored long hair, tied into a spirited ponytail, eyebrows extending dynamically into the temples, and lake-blue eyes that were slightly deeper than before, with an added soul-attracting depth amid their bright and crystal-clear appearance.

"When did Louis Gustav disappear?" Franca's red and pretty lips moved.

Although she had become a Demoness of Pleasure, Niceea was still dazzled by her superior's beauty, temperament, and charm, her heart Involuntarily stirring.

She unconsciously compared Madame Franca with the Demoness of Black she had seen before, discovering that she didn't like to change her temperament much, always trying to find the most attractive side for her conversation partner, remaining straightforward and natural.

It was precisely this casual and natural state that made Madame Franca uniquely charming. Combined with her nonchalant expression and high-ranking status, Niceea occasionally felt she wanted to prostrate herself at her feet, body and soul.

After spending some time controlling the ripples in her heart, Niceea reported in detail, "Louis Gustav arranged to meet several core members of the Emperor Party, including Grouès, in a secret mine in Underground Trier yesterday to discuss discreetly developing members within the army. As a result, everyone arrived, but he did not appear.

"From yesterday until now, Grouès and others have tried various methods to contact him, but have received no response."

Niceea was now not only Grouèss mistress but had also gradually become a person close to the core of the Emperor Party due to her talent in instigation, provocation, and seduction.

It seems Louis Gustav had truly met with an accident. not just being delayed, but considered missing... Franca thought and asked, "Has anything unusual happened within the Emperor Party recently?"

Niceea shook her head. "In recent months, whether it's the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, the God of Steam and Machinery Church, Bureau 8, or the military, they have significantly increased the number of official Beyonders stationed in Trier, Madame, you might find it hard to believe, but the patrols in Underground Trier are now led by Sequence 5 Beyonders, team after team.
"In the first two months, the Emperor Party was still making small moves, resulting in many secret members being exposed, suffering significant losses. Recently, they have been well-behaved, only covertly developing and expanding.
"Previously, Louis Gustav and Grouès often met, knew each other's residences, and would occasionally discuss matters at fixed cafes. But after nearly being caught by official Beyonders from the Bureau 8, Louis Gustav moved from his original residence and carefully commanded core members remotely."
So that's how it is... No wonder it sounds different from before, when Grouès and others used to know Louis Gustav's daily routine... Franca slightly nodded and told Niceea, "This matter is significant. I will first report to the Demoness of Black.
"Stand by for new orders at any time."
"Yes, Madame Franca!" As soon as Niceea finished speaking, she saw her superior's figure gradually fade, transforming from solid to virtual, quickly disappearing as if never having been present.
Only the lingering faint fragrance in the air and a hint of what seemed like machine oil indicated someone had been there.
...
In the luxurious villa.
Franca ended her mirror projection maintenance and turned to Lumian.
"Ever since you advanced to Weather Warlock, I now see everything as a trap. Niceea's report could be a trap from the Demoness Sect, and Louis Gustav's disappearance might be a trap from the Mirror People.
"Never mind, I'll report to the Demoness of Black, saying the matter is significant and requesting her personal handling.
"If I don't get involved, I won't fall into the trap!"
In the Demoness Sect, Franca was still nominally a Demoness of Despair and a subordinate of the Demoness of Black, though of course, the truth couldn't be hidden from the Primordial Demoness.
"Is this what you call upward management?" Lumian chuckled, "If it's a trap, the Demoness of Black certainly won't let you shirk responsibility. If it's not a trap, she should still have you conduct a concurrent investigation."

"Sigh, I know," Franca sighed, "I was just venting my emotions. What if the Demoness of Black actually goes to investigate herself? People, after all, must live with hope and anticipation."
Lumian glanced at Franca. "I feel that you'll maintain your humanity quite well in the future."
"Why suddenly talk about humanity? Are you troubled by godhood?" Franca keenly countered.
After speaking, she took out a makeup mirror and verbally formed the information about Louis Gustav's disappearance and Niceea's detailed report, transmitting it through the mirror world to the mirror designated by the Demoness of Black–she would avoid meeting the Demoness of Black whenever possible to prevent stepping into a trap.
After Franca finished this matter, Lumian briefly explained Mr. Fool's interpretation of godhood and humanity, and his own state of being.
Franca was enlightened. "So that's why you suddenly proposed hugging–you were somewhat unable to control the aggregation instinct and destruction desire?"
"No, because I had already hugged Jenna, I felt it should be fair." Lumian said in a low laugh.
"..." Franca's mouth twitched slightly.
Lumian casually added another sentence, "What you said also had some influence."
Franca hummed in response and suddenly burst into laughter.
"What's so funny?" Lumian found it strange.
Franca cleared her throat and replied, "As a fellow hometown native, I've always supported your sister's creative work and read many of her novels. Some descriptions are really cringy. There's one line that goes something like: 'He hugged me tightly, very forcefully, as if afraid of losing me, wanting to crush me and tuck me into his body.'
"My goodness, this isn't a cringy description, it's clearly a horror description, so realistic!"
Seeing Franca wasn't too frightened and even joking, Lumian's inner pressure seemed to diminish. He naturally discussed his sister's works.
"Aurora deliberately intensified the cringe. She says Intisians love this style.
"By the way, did those works exist in the old era?"
Franca gently shook her head in response. "You could say the story concepts and ideas are similar, but without being a Savant, how could one exactly reproduce them? Moreover, your sister integrated current social trends and folk culture, making it an

entirely different work. It's not like just because someone previously wrote about transmigration, me writing about transmigration makes it plagiarism?"
"I see..." Lumian was very satisfied with this answer.
At this moment, the Demoness of Black responded to Franca through the mirror: "Find effective clues as soon as possible."
"Yes, Madame." Franca responded, making a face at Lumian.
After pondering for a few seconds, she sent a new order to Niceea: "Search for clues, try to find Louis Gustav's current residence.
"Preferably obtain some items closely related to Louis Gustav and bring them to me."
This way, Franca could perform Magic Mirror Divination and even seek guidance from Mr. Fool.
After she finished issuing the command, Lumian laughed and asked, "Still doing that sword-riding thing?"
Franca's spirits lifted. "Of course!"
She then seemed to have a moment of reflection, muttering to herself, "The apocalypse is near. We must cherish daily happiness and satisfaction.
"We can't abandon today's life because of some dangerous things we'll have to do later."
"Hmm..." Lumian slowly nodded.
...
One week later, at midnight.
Niceea silently slid off the bed, stood upright, and merged into the darkness.
She glanced at the muscular middle-aged man on the bed, naked and only partially covered by a blanket, for a few seconds before leaving the bedroom soundlessly and entering the room in the furthest corner of the second floor.
Then, she took out a special makeup mirror, used the spell given by her superior, and sent information to the designated mirror.
She knew reporting at this hour would disturb Madame Franca's rest, but the situation was urgent. If she waited until dawn, Grouès would take back those two items, so she had no choice.
Shortly after, Franca's figure was projected from the makeup mirror.
She wore a silk nightgown with a thin outer jacket for cover, her slightly black flaxen-colored long hair cascading down, her expression unabashedly lazy and drowsy, her lake-colored eyes slightly deeper and hazy.
Niceea was stunned, only awakening when Franca spoke. "What is it?"
Niceea came to her senses. "Madame, I've obtained two items

closely related to Louis Gustav.
"These were found in one of his previous secret hideouts."
As she spoke, Niceea raised her hands.
In one hand, she held a silver brooch made of two intertwined snakes; in the other, she held a dark gold coin.
Seeing the latter, Franca suddenly became alert.
She used invisible spider silk to pull the coin before her.
One side of the gold coin was quite simple, with raised patterns forming a chariot, bearing the number "2". The other side had a considerably complex pattern.
The main body was a crowned figure with a hanging cloak. To the left of the crown was a sketched, layered gate; to the right was a clock face with only one hand, its grid sizes unequal, with light and dark intertwining.
Parallel to the crown on the layer below were tiny flower pattern elements: a vertical pupil, five fingers of varying lengths, and a door split by a vertical long sword.
A Tudor coin... Franca's pupils slightly dilated as she recognized the item.
It was very similar to the Tudor coin they had obtained from the Sick Church, but with a face value of "2".
The patterns and details were essentially the same between the two coins, but their expressions differed significantly.

Chapter 1095: Convergence?

After confirming the dark gold coin was indeed a Tudor coin with a "2" denomination, Franca inwardly cursed the Blood Emperor's persecution of those with obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Why such a significant difference in patterns when it's just a different denomination?

They're essentially expressing almost the same symbolic meaning!

Niceea, unaware of her superior's peculiarity, continued to describe the origins of the two items, "This brooch is a Gustav family item, made according to their family crest. It's one of Louis Gustav's most valued possessions and a symbol of his identity.

"Normally, he carries this brooch with him, but this time he left it in his original hideout.

"This ancient gold coin and the brooch were kept together and seem equally important."

Under the pull of invisible spider silk, the brooch formed by intertwined snakes flew towards Franca.

Franca was not unfamiliar with the Gustav family crest.

After a quick glance, she confirmed its authenticity and chuckled inwardly.

A DNA double helix structure, right?

Clearly, the current Gustav family crest originated from a "masterpiece" during the late period of Emperor Roselle, not from earlier ancestors.

Niceea looked up at her beautiful, elegant, and natural superior, pleading, "Madame, after you complete the Magic Mirror Divination, can you return these two items to me?

"I stole them from Grouès. If I don't return them promptly, I'll definitely be suspected."

"No problem." Franca's mirror projection took the brooch and coin, retracting into the makeup mirror.

Niceea patiently waited in the current room.

...

"Louis Gustav's mysterious disappearance is related to the Tudor coin." After taking the Gustav family brooch and Tudor coin out of the mirror, Franca conveyed this information to Lumian, who was presumably still asleep, through the mental-linked team communication channel.

A few seconds later, Lumian opened his bedroom door and walked into Franca's room.

Everyone residing in this luxurious villa was a demigod, possessing strong spiritual intuition. They noticed the commotion and threw on outer garments, heading to Franca's room.

The only one who didn't react was Ludwig, who was preparing his second midnight snack in the annex kitchen.
After Franca briefly explained Niceea's feedback, she spoke with considerable gravity, "I plan to first pray to Mr. Fool, then perform Magic Mirror Divination to see if I can determine Louis Gustav's current whereabouts using these two items as a medium."
"I'll do it." Lumian reached out and took the brooch and coin, "I'll first seek Mr. Fool's consent, then use him as the subject for Magic Mirror Divination. This will help eliminate most interference and danger."
"That's best," Jenna agreed with Lumian's choice.
Lumian pressed his hand to his chest and began praying, communicating his request to Mr. Fool.
After receiving consent, he immediately took out a mirror and placed the Gustav family brooch and Tudor coin on the glass surface.
Then, he gently caressed the mirror's surface, reciting the spell in Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.
"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.
"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck"
Lumian recited the entire spell at a steady pace, posed the question about "Louis Gustav's current whereabouts", and patiently waited for Mr. Fool's guidance.
Within seconds, the mirror's surface rippled, revealing a figure.
The figure was tall, mimicking Emperor Roselle with chestnut-colored long hair, sporting two beautiful mustaches, azure eyes, and thin lips-the leader of the Emperor Party, Louis Gustav.
This man, claimed to have Gustav family bloodline, stood in what seemed to be an abandoned mine, walking towards a darkness-shrouded exit.
The image suddenly blurred, with Louis Gustav instantly enveloped by darkness, surrounded by shadowy figures hidden in the depths, casting observant gazes.
Louis Gustav walked forward without averting his eyes or stopping, completely indifferent to the gazes from the darkness.
The deeper he walked, the more profound the darkness became.
Later, a slight light appeared on the forward side, and the image became extremely blurry.
Louis Gustav did not approach the light, continuing to move straight ahead.
After an indeterminate time, a door composed of pure light appeared in the distance, resembling an oval mirror.
Louis Gustav approached the door of light and extended his right hand, pressing against it.

He penetrated the door of light, arriving in an area with dense fog-visibility under ten meters-with surrounding collapsed buildings either asymmetrical or stained with blood.
This is... Fourth Epoch Trier! Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony had all been to Fourth Epoch Trier and were familiar with such scenes.
The only difference they noticed was the excessively dense fog, which felt extremely oppressive.
"Is this the depths of Fourth Epoch Trier? Is the Blood Emperor's divine corpse affecting this place, bringing widespread Fog of War?" Lumian quickly speculated.
Franca recalled, "But when we were there, we could see the collapsed palace with the Blood Emperor's divine corpse, and the fog wasn't this dense..."
"Did something change in Fourth Epoch Trier after the Hostel incident? Or is this triggered by Louis Gustav's approach?" Jenna proposed possible explanations.
At that moment, Louis Gustav in the mirror stopped.
Before him, less than ten meters away, a human shadow was cast on the blood-splattered street stones.
The black shadow was stretched long by the light, seemingly cradling an infant.
Almost simultaneously, the image suddenly collapsed, rippling like water, with Mr. Fool's guidance ending.
Lumian furrowed his brow, muttering to himself.
"Madame Pualis and the infant Omebella?
"Are they in Fourth Epoch Trier?
"Did Louis Gustav enter Fourth Epoch Trier to meet them?
"Did Louis Gustav enter Fourth Epoch Trier through the special mirror world? Were the Mirror People covertly watching him? Is the slightly lit area he didn't approach hiding a great terror of the special mirror world?"
No one could answer Lumian's questions.
After a few seconds, Jenna organized her thoughts.
"We cannot handle this matter.
"Since it potentially involves Madame Pualis and infant Omebella, we must strictly follow Mr. Fool's guidance: calamity needs to keep away from the Mother."
"Hmm, I'll report the conclusion to the Demoness of Black and let them investigate. No matter how much she urges me, I won't budge, I'll just say I'm not capable!" Franca mumbled, "And I'll notify 007 too. Such a matter is best handled by official Beyonders. They hold many secrets of Fourth Epoch Trier and might be able to send strong individuals to enter there without using the special

mirror world, eliminating Louis Gustav, Madame Pualis, and infant Omebella."
Lumian nodded. "Okay."
He then reminded Franca, "The operation to eliminate targets in Fourth Epoch Trier should not be led by Eternal Blazing Sun Church Beyonders. Have you forgotten? The mystical father of infant Omebella is the Eternal Blazing Sun."
"How could we possibly forget something like that?" Franca signaled Lumian and the others to leave her bedroom.
Then she took out a mirror, "sending" the results of the Magic Mirror Divination along with the brooch and coin to the mirror corresponding to the Demoness of Black, and reminded her to return the mediums, otherwise Nicaea would be in trouble.
Shortly after, the Demoness of Black responded to Franca, "If Louis Gustav returns, inform me immediately."
Accompanying the response were the brooch and coin, which flew out of the mirror surface by themselves.
Not letting me investigate deeply, just waiting for Louis Gustav's return? How strange. Isn't this unrelated to the Demoness Sect? *Is this not their trap?* Franca was puzzled, and again projected herself through the mirror world to Niceea's room.
She relayed the Demoness of Black's words to Niceea and returned the Gustav family brooch and Tudor coin.
Niceea quietly sighed in relief.
She then had the mood for casual conversation.
"Madame, I visited the Lavigny Docks recently and found that the Church of The Fool there now has a patron saint named Franca Roland.
"Her name is the same as yours."
Niceea originally didn't think this was related to her superior. Throughout Trier, there were hundreds of women named Franca. But the patron saint's honorific title included "the Demoness Accompanied by Strife and Catastrophe."
Franca was slightly embarrassed, not because her subordinate knew the honorific title, but because her "side job" in another organization was discovered.
She responded with an air of profundity, "In this world, everyone has multiple identities for certain purposes."
In other words, neither denying nor confirming.
Niceea didn't dare ask further, seriously considering whether she should openly convert to Mr. Fool to get closer to her superior.
Privately, everyone was still the Primordial One's children.
After Franca's mirror projection disappeared, Niceea packed away the makeup mirror, brooch, and coin, merged into the darkness,

and silently returned to the master bedroom.
She didn't rush to lie back in bed, first placing the brooch and coin in a hidden compartment of the desk.
After completing this task, she glided back to the bed like a shadow in the night, lying down without making a sound, pulling the blanket over herself.
Suddenly, a low voice sounded near her ear.
"Where did you just go?"
Niceea instinctively turned her head, seeing Grouès. who had been soundly asleep, now had his eyes open, his blue eyes deeply and darkly fixed on her.

Chapter 1096: Surveillance

Niceea's heart tightened, but she remained calm on the surface.
When she had sneaked out, she had already prepared to handle similar situations.
She patted her chest and complained, "Are you trying to scare me to death? Suddenly blurting out a sentence!"
After "calming down" for a few seconds, Niceea casually answered Grouès's question, "Couldn't sleep, felt a bit stuffy, and went to the balcony to get some air."
Not giving Grouès a chance to ask further questions, she pursed her lips, revealing her inner suppression, "You don't think something might have happened to Louis, right?"
As the leader of the Emperor Party, his mysterious disappearance would naturally bring anxiety, tension, and stress to his subordinates, making insomnia completely normal.
Grouès stared at Niceea for a few seconds, then softened his expression.
"Who knows?
"Maybe he'll suddenly appear in a couple of days."
...
In Franca's workshop in the luxurious villa, multiple mirrors floated before Lumian and the others, each reflecting different scenes.
Several mirrors captured Niceea and Grouès from various angles.
When Franca had previously projected herself through the mirror world, she had casually marked all the mirrored items in that house.
This was to ensure the safety of her only subordinate, making sure she wouldn't be attacked or have her identity exposed for stealing the Gustav family brooch and Tudor coin.
Subsequent developments proved Franca's wisdom and intuition-Grouès had indeed noticed Niceea's quiet departure from the room.
During their conversation, Franca was prepared to project her power through the mirror world.
After a while, Franca's expression suddenly became a bit strange.
Wait, why are they suddenly kissing?
There are so many people watching!
Her purpose was only to add an extra layer of Insurance to Niceea's safety. She hadn't expected the suspicion-harboring Grouès and the scheming Niceea to start kissing while talking!
Is this about to become a scene not suitable for minors?
If only Franca was watching the "surveillance", she would have found this unexpected yet understandable, not a big deal, and even

quite entertaining with the thrill of secretly peeping. But now, Jenna was sitting beside her, with Anthony and Ludwig-who was eating a midnight snack-behind her.
She started to feel embarrassed.
At this moment, Anthony, focused on the mirror scenes, said, "Both of their body languages show a certain level of resistance. The kiss is deceptive and perfunctory."
Professional... Franca muttered internally.
As Anthony predicted, Niceea and Grouès kissed for a moment before saying goodnight again and going back to sleep.
Franca sighed in relief and told her companions, "Just leave one person to watch the surveillance. The rest can get some sleep.
"Jenna, come replace me in an hour and a half, Lumian, replace Jenna three hours later. Anthony, you and Ludwig don't need to stay up."
The surveillance required support from a demigod Demoness.
Moreover, if anything went wrong, only the Demonesses could first project or traverse over to provide help.
"Okay," Anthony made no objections. After Ludwig finished his midnight snack, he left the room with Anthony.
After giving Franca a few instructions, Lumian and Jenna also went to rest.
Franca completely relaxed, leisurely watching the 'surveillance'.
As time slowly passed, while she was reading a novel leaning against a pile of pillows, her spiritual intuition suddenly gave her a premonition. She raised her head and looked at one of the "surveillance" mirrors.
Grouès silently got out of bed and went to the desk. opening a hidden compartment.
After confirming that the Gustav family brooch and Tudor coin were still there, this core member of the Emperor Party went to the master bedroom's attached bathroom, letting the toilet flush with a whoosh.
Seeing Grouès return to bed after leaving the bathroom, Franca pursed her lips.
That's it?
She had expected him to suddenly attack and kill Niceea, or use one of the brooch or coin to contact Louis Gustav, or someone else.
As a result, Grouès was so well-behaved that it disappointed her.
And so, during the rotation of surveillance, the sky gradually brightened, with bright sunlight cascading from above.
Franca, now wearing a lace-flowered lady's shirt and cream-colored loose long pants, covered her mouth while yawning and walked into the workshop, asking Lumian, who was seriously

watching the "surveillance."
"Nothing unusual, right?"
"There is something." Lumian had one leg raised, the other naturally extended, leaning back against the pile of pillows.
"What's unusual?" Franca instantly became alert.
Lumian chuckled. "After waking up in the same bed as a Demoness of Pleasure, Grouès didn't have a morning round. This shows his attention is completely elsewhere, he's hiding something in his heart, and might do something later."
"Makes sense," Franca was quite aware of a Demoness of Pleasure's charm.
She sat next to Lumian and recalled, "I've also marked some of Grouès's clothing metal buttons. As long as our luck isn't bad, we should be able to see where he goes and what he does."
"Luck? Our luck definitely won't be bad." Lumian laughed and patted his Traveler's Bag, which contained the sealed Post-Apocalyptic Scripture.
This Grade 0 Sealed Artifact ultimately wasn't used.
The formal suit Grouès changed into after breakfast had two shiny, mirror-like metal buttons marked by Franca.
The "surveillance" image immediately changed, mainly showing the scene in front of Groués, swaying back and forth.
In the following time, Grouès kissed Niceea goodbye, took a two-wheeled, two-seat carriage to a certain street in the prison district-Quartier 4.
He walked to a dark red door and rang the doorbell.
The door opened by itself.
Just as Grouès passed through the doorway, the "surveillance" image suddenly blurred, displaying numerous white noise points.
These noise points lasted only two seconds before disappearing. The mirrors before Lumian and Franca no longer showed any image.
"Were we discovered? Or does the house itself have an abnormality affecting the mirror world?" Franca turned her head to look at Lumian.
"Let's wait a bit," Lumian said calmly.
About three to four minutes later, the mirror showed an image again-Grouès was leaving the house.
Franca nodded thoughtfully.
Throughout the morning, Grouès, as a deputy manager of an armaments factory, visited numerous military camps in the Quartier Éraste and returned to his office during lunch.
Lumian, who had already rested, stood up. "Nothing worth watching anymore."

"Yeah." Franca stood up too.
She looked at Lumian and suddenly looked puzzled. "Why do I feel like you've gotten shorter?"
"My Weather Warlock potion has been partially digested. My state is completely stabilized, and I have better control over my body. I can control my height to around 1.95 meters. As the digestion deepens, I can continue to compress. Once the potion is fully digested, I should normally maintain 1.85 meters. During battle, even without revealing my Mythical Creature form, I can expand to 2.7-2.8 meters, like a small giant," Lumian answered in good spirits.
"You've already partially digested it?" Franca asked in surprise.
Lumian chuckled, "Because I found the key points to acting as a Weather Warlock. A few days ago, I discovered a tribe in a primitive jungle of the Southern Continent that maintained blood sacrifice traditions. I brought them different extreme weather conditions. After persisting for three days, they were broken by fear, submitting to me and completely abandoning their blood sacrifice habits.
"This helped me summarize an acting principle, and the potion was thus significantly digested."
Franca thought for a few seconds and asked curiously.
"Controlling weather is to bring about a catastrophe and make the target submit?"
This was consistent with the inner meaning of the Hunter pathway.
"More or less." Lumian glanced at the floating mirrors and smiled. "Time to visit that house with abnormalities."
"You're going?" Franca frowned. "Just leave it to the Demoness Sect or official Beyonders. I feel like there might be a trap in front of everything you do now."
Smiling, Lumian replied, "This is on the ground, not underground, under the watch of Mr. Fool and the true gods.
"If I'm afraid to handle abnormal events under these circumstances, how can I act as an Iron-blooded Knight?"
"That's true," Franca responded tersely.
She hesitated for two seconds, "Then take Jenna with you."
Lumian smiled and invited Franca, "Come with us."
"Okay..." Franca readily agreed.
...
At the door of the house at 20 Rue Saint-Frédéric in the prison district.
Lumian, wearing a half-high silk hat, a white shirt, black vest, and long pants, opened the dark red door.

He walked in, detecting no abnormalities.
Franca and Jenna outside saw the interior through the makeup mirror in his hand.
Sofas and cabinets were covered with white cloth to prevent dust accumulation, and the floor was cleaned very thoroughly.
"No problems, no interference," Jenna also entered and told Lumian.
Lumian looked around and said, "This place hasn't been lived in for a long time, but maids come regularly to clean."
This was a Weather Warlock's extraction and restoration of environmental information.
Just as Lumian finished speaking, Franca, who had also entered the house, saw a figure slowly walking down the stairs.
The figure was very thin, seeming like it would fall with a gust of wind.
His hair was mostly gray, clearly aged, with a brown-beard that looked like it hadn't been trimmed in a long time, wearing a crumpled black formal suit.
Before his appearance, Lumian, as an Angel, had not detected him and still couldn't smell his presence.
Based on this, Lumian believed the person didn't actually exist.
The old man looked at Lumian and smiled. "You've finally come to collect the letter."
"Letter?" Lumian raised an eyebrow.
The old man smiled and answered, "I am the Messenger of God, and one of my functions is to deliver letters for great existences.
"There's a letter here for you."

Chapter 1097: A Letter Destined to be Received

A letter from a great existence? Lumian suddenly laughed, interrupting the old man's words, "I feel that you don't actually exist in this house."

As Lumian spoke, Franca stepped sideways, moving close to Jenna, with layers of phantom images appearing in her eyes.

The old man in a crumpled formal suit and thin frame seemed eager to express himself and actually explained his current state to Lumian, "If I believe I exist, and you believe I exist, then I am existing. The reverse is also true."

Franca felt a bit of a headache, muttering. "Are you talking philosophy?"

The old man's eyes brightened. "How did you know that my previous, hmm, in your terms, Sequence was called Philosopher?"

Seriously. A Demoness's spiritual intuition is no joke.... Franca was momentarily stunned.

Philosopher? Lumian suddenly thought of a secretive organization, an evil god cult: First Philosophy!

The mental patient who was once disguised as his substitute by I Know Someone was also described as being like a philosopher... Lumian thoughtfully said to the old man, "Midoro's Worship?"

"Do you know about the Heavenly Domains, the Formless Door?" The old man responded happily, "Have you also experienced immortality?"

Lumian shook his head, speaking in a flat tone, "No.

"I've just killed a few Initiates."

He was provoking, also displaying the arrogance of a Hunter to better act as an Iron-blooded Knight.

Moreover, discussing immortality and the Formless Door with a Philosopher would likely draw him into his "realm" and imperceptibly cause severe problems.

The expression on the old man's face instantly disappeared. He looked at Lumian, speaking in a hollow voice, "A great existence wants me to deliver you a letter."

"Which one?" Before Lumian could ask, he glanced at Franca and Jenna.

The two Demonesses had silently disappeared from the house, leaving only two makeup mirrors placed on the ground at some point.

When Lumian first diverted the conversation, Franca had used their proximity to transfer their true bodies through the mirror world via their eyes, leaving only mirror projections!

Now, they weren't even maintaining the mirror projections.

They had learned from Lumian that deeply understanding the names and information of great existences would severely corrupt oneself, something mirror projections couldn't block, and even hidden, sleeping mirrors would be affected!
The old man didn't mind Franca and Jenna's departure, looking at Lumian and saying, "The mighty Circle of Inevitability."
Circle of Inevitability? He should hate Amon more than me now. What letter is He sending me? Is He trying to carry out counterespionage against me? Why would such a great existence value me... Or is this letter just a medium to harvest my life? Lumian asked the old man with interest, "You're not an Angel, are you? Except for a few, other great existences haven't yet been able to send angelic-level power through the barrier.
"Can you understand the true names of great existences?"
In Lumian's view, this old man was at most Sequence 3.
The old man smiled and replied, "This is the unique characteristic and source of pain for Messengers of God, but also our most powerful ability.
"Corruption grants us power."
Sounds quite philosophical. But this ability is indeed special. The Beyonders from the First Philosophy I've encountered were skilled at injecting voices into others' ears or minds. If what they inject are the true names of great existences, who below the angelic level could withstand that? Lumian suddenly felt lucky that he hadn't encountered a Messenger of God before becoming an angel.
Otherwise, with the various hidden issues in his body, he would absolutely explode at the slightest provocation.
Or maybe it wasn't luck, but arrangement... As this thought flashed, Lumian self-deprecatingly mused internally.
With this realization, his blue eyes instantly turned Iron-black.
He didn't want to receive the Circle of Inevitability's letter. He wanted to find the mystical connection between the old man before him and his true body by investigating overall weaknesses, then blow them both up!
At that moment, the old man's body suddenly became ethereal.
A silver-white with black color rose from within him.
His hollow voice rang out. "Please receive the letter."
He suddenly condensed, transforming into a silver- white and black light, shooting directly at Lumian.
In this house, he was the letter, and the letter was him!
Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder and quickly disappeared from the spot.
He directly teleported to the Fog Sea, far from Trier.
But the silver-white and black light was still ahead of him, still

approaching, not shaken off.
Lumian didn't hesitate, making layers of phantom images appear in his blue eyes.
He entered the mirror world.
The silver-white and black light was still before him, in the illusory dark tunnel, seeming destined to be received by him.
This was a fate that couldn't be escaped!
Lumian flashed into another mirror tunnel, and the silver-white and black light once again approached from the front.
This time, Lumian didn't flee. His eyes quickly turned silver-black.
Eye of Calamity!
Although his Inevitability power hadn't further improved, thanks to his Weakness Investigation ability now reaching angelic level, the Eye of Calamity formed by merging this ability with Inevitability power naturally had some enhancement.
Since he couldn't escape, he'd try to eliminate this letter from the destiny plane!
Soon, Lumian saw the quietly surging mercury-colored illusory long river and saw the scene of himself catching the silver-white and black light.
It existed in almost all destiny branches.
In other words, Lumian saw his future of receiving the "letter", a destiny that was bound to unfold.
The only variable was a branch that didn't include this future, extremely marginal and chaotic, very difficult to push with his current abilities.
Lacking necessary preconditions!
In the blink of an eye, Lumian saw another scene.
In the image, the recipient of the "letter" was not only himself but also Amon, wearing a black robe, monocle, and a pointed soft hat.
Clang!
Lumian suddenly heard an ethereal clang crossing through thick history.
A scene naturally emerged in his mind: the thin-faced Amon, wearing a monocle, stood in the bell tower, pushing the bell hammer to strike the great bell.
With this sound, an ancient, mottled massive stone clock appeared.
It was a phantom, its face divided into unequal twelve sections by intersecting dark blue and gray-white, each section with different symbols representing different times.
Three jointed, semi-transparent small worms formed the clock's hands.
As they stopped moving, an indescribable invisible torrent surged

out, seemingly freezing the silver-white and black light within.
Lumian, not within the affected range, heard a familiar voice with a hint of laughter, "Do you know the main ability of a Sufferer?"
Before Lumian could respond, the voice answered itself, "Reproducing the suffering one has experienced onto the target."
As the words fell, the silver-white and black light frozen in time broke through its restraints, again flying towards Lumian.
But waiting for it was an extraordinarily intense, unimaginable sea of light.
A supernova seemed to have erupted, erupting on a small scale.
This mirror world instantly collapsed, accompanied by the silent shattering of numerous mirrors.
Of course, this was far from a true supernova explosion, merely a kind of simulated reproduction.
Although Lumian was outside the range, his body also shattered, re-forming outside the mirror world.
At this moment, in his Eye of Calamity, the preconditions for pushing destiny to the marginal branch were satisfied.
Lumian didn't hesitate to release nearly half his spirituality from his left palm, letting the mercury- colored river of fate's water flow into the corresponding branch.
Everything calmed down.
Lumian was about to turn his head and look at Amon, who had appeared beside him at some point, when tiny silver-white and black lights suddenly emerged in the void, forming a paragraph of text.
Though the Circle of Inevitability's letter couldn't be directly delivered to him and Amon, it inevitably revealed itself.
The text was very complex, but it didn't prevent Lumian from directly deciphering its meaning.
"Stay away from special mirror worlds, or you're destined to lose control and go mad."
Huh? Lumian was somewhat stunned.
Is this a warning?
The Circle of Inevitability didn't try to corrupt or smite me, but instead warned me?
Is He trying to betray the other Outer Deities?
Surprised, Lumian focused on the phrase "lose control and go mad".
He then recalled the prophecy of the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture and the future self he seemed to have seen during the Hostel incident.
Do all prophecies about my future revolve around the words 'going crazy'? Lumian silently muttered to himself.
Amon, standing mid-air in some inexplicable manner. slightly

disappointedly shook His head. "If it's not a letter for me, why ask me to receive it?"
"Perhaps you'll also lose control and go mad by entering the special mirror world," Lumian tried to interpret the hidden meaning of the Circle of Inevitability's words.
Saying this, he stopped.
He remembered the "young man" beside him, wearing a monocle, was once a top Cryptologist.
Amon smiled in agreement. "That's possible.
"But I can indeed avoid entering special mirror worlds. Can you?"
Lumian wanted to answer yes, but given the entanglement of destiny, his unique pathway, and various other prerequisites, he felt he would inevitably enter the special mirror world, enter the depths of Fourth Epoch Trier, and could only hope to delay this as much as possible until fully prepared.
"Why would the Circle of Inevitability want to warn me?" Lumian asked habitually.
Amon adjusted His monocle, laughing. "Did that old fellow also designate me as a recipient to help you decrypt?"
He continued, His tone laced with laughter, "The interpretation is that entering a special mirror world indeed poses a risk of you losing control and going mad, and this might bring unknown risks to those old fellows."

Chapter 1098: Him

Would the terror of the special mirror world possibly bring trouble to the Outer Deities' invasion? Lumian, treading on a wild wind, turned his head to look at Amon. 'What exactly is in the depths of the special mirror world?'

This was a direct participant who might know something!

Lumian had no expectation that Amon would certainly answer him, but asking wouldn't cost anything.

Amon stood steadily in the air, laughing with His usual tone,

'The embryonic form of the special mirror world was constructed by Bethel, to create a secret, spacious environment unknown to other gods for Tudor's and Cheek's meeting.

'Tudor wouldn't care whether this matter was seen, but cared about whether it would be known by those who shouldn't know.

'This is the style of His Imperial Majesty the Blood Emperor.'

'And then?' Lumian asked cooperatively.

Including the Termiboros period, he and Amon had already chatted 'casually' several times.

Amon pressed the monocle in His right eye socket. 'Later, the special mirror world underwent strange changes. Not only me, but Bethel and the others were no longer allowed to enter.

'His Majesty was fully capable of killing Angels.

'Afterward, His Majesty became even crazier. Cheek began to claim Herself as the true heir of the original Creator, the first person born in chaos.

'In the Pale Disaster, Cheek suffered severe damage. For thousands of years, Her condition has been poor. But as a Demoness of Unaging, you should clearly know that for high-ranking Demonesses, this is unlikely to happen. They can quickly resurrect even when met with death, let alone just being severely wounded.'

Lumian could tell that Amon was intentionally saying these words. His arrival today was certainly not just for receiving the Circle of Inevitability's letter.

'The true heir of the original Creator...' Lumian recalled the various concepts of the Demoness Sect that Franca had told him, and suddenly made certain associations. 'Shouldn't it be the personas the Oldest One initially split off? And among them, only two are most important and qualified to say this:

The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings and the original God Almighty...'

Lumian paused, muttering to himself, 'I'm aware that the combination of Tudor and Cheek was actually an arrangement left by the original God Almighty. The one believed in by the Aurora

Order was also an object of arrangement, which will bring a destined accident.
'Moreover, the Demoness of Black said that the Primordial Demoness has five lines of honorific names, of which two are unknown to outsiders.'
Lumian's current thinking was that if he wanted to obtain more intelligence from Amon, he would have to trade some of his own information.
Who gets something for free?
The one in front of him was the expert at free acquisitions, once the top Marauder!
Before Amon could respond, Lumian added another sentence,
'The City of Calamity at the top of the Hunter and Demoness pathways was once contained by the original God Almighty.'
He began to suspect that the great terror of the special mirror world was related to the resurrection of the original God Almighty.
Amon glanced at him, smiling and saying, 'For such matters, no one dares to confirm without seeing it personally.
'Initially, when the special mirror world first had anomalies, that zealot already knew something was wrong. The occurrence of the War of the Four Emperors was also Him pushing it from the shadows.
'He re-established contact with the Chaos Sea more than seven years ago. Although forcibly using the Chaos Sea's power would cause the accommodation progress to regress, compared to those who still have to wait for the Western Continent's seal to be lifted, He shouldn't still be incapable of accomplishing an initial accommodation until today.
'Guess why He hasn't truly accommodated the Chaos Sea?'
Are the concerns about the problems hidden in the depths of the special mirror world stopping Him? Does He want a Beyonder qualified to become the Origins of Disaster and Calamity of Destruction not only to cultivate power against the apocalypse but also because the path to the Origins of Disaster must necessarily pass through the depths of the special mirror world, triggering that great terror and presenting it before His eyes? Is part of the previous 'bestowments' cost to be paid here? Lumian thoughtfully said to Amon, 'What else does that individual know about the special mirror world?'
Amon laughed and shook His head, answering off-topic,
'Cheek's remaining two honorific names are extremely secretive. Even color-titled high-ranking Demonesses don't all know them. Only those with close connections to Cheek that might trigger divine descent when attacked, truly grasp them.

'Otherwise, why do you think those two honorific names could remain secret, unknown even to all current Sequence Os? Medici could intimidate the Demoness of White, let alone those more powerful than Her.
'But that zealot might know something, after all, even the thoughts in one's mind might not be hidden from Him.'
Is the Demoness of Black one of those with close connections to the Primordial Demoness? She indeed seems special...
Lumian glanced at Amon and suddenly laughed. 'Using a true god's honorific name in Intisian won't incur divine punishment? Only using Hermes or ancient Hermes languages counts as blasphemy?'
After all, Cheek wasn't an uncommon name.
'You only mentioned Hermes and ancient Hermes because you only mastered them?' Amon laughed, 'Using ordinary language to recite a Sequence 0's true name will attract attention but not necessarily divine punishment. As for me, guess why my title includes the description Blasphemer?'
Here, Amon adjusted the monocle in His right eye and looked Lumian up and down for a few seconds.
He said with an obvious smile, 'Actually, I'm quite looking forward to you entering the depths of the special mirror world.
Something interesting and unknown will definitely happen, and it's not something that will affect me.
'*Why not give it a shot?*'
'Maybe I'll consider it sometime in the future.' Lumian took on an unconcerned posture.
'Goodbye, my unacknowledged goddaughter. I hope when I see you next, you haven't truly lost control and gone mad.'
Amon waved like a human.
His figure suddenly disappeared.
Lumian lowered his head and gazed at the azure ocean shrouded in faint mist, activated the black mark on his right shoulder, and returned to the luxurious villa in Trier.
'*How did it go?*' Franca and Jenna, who had been waiting, asked in unison.
'The one called Inevitability sent a message through a Messenger of God,' Lumian told his two companions about the 'letter's' content.
'The one called Inevitability warned you not to go to the depths of the special mirror world? It feels like a weasel giving its well-wishes to a chicken—there's definitely no good intention,' Franca muttered.
'*Could this be a misdirection?*' Jenna frowned. 'But the secrets of the special mirror world's depths related to the Primordial Demoness

are indeed dangerous.'
'Probably not a misdirection,' Lumian recounted his conversation with Amon that he could speak about, then laughed self-mockingly, 'Maybe the one who will save the end times is me, Mr. Fool will hold the fort, preventing those great existences from interfering with me. And when I reach the entrance of the special mirror world, I'll shout to the sky, 'Go back, or I'll face that great terror!'
'Like the Deterrence Era...' Franca couldn't help but quip.
Jenna didn't quite agree with Lumian's words. 'Maybe it would only bring trouble to the one called Inevitability, without affecting other great existences.'
'Do I look like an idiot? Before figuring out what exactly the great terror in the special mirror world's depths is and whether it can deter those great existences, I would never do such a thing,' Lumian teased Jenna.
After chatting for a while, he took out the special mirror world fragment obtained from the Demoness of Despair Panatiya from the Traveler's Bag and handed it to Franca.
'From now on, I must try to avoid direct contact with items related to the special mirror world.'
'Cautious!' Franca gave a thumbs up and praised Lumian.
She thought for a moment and took out her own special mirror world fragment, handing it to Jenna along with Lumian's.
'I have the Primordial Demoness's figurine. At critical moments, I must also avoid keeping it together with the special mirror world fragments.'
'I was just about to remind you,' Jenna smiled and collected the two special mirror world fragments.
Franca returned the smile and turned to Lumian.
'We'll put this matter aside for now?'
She was referring to Louis Gustav's matter. After some time, if this Emperor Party leader returned from Fourth Epoch Trier and the special mirror world, they would leave it to official Beyonders to handle, and notify the Demoness Sect on the side, not getting involved.
'Yeah.' Lumian nodded. 'In the coming days, besides finding other cultists hidden in Trier and Zaratul's clues, I'll focus on digesting the potion. I might seek Mr. Fool's permission to attempt the acting in a specific scenario for Weather Warlock.
'Also, I've communicated with Mr. Star and Mr. Moon. If they discover a base of the Rose School of Thought or an armed force belonging to them, they'll immediately notify me. I'll take you to the Southern Continent and launch a small war.'

The acting of a War Bishop must be completed in a war.
'Okay.' Franca pointed upstairs. 'So there's nothing else for now?'
She wanted to continue manufacturing giant robots.
Lumian didn't respond directly but turned to Jenna and Franca with a smile. 'I heard a very famous circus is touring in Trier.
Want to go see it together?'
'Sure.' Jenna looked at Franca.
Franca hesitated for two seconds. 'Alright.'
More than a week later.
Angoulême de Francois put on a brown coat with gold-embroidered threads and walked towards the underground of Saint Vieve Cathedral.
He and several colleagues were assigned to search for Louis Gustav and Madame Pualis in Fourth Epoch Trier. For this, they needed to hold a ritual, receive the blessing of the Eternal Blazing Sun, to resist the various corruptions existing in the Fourth Epoch Trier within a certain time.
Even for an Unshadowed, it would be quite dangerous otherwise.
Another one brought by Hidden Blade... Angoulême sighed inwardly.
The matter of Louis Gustav and the person suspected to be Pualis meeting in Fourth Epoch Trier was personally reported by him.
After being assigned to this task, Angoulême had tried to find Hidden Blade in the telegram group multiple times, wanting to complain, but in the past week, Hidden Blade had only been online two or three times, and no one knew what she was busy with.

Chapter 1099: Spiritual Premonition

In an underground location in Trier, a place strictly guarded by multiple Beyonders from the Eternal Blazing Sun and the Church of Steam and Machinery.

This was a seal leakage point that had appeared before the construction of the catacombs, which was later properly handled and no longer caused problems. However, if linked with the square in the nearby quarry hollow where Eternal Blazing Sun and God of Steam and Machinery were worshiped, along with the stone pillars representing both deities, it could allow people from outside the seal to enter Fourth Epoch Trier at a certain risk.

Although this required the divine power of the Eternal Blazing Sun or the God of Steam and Machinery as a "key", something impossible for cultists to utilize, both Churches still insisted on sending teams to take turns guarding the site.

At this moment, Angoulême arrived at the abandoned mine with two other Unshadowed colleagues, facing three people dressed as stonemasons.

"Let's begin," said a monk with short, thick hair and a beard, nodding at Angoulême.

Angoulême recognized this monk as the current prior of the Deep Valley Cloister, named Jack Walton, quite an ordinary man.

"Okay." Angoulême nodded in response.

Under the watch of both guard teams, they lowered their heads and took their positions, chanting the honorific names of their respective deities.

Rays of sunlight fell from the cave's top, illuminating the abandoned mine.

White steam subsequently permeated the quarry hollow.

Soon, crimson blood seeped from the depths of the abandoned mine.

The bizarre blood, resisting the sunlight, continuously surged upward, quickly filling the mine.

Angoulême, an Unshadowed, dissolved his fear and hesitation, raised his head, took two steps forward, and entered the abandoned mine, stepping into the crimson blood thick with a bloody scent.

Other Saints followed closely behind.

Passing through the "Blood Well" would allow entry into Fourth Epoch Trier!

This was not a simple task. The "blood" would cause severe corruption, with the danger increasing for higher Sequences.

...

Southern Continent, deep in a rainforest.
Before a terrifying castle covered in countless human skins.
Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig each condensed fire spears of blue-violet, blazing and terrifying.
Without Lumian issuing the command, they simultaneously threw their spears.
The blue-violet fire spears split mid-air, quickly presenting a sky-covering arrangement.
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!
It was as if an entire military legion had simultaneously launched their weapons, causing the high sky to brighten and be dyed with brilliant colors.
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!
The human skin castle was completely covered by countless fire spears. The cultists developed by the Rose School of Thought used every possible ability but could not change this apocalyptic scene.
Rumble, the earth trembled, the castle collapsed, igniting blue-violet flames.
Painful wails and desperate curses echoed between the flames, transforming into thin strands of black gas rising upward.
Ludwig didn't care what the soon-to-die cultists were cursing. He stepped forward, rode the wild wind, and howled to arrive above the collapsed human skin castle, opening his mouth split to the back of his head.
Whoosh!
All the rising black gas was sucked into his mouth.
Lumian had his hands in his pockets, smiling and watching this scene, his expression very leisurely.
From breaking through the human skin castle's outer defensive line, to gradually advancing and cutting off their escape hopes, to repeatedly attacking the castle itself and completely destroying it, Lumian never personally acted, allowing Jenna and others to freely perform and cooperate tacitly.
He was only responsible for central command, sharing appropriate abilities at critical moments.
"Not strong enough," Franca finally felt like a Demoness amidst those wails and curses.
The only issue was that the master of the human skin castle was just a Sequence 4 Tree Supplicant, a bestowed by the Mother Tree of Desire, though he had a group of Low and Mid-Sequence subordinates and numerous loyal cultists. The human skin castle itself was like a sacrificial ritual that could briefly display power equivalent to Sequence 2 by sacrificing many humans, but it fundamentally couldn't resist a true Angel, let alone an Angel

leading a team.
"Overwhelming the weak and sweeping through armies is also a form of war, which is quite helpful for digesting the War Bishop role," Lumian laughed and responded to Franca. "Moreover, previously abstract cooperation has now become a tangibly perceptible thing."
What Lumian didn't say was that he was essentially equivalent to a priest or bishop of the City of Calamity or 0-01 due to his close connections, with only the war aspect lacking.
Over the past week, Mr. Star and Mr. Moon had each discovered a base secretly established by the Rose School of Thought, both handed over to Lumian to handle, giving him the opportunity to launch two small wars.
Seeing Ludwig consume all the dispersed boons' power, Jenna retracted her gaze and said to Lumian with some worry, "I know the Southern Continent is chaotic, but getting opportunities for two small wars in just over a week—isn't this too frequent?"
Lumian chuckled and said, "These are signs.
"Signs of chaos and conflict, signs that the apocalypse will arrive early."
Before Jenna and others could respond, Lumian waved to Ludwig in mid-air, saying, "Let's head back. Let's have a barbecue party today."
According to their agreement, apart from the dispersed boons' power, all other spoils had to be left for the intelligence providers —Mr. Star or Mr. Moon.
In the luxurious villa in Trier that currently belonged to Lumian and his companions.
Jenna was using invisible spider silk to quickly slice and string meat skewers while watching Lumian, who despite having extremely strong fire manipulation abilities, was seriously managing charcoal for grilling meat.
Lumian wore a smile, relaxed, tasting a piece while grilling.
He's not worried about those signs at all... No, not that he's not worried, but he worries when he should worry, fights when he should fight, and enjoys life when he should enjoy life. Jenna thought, her eyes subtly moving.
Over the past week, Lumian, who had made certain progress in digesting the Weather Warlock potion and stabilized his state, was behaving quite normally. Their relationship had returned to the period before the Vortex incident, and moreover, Lumian had clearly become more proactive.
But from some details, Jenna could still sense that Lumian was slightly different from before.

A normal person would inevitably be affected in daily life when encountering worrying matters. Lumian's ability to completely detach himself indicated he was deliberately controlling his emotions.
Even at Sequence 2, godhood ultimately brings certain, permanent influences... Jenna suddenly felt somewhat emotional.
"What 's on your mind?" Franca, helping beside her, asked curiously.
Jenna lowered her voice and shared her recent feelings with Franca in a concise manner.
Franca pursed her lips and said, "Just treat it as a natural change in mindset and perception that everyone experiences as they grow older and are tempered by various experiences..."
She stopped midway.
Wasn't this true for herself as well?
The same applied to Jenna. Walking step by step to her current Sequence, she had more or less abandoned some of her original insistences.
Just as Jenna was about to say something, she saw Lumian throw a grilled meat skewer aside, and Ludwig, who somehow had moved there, bit into the food in one mouthful.
"Feeding a dog?" Franca laughingly scolded Lumian.
Jenna couldn't help but laugh as well.
...
Deep in Fourth Epoch Trier, dense fog isolated sensory perception and spirituality, making the partially collapsed buildings in the distance appear hazy and indistinct.
The Unshadowed had filled the surrounding thirty to forty meters with pure, holy sunlight, to the point where even each person's shadow had disappeared.
The quietly rolling fog was blocked outside the sunlight, but the light could not reach further.
Angoulême cast his gaze toward Jack Walton.
The prior of Deep Valley Cloister, a Saint-level monk, was holding an unusual circular disk covered in complex patterns with a mirror-like luster.
Placed on the disk was an object supposedly from the Louis Gustav family crest, which swayed left and right before finally settling in a certain direction.
"Over there." Jack Walton was leading this search.
The disk was something he had made just two days ago, derived from a revelation's knowledge. The Gustav family crest was not a real object, but a historical projection—this did not impede its role as a medium pointing toward Louis Gustav.

Just as Angoulême and the other Unshadowed followed Jack Walton into a new street, a black shadow suddenly passed in front of them.
The shadow was slightly hunched, moving slowly at the intersection.
At a glance, it looked like a person, but upon closer inspection, it seemed like a gathering of viscous black liquid.
"A Montsouris ghost!" Angoulême quickly identified the origin of the black shadow.
This left Jack Walton and other clergy from the Church of Steam and Machinery confused.
Weren't Montsouris ghosts supposed to wander in Underground Trier? *How could they enter Fourth Epoch Trier?*
Information about Montsouris ghosts quickly flashed through the minds of these demigods who were not afraid of ghostly curses, quickly reminding them that these "ghosts" were not always present and had appeared only in recent times.
Did Montsouris ghosts come out of Fourth Epoch Trier? And more than one? Such speculation emerged in the minds of Jack Walton and other Saints.
...
In the luxurious villa.
Lumian suddenly felt his entire body go icy cold, unable to breathe, as if sinking into viscous river water.
The next second, his eyes reflected a black shadow resembling a hunched elderly person.
A Montsouris ghost!
Lumian's heart tightened, and he sat up abruptly.
He truly opened his eyes, seeing everything in the room was completely normal, with no Montsouris ghost in sight!
"What happened?" Franca, wrapped in a thin blanket and yawning, also sat up.
Lumian was silent for a few seconds before saying, "I dreamed of a Montsouris ghost."
Franca was first stunned, then her expression turned solemn. "For a Demoness, this could be a spiritual premonition."

Chapter 1100: Montsouris Ghosts

Lumian leaped out of bed and walked to the window.

Blue-violet flames rolled out from within his body, quickly condensing into pieces of iron-black armor.

In the blink of an eye, Lumian had transformed into a knight clad in full armor.

After digesting the potion to a certain degree and stabilizing his condition, he could finally transform his flames into actual weapons or armor, though he could only maintain this for 10 minutes.

Lumian reached the window and looked outside, seeing only the bright crimson moon, sparse twinkling stars, and a quiet, peaceful night with nothing unusual.

He made an instant decision, issuing orders to each team member through the mental channel: "Get ready. We'll move to the New City of Silver in five seconds."

Learning from the experience and lessons of the Vortex incident, Lumian chose to immediately leave Trier, taking his team members to the Church of The Fool's headquarters to maximally avoid potential accidents.

Once in a safe location, they could report to Mr. Fool, await possible orders, think about what had happened, and plan their next steps.

As Lumian's voice echoed in their minds, Franca used invisible spider silk to help her change clothes, tie her ponytail, and enter combat mode.

Five seconds quickly passed, and Lumian didn't wait for Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig to gather before directly activating the black mark on his right shoulder.

As a team leader, he no longer needed to grab his team members' shoulders to teleport them to their destination—the only requirement was that they be within a 10-kilometer range.

Amid rapidly receding layers of color blocks, Lumian and the others appeared at the entrance of the Church of The Fool's headquarters.

After confirming this was real and not a mirror image or scene from a painting, Lumian let out an undisguised sigh of relief.

"What happened?" asked Jenna, wearing a dress as sleepwear.

"I dreamed I was attacked by a Montsouris ghost," Lumian said while walking toward the headquarters cathedral, which remained open even in the deep night.

"As an Angel and former Demoness, all dreams necessarily have meaning," Franca explained, following along. "Moreover, as far as I

know, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church and the Church of Steam and Machinery are sending several Saints carrying Sealed Artifacts into Fourth Epoch Trier tonight, hoping to eliminate Louis Gustav and Madame Pualís."
"As an Angel and former Demoness, all dreams necessarily have meaning," Franca explained, following along. "Moreover, as far as I know, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church and the Church of Steam and Machinery are sending several Saints carrying Sealed Artifacts into Fourth Epoch Trier tonight, hoping to eliminate Louis Gustav and Madame Pualís."
Anthony connected the previous statements and speculated, "Due to the influence of the two Churches' actions, Fourth Epoch Trier experienced some anomalies, triggering Lumian's spiritual premonition?"
Lumian crossed the spacious area and sat in the first row of seats facing the Fool's holy emblem, smiling as he responded to Anthony, "I wouldn't leave Trier if it were just the anomalies and potential effects from Montsouris ghosts. With evil gods temporarily unable to descend, I don't actually need to worry too much. Plus, you're all practically half-Angels now. As long as you don't leave the team's effective range, safety is sufficiently guaranteed. Together, combined with the ability to get help by sacrificing to the essence of war, we could resist even a Sequence 1 Archangel for some time, maybe even with hope of victory.
"But since this involves Madame Pualís, it's better to stay away—calamity needs to stay away from the mother."
"Yeah." Jenna strongly agreed with Lumian's choice.
She sat down too, letting mirrors fly out from the Traveler's Bag. "Stay alert tonight. If anything unusual occurs, immediately organize believers to take refuge in the nearest orthodox cathedrals," Jenna transmitted these messages to the various bishops and priests of the Sick Church through the mirror world and marked mirrors.
Meanwhile, mirrors also flew out from Lumian and Franca's Traveler's Bags.
Using mirrors they had positioned that were still in Trier, they projected the corresponding scenes onto the mirrors before them to observe the subsequent situation and respond in time.
After finishing this, Lumian lowered his head, pressed his hand to his chest, and began to pray.
...
Deep in Fourth Epoch Trier.
Upon encountering the Montsouris ghost, Angoulême turned to the monk Jack Walton, "Should we eliminate it?"

Even if he weren't an Unshadowed, Angoulême wouldn't fear Montsouris ghosts, as these ghosts hadn't previously shown particularly strong power and would even avoid the protection of orthodox Churches. Even if they could cause trouble for Saints, it would at most be an annoyance.
Moreover, Beyonders of the Sun pathway were most effective against such dark, black evil beings named after ghosts.
Jack Walton, as the leader of this search and cleanup operation, thought for two seconds.
"Yes, but don't cause too much commotion."
He remembered that Montsouris ghosts' curses were extremely persistent. He worried that in the upcoming battle with Madame Pualís, these ghosts might suddenly join in and interfere from the side, potentially tipping the balance in an already dangerous fight. Better to clear them out now while it was relatively safe.
Angoulême quickly said to his two colleagues, "Prepare to remove the seal."
For this operation, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church and the Church of Steam and Machinery had each provided their clergy with a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to ensure the ultimate goal could be achieved.
Both Churches had long known that the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess from the Rose School of Thought had allegedly fallen into the hands of Madame Pualís, who was hiding in Fourth Epoch Trier. This was also a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, and among the more powerful ones at that grade.
Under these circumstances, simply sending six Saints to search for and eliminate Madame Pualís and Louis Gustav would be sending them to their deaths. Therefore, each team carried a targeted Grade 0 sealed artifact that could counter the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess to some degree.
Since passing through the "Blood Well" became more dangerous with higher Sequences, they didn't send Angels but deployed Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts instead!
With these two Sealed Artifacts, even if Angoulême and the others couldn't kill Madame Pualís, they could hold her off. Then the Eternal Blazing Sun and God of Steam and Machinery could locate Their high-ranking clergy and, using them as mediums, deliver a fatal blow to Madame Pualís through the seal.
As the three Unshadowed began removing the seal on the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Montsouris ghost slowly crossing the intersection suddenly changed direction and walked toward them step by step.
Jack Walton, dressed as an ancient stonemason, watched as the

Montsouris ghost quickly transformed from a rather blurry shadow into something clear.
It truly wasn't a hunched elderly person—its main body was viscous black liquid that had been stretched into human form by some influence.
Those drops of black liquid stacked together, their edges merging while their cores remained independent.
Within each independent black liquid core appeared different faces—some laughing wildly, some walking among dismembered limbs and internal organs, some filled with anger, some with dark red eyes, some flaunting their own lust, some wearing necklaces strung with human skulls...
They were all distorted and shouted in unison at Angoulême and Jack Walton, "Human nature is evil!"
This was Devil Language!
As these words echoed, the three Unshadowed were unaffected, but the clergy from the Church of Steam and Machinery, including Jack Walton, suddenly felt intense malice.
It was resentment from being assigned to dangerous missions.
Then, Jack Walton and the other Saints saw more hunched black shadows slowly emerging from the intersection behind them and the alleys on both sides.
They all appeared to be Montsouris ghosts.
Dozens, hundreds of Montsouris ghosts!
Meanwhile, the first black shadow—that Montsouris ghost—had its stomach rapidly swell up, then split open, spewing out viscous black liquid that stretched and elongated to form a new Montsouris ghost.
Seeing this, Angoulême, Jack Walton, and the others suddenly had a realization.
Montsouris ghosts shouldn't normally undergo such changes.
This was a phenomenon possible only through the Earth, Moon, or Banshee pathways!
Was this Madame Pualís's doing?
And what did the Montsouris ghosts correspond to? *What developments would such proliferation bring?*
"Human nature is evil..." The ghost's earlier words suddenly echoed in Angoulême's mind.
As far as he knew, the evil of human nature corresponded to the Devil and Prisoner pathways, both deeply influenced by the Mother Tree of Desire.
Right... Angoulême's temple suddenly throbbed.
The Shadow of the Beauty Goddess allegedly obtained by Madame Pualís came from the Rose School of Thought, and the Rose School

controlled the Prisoner pathway as loyal followers of the Mother Tree of Desire!
At this thought, Angoulême formed a speculation that frightened even him as an Unshadowed:
the transaction involving the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess during the Vortex incident wasn't just a one-time deal—it concealed some subsequent cooperation!
The Vortex incident had ended, but its influence continued. The Great Mother and the Mother Tree of Desire had reached some understanding and decided to cooperate to a limited extent on certain matters!
Angoulême's expression tensed as he said gravely, "Clear out the Montsouris ghosts here quickly!"
Any later, unwanted mutations might occur!
As Angoulême spoke these words, in Underground Trier, near the seal of Fourth Epoch Trier in a certain mine, a brownish-green, gnarled-rooted, semi-real giant tree suddenly grew.
It extended branch after branch, growing extremely fast, as if it had received the best healing and most abundant nutrition.
...
New City of Silver, Church of The Fool's headquarters.
Through the floating mirrors before them, Lumian and the others saw that under the dark night, in many corners of Trier, the ground was cracking open as brownish-green roots or branches grew out.
"Tree of Shadow?" Lumian stood up and chuckled. "Heh, I really want to go back to Trier now and burn it. It couldn't be burned to death before, but today might be different."
He now had the Fire of Destruction!
Just as Lumian finished speaking, he suddenly turned his gaze toward the rows of large windows in the cathedral.
Outside the windows, the crimson moon had grown very large and hung very low, as if it had pressed against an invisible barrier.

Chapter 1101: That Very Moment

Deep in Fourth Epoch Trier, on streets surrounded by thick fog.

Within the Unshadowed Domain that eliminated all shadows and darkness, Angoulême and his two colleagues had reached the critical moment of removing the item's seal.

What none of them expected was that the final layer binding this Sealed Artifact was ordinary paper without any supernatural elements.

These papers seemed torn from some ancient text, with lines of handwritten ancient Feysac:

"I am the Beginning and the End."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"God spake, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

"The earth was formless and void, and darkness was over the surface of the deep; His Spirit moved upon the face of the waters."

"He called the light Day, and the darkness Night."

"..."

These sheets of paper were attached to the Sealed Artifact, completely wrapping it. The sentences written on them were similar yet different from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church's scripture, but contained no sacred supernatural power.

Angoulême's eyes focused as he saw this, unconsciously slowing his motion of tearing off the paper.

His two colleagues were unaffected, quickly exposing the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to Fourth Epoch Trier.

The next second, an intense, golden, sacred sun appeared in the thick fog above.

0-15—The Fourth Sun!

Suddenly, the Fog of War within two kilometers evaporated and dissolved without a trace. The Montsouris ghosts slowly approaching Angoulême and Jack Walton from different directions began making sizzling sounds, quickly being purified into black vapor that diffused upward.

Some of this black vapor gradually dissipated, while other parts swelled and twisted, revealing faces displaying different forms of malice.

They rapidly flew upward, reaching the invisible, colorless flames that served as the sky, concentrating in one area.

This portion of black vapor was quickly burned away, leaving only faint patches.

Just as these patches were about to melt away, more Montsouris ghosts flew out from different parts of Fourth Epoch Trier.

They threw themselves into the light black patches one after

another, preventing them from disappearing, trying to deepen them, maintaining them within the invisible, colorless flames for a while longer, and eroding upward.
Seeing this scene, Jack Walton, whose malice was rapidly dissipating under the influence of The Fourth Sun, furrowed his brow.
He felt something was already happening!
He hurriedly said to his two colleagues, "Use the Sealed Artifact!"
The Sealed Artifact they carried was 0-59—The Divine Kingdom Without People."
...
At the bottom of Underground Trier, the miraculously healed Tree of Shadow frantically extended its roots and branches toward the seal and the ground-level city districts.
Each piece of its bark seemed to be a crystallization of different scenes of desire from past history—thick, settled, and difficult to truly destroy.
Its brownish-green roots quickly approached that layer of invisible, colorless flames, yet didn't attempt to touch it, as they would surely be burned through.
Suddenly, two figures appeared on either side of its massive trunk.
These two figures looked similar—both tall and enormous, humanoid yet like grotesque trees, covered in pitch-black, viscous tar-like liquid, with numerous bizarre and sickening arms growing from them. The surface of these arms either had bulging crimson eyeballs with prominent blood vessels, or were embedded with pale skull heads, or were covered with tongues bearing sharp teeth, and so on—there were too many variations to count. They spread an extremely evil and intensely mad sensation in all directions, causing the mine tunnels and earth to crack and split.
These were Abomination Suah and His sister Tirié.
They were currently displaying Their true form as Abominations, not their Mythical Creature forms from the Prisoner pathway. However, as Abominations, They inherently carried madness, evil, distortion, chaos, hatred, indulgence, and curse, causing effects equivalent to revealing Their Mythical Creature forms on Their surroundings.
One could say that Their Abomination appearances were a product of Their self-perception combined with Their complete Mythical Creature forms.
As soon as Suah and Tirié appeared, They each chose a section of the brownish-green trunk and merged Themselves into the Tree of Shadow.
The crown of the Tree of Shadow finally broke through the ground,

growing toward the sky, attempting to encompass all of Trier within its shade.
Its roots truly extended into that layer of invisible, colorless flames, being burned off section by section, yet continuously growing new ones, striving to extend downward.
Outside Saint Vièvе Cathedral in the island area, the pure brilliant sunlight was pushed back by branches oozing viscous black liquid, as if trying to create a world of shadows here.
The Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's patriarchal cathedral in the north encountered similar circumstances.
And because the Tree of Shadow's power extending to the surface was concentrated in these few places, citizens across Trier's districts merely dreamed dreams of different desires, dreams that had not yet crossed from illusion into reality.
In the still-operating bars and dance halls, the atmosphere suddenly intensified, with everyone falling into a psychedelic state.
Saint Vièvе, utilizing the cathedral's layout, strenuously resisted the invasion of those pitch-black viscous branches, preventing harm to the clergy and faithful who had taken shelter here.
She didn't panic.
In Her view, the Rose School of Thoughts indulgence faction re-activating the Tree of Shadow wasn't something unstoppable.
If Fourth Epoch Trier's seal were truly so easily destroyed, the Rose School of Thought and other evil god sects would have done so long ago—why wait until today to expend such effort?
Even if the crimson moon descending to the barrier, appearing round and bright, truly suppressed the orthodox gods, preventing Them from dealing with the Tree of Shadow problem, there were still two existences within the barrier who could take action. And the strongest subordinates the Great Old Ones could command in this world were just Suah and Tirié, who weren't even in the same league as their side.
If the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction truly wanted to go all in, they should have wagered everything during last year's Tree of Shadow incident, when Mr. Fool had not yet partially awakened.
And even without counting the two existences, their side's number of Angels far exceeded the evil god sects. As long as they held on a bit longer, preventing the Tree of Shadow from destroying surface Trier and causing mass civilian deaths, sufficient reinforcements would soon arrive.
This amount of time was insufficient to destroy Fourth Epoch Trier's seal.

Was it that the Rose School of Thought and other evil god sects didn't want to use the current approach in the past?
In the midst of Her doubts, Saint Vièvе suddenly became vigilant.
Could something have simultaneously gone wrong with Fourth Epoch Trier?
If coordinated on the inside and outside, the seal might truly be broken in a short time!
Just then, Saint Vièvе saw before the crimson moon—which appeared so huge it seemed to hang by the cathedral bell tower—a figure descending from the sky, growing larger and larger, wearing a medium-tall silk top hat, black windbreaker, and holding a stardust-inlaid cane.
...
The easternmost part of the Sonia Sea, the Forsaken Land of the Gods.
At the highest point of the majestic mountain range, darkness was thick, sometimes expanding, sometimes contracting.
...
Midseashire north coast, East Tilisi Province, capital city Tilisi.
Madam Justice suddenly had a spiritual premonition and opened her eyes.
She saw before her a verdant field, with several scarecrows standing in it, a clear stream flowing through, like a pastoral scene from an oil painting.
A dream... As a Dreamweaver, Madam Justice quickly understood what she had encountered.
And there weren't many beings in this world capable of weaving such a dream for her.
Madam Justice instantly thought of one possibility: the ancient dragon Edefana she had been pursuing!
This was one of the few remaining mind dragons.
I've searched for years without finding Him, yet He has come to me? Madam Justice found this somewhat absurd.
Absurdity implied abnormality, and abnormality necessarily indicated problems.
What Madam Justice cared more about was, if this dream was truly woven by Edefana, why did He choose today, why choose this moment?
Justice didn't hesitate, taking out a card.
The card portrayed an impartial goddess seated on a stone chair, wielding a sword and scales.
Tarot card, Justice card!
After praying to Mr. Fool, Justice began reciting her friend's honorific name, "Cosmic Traveler, beholden to the King of Yellow

and Black, and the Sorcerer chronicling the world..."
...
Southern Continent, inside a black ancient castle.
Mr. Moon Emlyn stood at the window, gazing up at the crimson moon that appeared huge and dreamlike due to its proximity.
He felt his spirituality boiling.
As he was struggling to control himself, the crimson moonlight shone into the ancient castle, conveying a mellow voice, "Alexis has suddenly disappeared. Find him as soon as possible."
This voice came from one of the three great Sanguine dukes, Olmer —titled Round Moon.
Alexis disappeared? Mr. Moon repeated these words.
Alexis was one of Duke Round Moon Olmer's direct descendants, a Sanguine count residing in Feynapotter City, the capital of the Feynapotter Kingdom.
In the past, The Moon Emlyn wouldn't have thought this order contained any hidden information, but now, he thought more: Alexis disappeared suddenly?
If it was sudden, how did Duke Round Moon discover it so quickly?
As a direct relative, did the Duke Round Moon have a bad premonition due to Alexis's disappearance?
...
Sonia Sea, New City of Silver, Church of The Fool's Headquarters.
Lumian and others saw the unrestrained growth of the Tree of Shadow.
"Wasn't it supposed to take many years before it would grow again?" Franca muttered to herself. "Did it receive healing, and its original wounds have healed?"
Lumian nodded pensively.
"The Great Mother's influence really seems to be hidden behind this..."
Jenna, who had been pondering a certain question, suddenly turned her gaze toward the twin towers and asked vigilantly, "Would the Gift of the Land being Omebella's remains, count as a 'mother?'"
"Should calamity stay away?"
Lumian was momentarily stunned.
He had borrowed the Gift of the Land before without any problems.
But that seemed to be before Mr. Fool made the revelation that "calamity needs to stay away from the mother"!
Meanwhile, in a hotel in the New City of Silver.
A man with neatly combed black hair, beautiful crimson eyes, and an elegant bow tie at his chest pulled a card from his pocket.
The card depicted a female version of Emperor Roselle wearing

maternity clothes, with a protruding belly, radiating maternal glory.
Card of Blasphemy, Mother card!

Chapter 1102: Valley God

The moment the Mother card was taken out, it seemed to sense something and its surface emanated a crimson glow even before being activated by an incantation.

It immediately transformed into an invisible vortex, frantically absorbing its holder's spirit and spirituality.

Then, it became heavy, turning into a miniature book.

The book's pages fluttered in the wind, revealing its first page.

On it was depicted Emperor Roselle dressed as a farmer, leaning on a hoe and gazing at rain clouds in the sky, with lines of ancient Feysac text written beside it: "Sequence 9, Planter..."

Immediately after, the book rapidly flipped backward. from "Sequence 8, Doctor" all the way to "Sequence 1, Naturewalker."

After Naturewalker was a female version of Emperor Roselle wearing a loose long dress, holding an infant, with two children standing beside him.

This page's title was: "Sequence 0, Mother"!

Almost simultaneously, crimson moonlight began shining from the infant in female Roselle's arms.

This grew increasingly bright, making the infant gradually appear like a full moon, reflecting and complementing the real crimson moon hanging low in the sky, seemingly suspended above the cathedral bell tower.

Within the miniature crimson moon, several lines of ancient Feysac text that hadn't existed before appeared: "Sequence 1, Valley God (or Tree God)."

Below this brand new Sequence 1 title, there were two descriptions, one on the left and one on the right:

"The Valley God is the root of heaven and earth."

"The Tree God, supporting heaven and connecting earth, propagates endlessly."

The crimson-eyed man holding this Mother card had just begun to smile when his expression suddenly froze.

He looked down to find that brownish, slightly withered tree roots had extended from the back of the Card of Blasphemy. These roots had pierced into his body, growing and spreading numerous root systems. frantically draining his life force.

The crimson-eyed man was stunned for a second before relaxing his expression.

He already understood what was happening.

But it didn't matter-all things would eventually return to the land, return to the mother's embrace!

It's just a bit early for me, but I will experience the warmth and

security of mother's embrace sooner.
His full face began to cave in, his smooth skin gradually withering.
At the bottom of the spire within the twin towers at the core of New City of Silver.
The enormous seven or eight meter high trunk "sleeping" in the morning light, planted in a pile of brownish soil, suddenly trembled slightly.
Its grayish-brown wood quickly exuded moisture, and large amounts of previously peeled and missing bark visibly grew back.
The surrounding morning light suddenly surged into its body, cutting through its "flesh" while witnessing its rebirth.
Its withered feeling gradually disappeared as it slowly became full and robust.
Suddenly, it broke free from the restraint of the brownish soil pile and vanished from the bottom of the round tower.
In the cathedral of the Church of The Fool's headquarters.
Warned by Jenna, Lumian redirected his gaze to the mirrors floating before him and to the brownish-green Tree of Shadow that was breaking through the ground and growing upward. ❖
Anthony understood that Lumian had realized New City of Silver wasn't entirely safe either-it contained the remains of the City of Silver residents' former "mother," Giant Queen Omebella, and calamity needed to stay away from the mother.
This would make normal people want to quickly retreat, but for High-Sequence Hunters, constantly running away wasn't a choice that aligned with their godhood: Having fled Trier, should they now flee New City of Silver too?
Should they keep running forever?
Anthony believed this would spark intense fighting spirit in Lumian. If his humanity wasn't abundant enough and his control over his mental state and emotions wasn't strong enough, he would choose to return to Trier to directly confront the Tree of Shadow and thwart the evil god cults' conspiracy.
Before Anthony could offer advice or use Placate, Lumian forcefully withdrew his gaze and made the floating mirrors return to the Traveler's Bag.
He said gravely to his team members, "Now we'll move to the Cathedral of Serenity."
The Cathedral of Serenity was the Church of the Evernight Goddess's headquarters and Holy Cathedral.
As he spoke, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder, using Teleport again.
Just as the spirit world with its layered colors and numerous strange creatures appeared before them, everything suddenly spun

and they plummeted downward.
Before Lumian could react, his feet had already landed on solid ground.
They arrived in an endless wilderness overgrown with weeds, with an oak tree of indescribable size growing in its depths.
It was blue-green, its roots deeply embedded in the earth, its crown penetrating the clouds as if supporting the sky, holding up a crimson full moon.
It was like a pillar reaching to heaven, supporting the entire world, allowing this wilderness to exist.
The mottled bark of this sky-supporting oak bore scorch marks from lightning strikes, but beneath the charred areas lay signs of life.
Higher up, the oak had more new branches, many entwined with lush, vibrant mistletoe.
At this moment, in the middle of this giant oak that supported the sky and anchored the earth, large amounts of mottled bark bulged out, outlining a huge, gentle, feminine face, with two giant crimson flowers serving as its eyes.
"Mother...
"Omebella..."
In Lumian's mind, these two terms naturally flashed through.
He instinctively tried to activate the black mark on his right shoulder again, but he could not sense the spirit world beyond this wilderness, nor could he sense the areas he originally had positions for.
Paramita!
At the same time, Lumian remembered something else:
His Teleport ability came from Zedus!
And Zedus was one of the Great Mother's twins, Omebella's younger brother, whose power presumably came from a boon, and currently possessed no Beyonder characteristics.
Even if such an Angel was conquered by 0-01, there should still be a trace of the Great Mother's spirit hidden within His power.
This was what the Great Mother excelled at!
So, at the crucial moment, she sacrificed this bit of spirit to interfere with my Teleport, making me 'voluntarily enter the Paramita created by the Gift of the Land? And Gift of the Land somehow became activated and received strange enhancements...
This thought flashed quickly through Lumian's mind.
Franca's lake-blue eyes had already become profound. seemingly concealing layers upon layers of darkness.
...
In the green fields dotted with scarecrows.

Madam Magician, wearing a white nightgown, opened a door forged from brilliant starlight and entered this dream.
She only looked around once before making a guess about the dream's weaver.
"Edefana?"
This was an ancient mind dragon, an Angel-level Discerner.
Excluding those who were transformed from humans, He was one of only three ancient dragons currently remaining.
"What's happening in the outside world?" Madam Justice Audrey asked instead of answering.
As a Dreamweaver, she had tried to leave this dream but failed.
Madam Magician answered truthfully, "The Tree of Shadow in Trier is causing trouble again, supposedly receiving help from the Great Mother's subordinates. However, don't worry, Mr. Fool has already descended there."
Madam Justice showed a puzzled expression. "So. Edefana took this opportunity to find me?
"How did He know Mr. Fool would descend to Trier?"
Madam Magician paused briefly before saying.
"Drawing me here to help must have also been part of His plan...
"So you had enough time to pray to Mr. Fool and speak my name, avoiding an ambush."
Just as the Planeswalker finished speaking, the dream's sky was suddenly covered by a shadow.
That shadow was a grayish-white dragon, circling in flight, with a lizard-like face showing obvious signs of age.
...
In Trier, Mr. Fool, wearing a medium-height silk top hat and black coat, was unaffected by the ground and tree branches as he passed through layers of void, landing before the brownish-green Tree of Shadow's trunk.
He thrust his star-dust inlaid cane forward, watching the thick, solid bark collapse and destroy itself in large amounts.
Each piece of bark, each branch, each leaf suddenly became ethereal, revealing scenes of Trier's citizens displaying various desires over the past one or two thousand years.
Some were normal, others indulgent, showing affairs at luxurious parties, warmth of tight embraces in cold small rooms, wasteful tables of abandoned food, and miserly parents reluctant to feed their children enough...
They interwove layer upon layer, cascading down as weighty history, a tome of desires, something that couldn't be completely destroyed by normal attacks, requiring peeling away layer by layer.

Mr. Fool withdrew his star-dust inlaid cane.
Grayish-white fog emerged accordingly, enveloping the Tree of Shadow's main trunk.
Fog of History!
...
In Fourth Epoch Trier.
Just as Angoulême and other Unshadowed were about to raise The Fourth Day higher to eliminate the Montsouris ghosts who kept throwing themselves into the invisible, colorless flames, they suddenly heard a cry.
It was the cry of infants, countless infants crying.
Jack Walton and others immediately looked toward the entrance of the street, seeing a figure staggering toward them.
The figure had chestnut-colored long hair and azure eyes, deliberately dressed as Emperor Roselle.
His body was already swollen, with bird-clawed infants tearing through flesh and skin to emerge from his ribs, abdomen, chest, thighs, and arms, crying loudly in search of nursing.
...
In Paramita.
Lumian's voice echoed in Franca and the others' minds: "Don't enter the mirror world for now."
The mirror world was connected to the special mirror world!
In the current chaotic situation, who knows what people might be lying in ambush in the mirror world, waiting to drag them into the special mirror world!
Since they had already encountered Mother, they shouldn't fall into the special mirror world trap as well.
Lumian slightly bent down, looking at the giant sky- supporting oak tree, and said with a smile in the team's minds: "Since we couldn't escape, then... let's fight!"

Chapter 1103: True Plan

Accompanying Lumian's words, Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig simultaneously raised both arms.

The numerous white clouds surrounding the giant oak tree's crown suddenly turned gloomy, appearing even more substantial.

Countless silver-white electric serpents began leaping between the layered dark clouds, intertwining as if trying to form a single entity.

At this moment, Lumian suddenly clenched his fist.

A massive silver-white lightning bolt, illuminating the entire Paramita, rapidly descended, striking the giant oak tree transformed from Omebella's remnants.

Lumian was recalling the effect of shouting the incantation "Leodero" when facing a similar oak tree embodying Madame Pualis in the dream city, and decided to imitate and recreate it.

At this time, the crimson moon had pressed against the invisible barrier, and Lord of Storms Leodero certainly couldn't spare the effort to bring down divine punishment, so he could only create this through a Weather Warlock's Beyonder powers.

Moreover, Lumian was not the only one "controlling the weather" he had also made Franca and the other team members do similar things simultaneously.

Rather than concentrating everyone's power on himself to enhance the thunderstorm's might, allowing each person to "control the weather" and then stack these efforts together would not only prevent weakening the effect but might also potentially trigger chain reactions or chaotic changes, making the thunderstorm more pronounced and exaggerated.

This was the nature of weather-even a butterfly's wing flap could progressively evolve into a hurricane, let alone five people simultaneously manipulating and creating a thunderstorm.

When the massive lightning that illuminated the entire Paramita fell, the female face on the giant oak tree's surface had already opened its mouth.

The raging wind brought by the thunderstorm was instantly sucked inside, and the high-altitude dark clouds converged toward the massive mouth in a funnel shape.

The silver-white lightning, resembling a divine tree, naturally decomposed, with most of it being swallowed by the female face on the tree's surface, and a small portion striking the tree's crown, bark, and branches.

Some bark instantly turned charcoal-black and peeled downward, with branches breaking and catching fire.

At these wounded spots, the tree's heart writhed and grew, ready to regenerate.
Simultaneously, all grass in Paramita withered at once, the ground cracking inch by inch, as if losing all moisture or having life rapidly drain away.
Lumian and the others were no exception.
They also saw that around the giant oak tree, some soil swelled and rolled, forming over a dozen yellow-brown humanoid puppets, all massive in size, swaying and about to take their first steps.
Ludwig opened his mouth and suddenly swallowed the toxic gas that had been diffusing in the surrounding air at some unknown time.
Immediately afterward, every member of their team transformed into fire balls of blue-purple hue, roaring as they rushed toward the giant oak tree.
Rumble!
Thunder finally sounded in the high sky.
Violet-tinted blue flames rapidly spread, turning everywhere Lumian and his companions passed into a flame hell.
Those dozen yellow-brown puppets didn't even have time to make any movement before being roasted crisp by the approaching high temperature, completely collapsing when the blue-violet fireball arrived.
Just as Lumian's group, transformed into a fireball, was about to strike the giant oak tree, that sky-supporting behemoth suddenly disappeared.
In the blink of an eye, at another location in Paramita, the ground swelled high, soil splashing, and a green giant oak tree grew out again.
Lumian and his team failed to hit their target, allowing them to re-materialize their forms.
Around them, cracked soil erupted with brown tree roots that shot out from all directions, covering the sky and earth.
Lumian's spiritual intuition told him that being struck by these roots would likely mean death, or worse, losing control.
Death wasn't terrifying-each team member had a Mirror Substitution-but losing control was something even a Demoness of Unaging couldn't resist!
Dense fog suddenly surged in the area, enveloping Lumian's group and dozens of kilometers of wilderness.
The brown tree roots emerging from the ground were also shrouded by the Fog of War, losing their target, unable to find a trace, stupidly freezing in midair.
Near the sky-supporting giant oak tree, Lumian's team's figures

suddenly outlined.
They surrounded the massive entity from different directions, each holding a black flame sword that restrained destruction and violence.
Immediately after, they successively struck with the Swords of Destruction.
This wasn't about being unable to move in unison, but about attacking in waves, maintaining reserves, leaving room to respond to potential enemy surprises.
Silently, the giant oak tree was covered in vibrant green radiance.
Then, it transformed into light and drilled into the ground, instantly vanishing, even preventing Jenna from adjusting the direction of the Sword of Destruction she had deliberately delayed.
Those black flame swords restraining madness fell on the flat, unbroken ground, burning a deep pit, cutting down and burning the remaining brown tree roots to ash.
"Escaping through the earth?" Franca hissed in the mental channel, "This is too hard to fight!"
More importantly, their life force was rapidly depleting, unable to sustain such a battle for long.
Lumian calmly responded, "Proceed as planned."
This was also a reminder to Jenna, Anthony, and Ludwig.
As they communicated mentally, dense Fog of War again spread out, making any subsequent attacks unable to lock onto a target.
Thus, Lumian's team fought intensely against the constantly relocating giant oak tree, relying on abilities like Fog of War, collective Teleportation, Weakness Investigation, Sword of Destruction, thunderstorm weather, arrival of winter, Mirror Substitution, and Demoness curses.
After a while, Lumian suddenly said in every team member's mind: Here's the chance!
They Blinked again to the giant oak tree's surroundings. Lumian's azure eyes turned iron-black, revealing the target's pale areas.
Franca let gray-white colors surge forth, rushing to the oak tree's base, attempting to Petrify the soil and bring it under her control, preventing the enemy from quickly moving via the ground.
Facing the sky-supporting behemoth, Jenna smiled and fully displayed the Charm Lumian had shared.
She wanted to make the giant oak tree briefly lose consciousness and fail to dodge in time.
On another side, Anthony quietly approached in a Psychological Invisibility state, condensing a black flame sword, and struck the target's weakness as Lumian suggested.
Ludwig, small in stature, raised a Sword of Destruction much

larger than himself, attacking from the front to draw the enemy's attention.
Suddenly, the giant oak tree's branches and leaves swayed, and a wet, bumpy protrusion emerged from its trunk.
The bump quickly split open, birthing a "child".
This "child" was composed of countless intertwined silver-white electric snakes, the lightning previously swallowed, now "reborn".
Crack!
The "child" instantly disintegrated, terrifying, bright lightning sweeping the surroundings.
Anthony's body instantly shattered, and Ludwig, Franca, and Jenna also broke into numerous mirror fragments.
Lumian's figure didn't break, only fading.
He was just a Mirror Projection from Franca's lake-blue eyes!
Lumian's true body appeared seven or eight kilometers away, holding a Sword of Destruction with contained, unreleased power.
The black flame sword instantly struck the edge of Paramita.
A nauseating sharp crack sound emerged, instantly slicing a deep, twisted, hideous fissure. Beyond the crack, pure color blocks layered, and various spirit realm creatures had long since fled.
Using the Sword of Destruction, Lumian forcibly carved a path to the outside world from Paramita!
From the beginning, he never intended to entangle too long with the giant oak tree, suspected to be an activated relic of Omebella. His real plan was: if they couldn't quickly resolve the target, force it near Paramita's edge, then use their intense battle to hide their true purpose, approach the realm's edge, attack with five people to distract it, allowing his true body to seize the opportunity and use the Sword of Destruction's special power to tear through the barrier and escape!
A Hunter was brave, not foolish. Why persist in fighting on the enemy's predetermined battlefield, contrary to Mr. Fool's revelation?
The initial battle was for this retreat!
"Go!" When Lumian's voice rang in Jenna and the others' minds, he had already activated the black mark on his right shoulder, bringing all team members through that terrifying crack, successfully escaping Paramita.
This time, he didn't plan to rely on the contract ability Teleportation, only using it to sense multiple spirit world coordinates and complete positioning.
With positioning, Angels could directly traverse the spirit world!
In the deep, dark special mirror world.
Zaratul, wearing a black robe, with white hair and eyes of

unpierced black darkness, leaned to one side, quietly waiting.
Suddenly, He stood up and said solemnly. "My wish is:
"To make Lumian and the others enter the mirror world."
He immediately fulfilled His own wish.
In Lumian'and Franca's eyes, the spirit world, originally composed of dense, pure color blocks, suddenly became dark and profound. A massive suction force rose from below, involuntarily dragging them down into a bottomless depth.
In Paramita, that giant oak tree stopped relocating. gradually withering and shrinking back to a seven or eight-meter trunk.
In a hotel room in the New City of Silver.
Reinette Tinekerr, carrying four blonde, red-eyed heads and wearing a dark, complex black dress, emerged from the spirit world.
Her eight eyes simultaneously looked at the ground, seeing the Mother card.
This Card of Blasphemy was stained with a faint trace of blood.

Chapter 1104: Catastrophe

In their rapid descent, Lumian, Franca, and Jenna, as Beyonders of the Demoness pathway, quickly realized they were in the depths of the mirror world.

Just as they were about to use their inherent qualities to lead the entire team away from the area filled with spacetime turbulence and return to the real world, a figure appeared in the deep, dark surroundings.

The figure wore a gray, old-fashioned long dress, with thick and long hair cascading like a waterfall. Her blue eyes were more crystalline than gemstones, with a delicate, small chin and moist, glossy red lips. She was a beautiful, mature woman with an exceptional temperament.

Seeing this figure, Franca's mind instantly buzzed.

She recognized her.

She had seen this gray-dressed woman's Mirror Projection with the Demoness of Black.

As a newly appointed Saint of the Demoness Sect, she had no choice but to meet her.

This was the matriarch of the Demoness of Gray, the divine child of the Primordial Demoness, the Demoness of Gray Judith!

Judith was a Sequence 2 Demoness of Catastrophe. She looked at Lumian and the others, raising Her exquisite and beautiful articulated wrist with a charming smile.

She was about to bring disaster.

And for the mirror world, what could truly be called a catastrophe? Of course, it would be a complete collapse, swallowed by spacetime turbulence!

Silently, Lumian saw the deep, dark surroundings begin to peel away, like a mirror cracking, with fragments falling off the surface.

Indescribable spacetime turbulence swept in.

Franca and the others, who were originally far from the turbulence in the mirror world's depths, were suddenly thrown into a scene of world-ending collapse.

Lumian had no time to think, activating the black mark on his right shoulder to Teleport the entire team out of the area.

However, the spacetime turbulence had already surged in, weakening the team's connections. Though they were close, they seemed to be in different worlds. Simultaneously, Lumian's perception of external coordinates became imprecise, blurry, and chaotic.

Lumian did not hesitate and used Teleportation.

Although this forced Teleportation would cause Franca and the others to be affected by the spacetime turbulence and randomly sent to different destinations, the weakest team member was still a Sequence 4 Saint. As long as they could escape this area of turbulent disaster, whether still in the mirror world, entering the spirit world, or returning to the real world, they could ensure their safety to some extent. Afterward, they would have many ways to regroup.
Just before the spacetime turbulence completely engulfed them, they instantly disappeared.
...
Franca's figure took shape in a phantom, dark tunnel of the mirror world.
She felt that the distance between her and Lumian was certainly more than 10 kilometers, as she could no longer share the Angel-level power.
She used the Mirror Substitution Lumian had left with her to quickly perform Magic Mirror Divination while turning into a new tunnel following her spiritual intuition.
She wanted to reunite with Lumian. This was to enhance his strength, as a Hunter with a team was much more powerful than one without!
Suddenly, a void of black darkness appeared before her, and the spider web-like tunnels behind her were dyed gray-white, solidifying into stone, no longer passable.
At this moment, a figure stood in the mirror-behind area before Franca.
The figure had black hair twisted into a high bun, wearing a pure black court dress, with deep gray eyes bright yet tinged with a hint of sadness. It was the Demoness of Black Clarice.
Next to Clarice, a high platform was built from gray-white stones, with a white bone-carved figurine of the Primordial Demoness placed at the top.
Franca stopped at the edge of this mirror-behind area, instinctively displaying a smile, as if trying to slip by. 'Madame, what are you doing?'
The Demoness of Black looked at her, with a smile that was not quite a smile.
'Praying to the Primordial One, of course.'
Before her words finished, she suddenly saw gray-white colors surging towards her.
Franca's previous smile and words were merely to deceive the Demoness of Black, making her believe she would not be ambushed. By the time this color-named Demoness actually began

to respond, Franca had already decisively launched an attack, leaving no room for retreat!

...

Jenna stopped.

She was somewhat stunned to discover that the mirror tunnel before her had been broken off, just like a bridge in the real world. This was a phenomenon she had never encountered before while traversing the mirror world, seemingly only possible in areas near spacetime turbulence.

Where does this lead? Has the path been artificially cut off? Jenna's thoughts raced, but she did not linger or seek an answer.

She took the Mirror Substitution Lumian had left with her and chose to bypass the interrupted tunnel, moving closer to her spiritual guidance.

She intuitively believed that Lumian was in this isolated place, and there was certainly a way to enter.

...

In a certain part of the mirror world.

Ludwig, dressed in children's formal wear, stood between spider web-like phantom paths, hesitating whether to go left or right.

He felt a calling from deep within his heart or a longed-for food on the right side, but the left side represented his godfather.

After a moment's hesitation, Ludwig's figure swiftly became transparent, turning into a wraith.

He projected himself as a wraith into the left mirror tunnel.

...

After discovering he had not yet left the mirror world, Anthony immediately lowered his head and began chanting in Hermes, 'The Fool that doesn't belong to this era,

'The mysterious ruler above the gray fog,

'The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

'...'

After briefly reporting their situation to Mr. Fool, Anthony used Psychological Invisibility and shuttled into the depths of the phantom tunnel before him.

His Ice Mirror Charm was not yet used up!

...

In a pitch-black castle in the Southern Continent.

The Moon Emlyn restrained his surging spirituality, pondering the reason Duke Round Moon Olmer had him search for Alex.

Is He suspicious that Alexis has come to the Southern Continent?

Seeking refuge with the Rose School of Thought?

Just as he thought this, Mr. Moon saw a figure rapidly taking shape in the room.

The figure knelt on one knee and bowed. 'My Lord, I've received intelligence that the Rose School of Thought captured Massaru half an hour ago.'
He was a Traveler cultivated by Mr. Moon, having specially traded Beyonder characteristics from Madam Magician.
Mr. Moon Emlyn couldn't help but furrow his brow.
Is something big going to happen tonight?
In recent times, the situation in the Southern Continent had actually been trending towards calm. First, organizations like the Rose School of Thought had reduced their activities, hiding deeper, similar to the cults of the Northern Continent. Second, after Mr. Fool's initial awakening, He had promoted reconciliation between the Royals of the Numinous Episcopate and the orthodox Churches. Subsequently, colonial institutions of Northern Continent countries would gradually withdraw from the Southern Continent, returning governance to local populations. To avoid chaos and a vacuum for order, this would be a dragged-out process.
Southern Continent populations would have religious freedom. As long as it didn't involve evil gods, they could believe in deities like Death or Mr. Fool, and could continue believing in the orthodox gods of the Northern Continent.
Meanwhile, the Royals of the Numinous Episcopate promised Mr. Fool political-religious separation.
They also provided substantial intelligence to the orthodox Churches, helping Mr. Star and Mr. Moon uncover several hidden bases of the Rose School of Thought.
The Moon Emlyn knew that Northern Continent countries and orthodox Churches made such significant concessions because Mr. Fool, this great existence, had initially awakened, and everyone shared a common enemy: other great existences.
Under these circumstances, after ensuring the orthodox Churches did not lose too many believers, even if the governments of Northern Continent countries had objections or wanted to overturn everything, they could only swallow their pride and agree.
The Moon Emlyn's understanding was: In this world, Beyonder power is the source of all authority!
Before Mr. Fool's apotheosis, liberating the Southern Continent from colonial status would have been impossible, even after numerous wars, because the orthodox gods' interests were aligned in this matter.
Once he became a great existence and initially awakened, this problem was easily resolved.
Their current primary contradiction was those great existences

who would destroy everything!
One had to distinguish between primary and secondary contradictions when doing things.
Emlyn took a deep breath, summoned the castle's strongholds, and transformed into crimson moonlight, rushing directly toward Massaru.
Before he even approached, he saw a massive entity appear within the city.
It was a 'mountain' composed of mixed corpses and earth—male corpses, female corpses, elder corpses, child corpses—all piled together.
Residents of Massaru City, whether from the Northern or Southern Continent, had all been killed and stacked into a 'mountain' pointing to the sky.
Simultaneously, cults in many parts of the Northern and Southern Continents, having accumulated certain power, were frantically creating disasters, forcing the Angels and Saints of the orthodox Churches to extinguish fires everywhere.
...
Lumian's figure had just materialized in a part of the mirror world when he saw the Demoness of Gray Judith standing not far away.
Some intense convergence phenomenon had made them 'meet' again.
Lumian narrowed his eyes, letting out a low growl.
It was like the first drum beaten on a battlefield.
With this growl, Lumian's body began to expand, his surface once again covered by an iron-black armor formed from flames.
A drop of blood-red emerged at his forehead, vivid and dripping like a battle flag. One side of his face became soft, delicate, and brilliant, while the other remained handsome but increasingly masculine and sharp.
In Paramita, isolated internally and externally, he couldn't use the most powerful ability of a Weather Warlock. But now, the mirror world itself belonged to that individual's domain.
He had sacrificed the ultimate power of the Calamity pathways, seeking assistance!
Lumian revealed a Mythical Creature form over ten meters high, holding a black flame great sword formed by the Fire of Destruction, taking a step to arrive before the Demoness of Gray Judith and slashing down.
The surrounding spider web-like phantom tunnels collapsed simultaneously, giving Judith no chance to escape this area.

Chapter 1105: Waiting

Facing Lumian's attack, Demoness of Gray Judith smiled serenely and calmly.

The phantom tunnel where She was located collapsed on its own, and along with Herself, before the Sword of Destruction could strike, fell piece by piece like toppled building blocks, cascading like a waterfall.

Disaster preemptively engulfed Her, time and space storms swept through, and only then came Lumian's black flame great sword.

By the time this area completely dissolved into nothingness, the terrifying and indescribable time-space turbulence flowed chaotically in the dark depths. In another phantom and dark tunnel, Demoness of Gray Judith's figure strangely emerged.

She was clearly stalling Lumian, preventing him from returning to the real world.

Lumian changed direction and took another step to arrive before the Demoness of Gray, slashing out the Sword of Destruction.

...

Deep beneath the Tree of Shadow, the brown-green trunk of the Tree of Shadow was completely shrouded in gray-white fog.

The mottled bark, settled desires, and ancient scenes gradually presented a phantasmal texture under the erosion of fog of history.

The historical shall return to history!

Abstract things could become substantial, and could also be defined as pure concepts.

The Lord of Mysteries could turn the true to false, and the false to true, with the distinction between true and false no longer clear!

As the gray-white fog continuously eroded the Tree of Shadow, the figure of Mr. Fool wearing black gloves, holding a star-studded staff, and dressed in a deep black trench coat suddenly appeared with a flickering sensation.

The star-studded staff lit up with brilliant radiance.

In a part of the mirror world, Mr. Fool took a step, quickly flickering beyond what normal human eyes could capture.

Before him were multiple phantom tunnels that had been interrupted, with all-consuming darkness flooding the collapsed area, blocking the path.

Mr. Fool spoke in a low voice, at an extremely rapid pace, 'My, wish, is:

'The, original, state, here, restored.'

After each pronunciation, there was a pause, but this pause was not obvious and did not affect the rapid delivery of speech, only

making some syllables seem to come from an extremely distant place.
As soon as the voice fell, a miracle occurred: those phantom and dark tunnels became whole again, once more able to freely traverse.
...
Seeing the mirror tunnels in spider web formation successfully repaired,Red Angel Medici, leaning against the edge of the mirror's rear area, picked up the apple in His hand and took a smiling bite.
Medici, who had already condensed an iron-black blood-stained armor with defense not much inferior to same-tier Warrior pathway Beyonders, did not rush to move forward. Instead, He continued waiting at His original location, awaiting potential subsequent mutations and possible interlopers.
As a Hunter, one of the keys to success was patience—patiently waiting for prey to enter the trap, waiting for all variables and accidents to reveal themselves, finding the true weak point, and then delivering a fatal strike to complete the harvest.
Last time, Medici had overlooked the possibility of Alista Tudor actively choosing to be mad. This time, He would not exclude those irrational choices.
...
Lumian, standing more than ten meters tall, was engulfed in deep red, violet flames, yet his face retained a human form—one side brilliant, the other handsome, with a blood-red, thorn-like mark at his forehead threatening to burst forth.
The Demoness of Gray was about to employ Her usual trick and dodge the enemy's frontal assault when Her mind suddenly trembled.
She instantly felt the opponent was tall, majestic, terrifying, strong, and charismatic—involuntarily wanting to submit.
Even more horrifying was the sense of facing the source, facing a deity, facing the embodiment of destruction and apocalypse.
This caused Her body and mind to briefly lose self-awareness, unable to respond effectively in time.
Conquest!
Lumian had obtained the power of conquest through sacrificing to the City of Calamity, supplemented with a hint of sefirah-quality conquest power.
Now, he was a genuine City of Calamity priest, the high priest of war's essence!
The Demoness of Gray froze in place. Lumian's iron-black eyes, revealing pale regions, slashed down the black great sword burning with the Fire of Destruction.

Simultaneously, the mirror world around the Demoness of Gray fractured in all directions—up, down, left, right, front, and back. Each fragment was 'conquered' as a soldier, transforming into large and small black flame-composed short arrows, restrained with violence and destruction, swooshing toward Judith.
These densely packed, impenetrable arrows seemed to weave a net of destruction, with Judith as the massive fish caught within.
Boom!
The Sword of Destruction cleaved into the Demoness of Gray's shoulder, and the black flame short arrows hit the target from all directions.
Cracking sounds rang out continuously, and Demoness of Gray Judith's Mirror Substitutions exploded simultaneously, without exception.
Now Her form in the mirror, but even Her form in the real world was affected by Cull and the Sword of Destruction, suddenly erupting in black flames and burning to ash.
Only those sleeping mirrors She had hidden in multiple places, having severed most of Her mystical connections, were spared.
And She would need considerable time to resurrect through these means.
After dispatching the Demoness of Gray, Lumian's body suddenly shrank, the blood-colored pennant between his brows gradually receding, yet seeming to still writhe.
He made no delay, nor considered pursuing the Demoness of Gray, immediately wanting to escape the mirror world and then find a way to reunite with Franca, Jenna, and the others.
In an instant, he sensed something and cast his gaze toward one of the illusory tunnels.
He felt true safety lay there.
Lumian's figure turned ethereal, about to traverse through.
Just then, his thoughts abruptly stiffened, and a slick yet marvelous sensation spread across his surface.
He saw thick black hair like serpents emerging from nowhere, coiling around him, their tips either embedded with black and white eyes or bearing venomous snake heads, mouths slightly open, tongues protruding.
Lumian also saw that under the gaze of those black and white eyes, his body had turned gray-white, transforming into stone, unable to use any abilities.
He was layer upon layer wrapped by those thick, serpent-like, slick and slightly damp black hairs in his stone state.
The only thing he could do now was commit suicide.
Suddenly, a gentle, soft female voice with a hint of laughter

whispered in his ear, 'I have been waiting for you for a long time.'
This voice scratched at Lumian's soul, making his entire body feel itchy, and even petrified, he sank into it, not wanting to break free.
A name spontaneously flashed in his mind: Primordial Demoness Cheek!
Two pure, delicate white hands stretched from behind and gently caressed Lumian's cheeks.
These beautiful hands were not yet perfect, but they could evoke the most primitive and intense desires of anyone who saw them, instantly propelling them to heavenly pleasure from which they could never escape.
Just by being seen.
Lumian in his petrified state was equally affected, his mind almost completely blank.
The reason it was not entirely blank was because he saw his mirror self was also dragged out from hiding by those thick, slick black serpent-like hairs, his body gray-white, because a curvaceous, icy yet inexplicably fiery body was pressed against his back.
That body cradled his face, dragging him with black hair deeper into the mirror world, rapidly retreating into that special mirror world.
Mr. Fool Blinked into this area, just in time to see Lumian being embraced from behind by an infinitely charming, vaguely discernible figure in the special mirror world, being dragged inside.
His black trench coat suddenly lifted.
Fooled!
Simultaneously, a dozen-meter-tall figure appeared before Lumian.
It was a female, wearing a dress seemingly made of white bones, her black hair like venomous giant serpents—long, thick, and slick, with snake heads at the tips or rolling black and white eyes, turning everything around her to stone, releasing various mystical pathogens.
Her beauty of countenance had transcended human limits, reaching a conceptual level. All living beings and all things would be infatuated and entranced by Her slightest expression, perpetually in ecstasy. Even rules and concepts seemed reluctant to constrain Her, to oppose Her.
Mr. Fool's Fooling instantly took effect, causing Her azure, ocean-like, gem-crystal eyes to suddenly become clouded.
But Her charm did not diminish by half; instead, it presented a different seduction.

This momentarily stunned Mr. Fool.
In that instant of stunned silence, the area outside the special mirror world, along with the Primordial Demoness Cheek's figure, moved toward apocalypse, instantly condensing into an exceptionally dangerous darkness.
By the time Mr. Fool made his own wish and satisfied his own wish, restoring the original scene, Lumian's figure had already disappeared into the deep, dark region representing the special mirror world.
Mr. Fool's flickering figure raised the star-studded staff in his hand, materializing a night sky full of brilliant stars before him.
Those stars quickly formed a directional, dreamlike key, forcibly opening the barrier of the special mirror world, pinpointing Lumian's current location.
Just as Mr. Fool was about to Wander in, a strange black surge suddenly emerged at the edge of that deep darkness, forming an abnormally massive, extremely distorted phantasm that resembled a human yet had many non-human features.
This phantasm looked across the special mirror world's barrier, crazy yet incredibly silent, watching Mr. Fool, as if waiting for him to come.
Mr. Fool stopped Wandering and similarly watched the phantasm in silence.
In a mirror rear area not far from here, Red Angel Medici, leaning against the hard mirror surface, brought the red apple in His hand to His mouth and took another bite.
Within the crisp sound, He muttered softly, 'Cheek indeed appeared.
'But She is not weak at all. In fact, She seems even stronger...'

Chapter 1106: Whispers

Jenna swiftly traversed through the mirror world's phantom tunnels, dense as a spider's web, finally finding a path leading to her destination.

She arrived before the special mirror world, seeing Mr. Fool standing quietly, his figure constantly flickering, his image almost exactly matching the description in church scriptures, and also seeing the distorted phantasms nearly covering the special mirror world's edges.

Upon witnessing the massive phantasm that was both human and non-human, Jenna suddenly felt an intense desire for destruction surge within her, wanting to spread disaster and indulge in pleasure.

She almost failed to suppress the godhood that was originally not very prominent within her.

What is this? Jenna was terrified and bewildered, barely managing to control her emotions and desires.

...

In the mirror rear area standing with gray-white stone platforms and white bone statues.

Franca and Demoness of Black Clarice had battled for a while. Besides shattering several Mirror Substitutions and transforming the place into a gray-white stone cave, neither had suffered substantial injury.

Seizing the opportunity when the Mirror Projection shattered and her own form emerged at the mirror rear area's edge, the Demoness of Black looked at Franca, unable to hide her surprise, "You've significantly digested the Unaging potion?"

Clearly, she was not surprised that Franca had become a Demoness of Unaging, but that the other's condition was excellent, with emotions and desires effectively controlled, unaffected by her own active Charm.

This did not resemble a Demoness of Unaging who had advanced just a few months ago.

After all, the digestion of a Demoness of Unaging was measured in centuries. The newly advanced might need several years, or even over a decade, to be in an unstable state of emotions and desire. Even facing an equally-leveled Demoness's Charm, they would find it difficult to resist, unless she was deeply in love or had just experienced a soul-stirring passion she would die for.

Franca was also glad to talk and delay time, waiting for an opportunity.

While dodging the Demoness of Black's new wave of attacks, she

laughed and asked back.
"Would you lose control if I said I've completely digested the Unaging potion?"
She was boasting about a fact that would be unbelievable to other Demonesses of Unaging, attempting to provoke an emotional fluctuation in the Demoness of Black.
And with an emotional fluctuation, she might be able to Charm the target, inducing admiration that would prevent them from attacking, leading to defeat.
The Demoness of Black's gaze suddenly solidified.
She clearly was unwilling to believe Franca could digest the Unaging potion in just a few months-a process that normally took hundreds of years-but the other's excellent condition seemed to corroborate that statement.
Taking advantage of the Demoness of Black's emotional turbulence, Franca smiled charmingly.
This made Demoness of Black Clarice's heart beat faster, just like the first time she experienced feminine charm from the Primordial Demoness figurine.
With her experience, she immediately knew something was wrong, and let her mirror self emerge from another side, using Charm on herself.
Charming herself!
With a whoosh, Franca, who had put on the Face of the Arcane at some point in time, shot out a clear light column from her eye protection surrounded by gears, springs, and rivets, which instantly landed on the Demoness of Black.
Caught between two Charm forces, the Demoness of Black regained some clarity and preemptively used a Mirror Substitution.
Her body devolved into a mirror, completely split, floating down as microscopic fragments.
The Demoness of Black's mirror self walked out, then was intercepted by Franca's mirror self.
At the Demoness of Unaging stage, the Demonesses' mirror selves could not directly engaged when battling in the real world. But if the battlefield was in the mirror world, with the main body entering, Demonesses could attack the enemy together with their mirror selves, essentially a two-against-one situation.
The Demoness of Black who had escaped the attack quickly appeared on another side of the mirror rear area, her face smiling, showing no anger.
"I told you before that the Primordial One has two hidden honorific names. Do you want to know them now?"

Telling those two hidden honorific names now? Isn't this a trap? Franca responded without hesitation.
"Nope!"
The Demoness of Black's figure suddenly layered and multiplied, everywhere, like entering a maze made entirely of mirrors.
Her voice transmitted from all directions into Franca's ears.
"The fourth honorific name is:
"The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty!"
The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty?
Fu#k! Franca was stunned for a moment, nearly getting hit by the Demoness of Black, barely escaping the crisis by preemptively using a Mirror Substitution.
...
The eastern part of the Sonia Sea, the Forsaken Land of the Gods.
At the peaks of the endless mountain ranges, that darkness suddenly expanded to transparency.
Within the transparency, a massive cross was vaguely visible, with two people nailed to it-one head down, feet up, the other feet up, head down, yet sharing a single body, like conjoined infants.
Beneath this cross was a chaotic water surface that seemed to encompass all colors and all possibilities. Something beneath the water appeared to be grasping the cross's base, pulling it toward the earth's depths, causing it to slowly sink.
...
In an indescribable darkness.
Lumian, now a gray-white stone statue with only a remnant of thought, suddenly smelled a fragrance like night flowers blooming, the very breath most yearned for in every male heart.
The white bone-like long dress fell before his eyes, dropping to the ground, revealing a perfect torso that would drive even stones to impulse, that would make even rules violate themselves.
Those slick, long, serpent-like black hairs began to gently glide on Lumian's body. That moonlike torso sat in Lumian's lap, entwining him without bones.
Heat and coldness emerged simultaneously, with a moist sensation rippling and flowing between the two bodies.
Lumian was like being nakedly coiled by a massive python, gently rubbing, and yet seemingly enveloped by the most charming pleasure, alternating between heaven and hell.
Serpent-like slick black hair, white and exquisite beautiful hands, moistened and slightly parted pink lips, delicate skin that seemed it would break at a touch yet was full of elasticity-these rotated and approached Lumian's face, neck, chest, and abdomen, sometimes lightly touching, sometimes closely pressing,

sometimes gently caressing, sometimes wanting to be one with him.
The previous soft, gentle voice became seductive, low-sobbing with joy when Lumian reached heaven, and floating near dream-talk when he fell into hell.
"Whether the remnant souls in the River of Eternal Darkness or the Beyonder characteristics in the Blue Avenger's treasury are not the true reliance for Tudor's resurrection...
"If they can work, very good; if not, it doesn't matter, as long as they can create someone like you...
"Tudor's true resurrection is laid out here with me..."
The voice brought a hidden sweet ambiguous fragrance, making even this stone statue's "blood vessels swell" until gray-white cracks appeared.
Sweet, fragrant breath blew into his ear, rising and falling, accompanied by a hint of laughter.
"Tudor is willing to trust me, and I will not disappoint Him...
"Do you know why only Judith's descendants remain of His offspring, while others no longer exist?
"I cursed them, with direct curses, with curses of destiny...
"Now, Tudor can only rely on me..."
The remnant of Lumian's consciousness inexplicably generated fear amidst these words.
He did not know why Primordial Demoness Cheek was coupling with him at this moment, why She wanted to control his pleasure and pain, why She was saying these words.
He only knew this true Demoness was mad.
A slightly hoarse voice pressed against Lumian's body, laughing softly in his ear.
"I am very satisfied with this body; it will belong to Tudor...
"I have waited for over a thousand years, finally finding the best opportunity. This can both resurrect Tudor and complete His and my unfinished dreams...
"Do you know what the Demoness pathway symbolizes?"
Lumian could not answer, for he was now just a gray-white stone statue, entering heaven amidst ultimate pleasure.
The marvelous female voice had a breathy sound to it.
"It symbolizes catastrophe and apocalypse, and also symbolizes the feminine side of that initial Creator.
"The Hunter pathway, what does it symbolize? It symbolizes war and destruction, and also symbolizes the masculine side of that initial Creator.
"Do you know that the initial Creator was both mad and rational, both self-destructive and wanting to survive?

"What do you think such a Creator would do while self-destructing?
"Why would He create an invisible barrier to block the Outer Deities, preventing Them from chaotically plundering and initiating the convergence?
"As the source of rationality and wisdom, doesn't He want a stable existence?"
Even with his mind almost completely blank, Lumian now had an extra thought.
Simultaneously, he vaguely perceived the purpose of the Primordial Demoness coupling with him and speaking these words.
Balancing yin and yang, correcting the state, making the final preparation for Alista Tudor's resurrection...
The breathing grew heavier, alternating between low sobs and laughter, the female voice asked near Lumian's throat, "Do you know what the Oldest One's feminine side plus the Oldest One's masculine side equals?
"When the feminine and masculine sides of something combine, what do they become?"
Lumian's final thoughts suddenly froze.
...
In the mirror rear area filled with gray-white stones.
Frightened by the Primordial Demoness's fourth honorific name, Franca immediately fell into a disadvantage, barely surviving the most difficult stage.
She could die and wait to resurrect herself in the sleeping mirror, but that would waste too much time.
At this moment, the voice of Demoness of Black Clarice came from the side.
"The fifth honorific name of the Primordial One is..."
Franca wanted to stop her but could not find a suitable method; comparatively, deafening herself would be more convenient.
Before she could take action, the subsequent words of the Demoness of Black echoed with a hint of laughter.
"The fifth honorific name of the Primordial One is:
"The original Creator - the Oldest One - in the mirror!"

Chapter 1107: Role

The original Creator—in the mirror? Has the Primordial Demoness gone mad? To actually give Herself such a title, and moreover, to actually be able to point to Herself? Franca had originally prepared herself mentally not to be shocked or surprised, to prevent the Demoness of Black from launching a surprise attack, but the actual situation still exceeded her expectations.

The honorific name 'The Female Body of the Primordial God Almighty' was actually understandable after her initial shock—Lumian had previously suspected that the great terror deep within the special mirror world was related to the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty, so the Primordial Demoness, who was closely involved with this matter and controlled it to a certain extent, quietly becoming 'The Female Body of the Primordial God' was terrifying but not entirely unexpected.

But 'The original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror' completely surpassed their imagination!

Why would the Primordial Demoness think She could bear such a title?

What great terror had She and Alista Tudor actually orchestrated deep within the special mirror world?

Could it be that They are about to destroy and recreate the world?

...

Deep within the special mirror world.

Primordial Demoness Cheek seemed like someone who hadn't had anyone to talk to for a long time or perhaps harbored some dangerous intention. Ignoring the frozen thoughts of the statue-like Lumian, She let out a low, ragged breath as cracks spread in the grayish-white surface, laughing in a rising and falling rhythm as She spoke,

'Plus, huff... the mirror world belongs to the Demoness pathway, huff...

'The answer becomes... huff... very... huff... very clear...

'The original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror...'

Lumian's mind was like fireworks exploding, with colors of all kinds, both beautiful and dangerous.

His face was cupped by those pure white, delicate hands, with bare arms like white jade art pieces connecting to the torso that had drawn a final line with charm itself. Countless black hairs, snake-like, glided all over his body, slick with a hint of sweat.

The marvelous female voice that made Lumian's very soul want to draw near sometimes was on his left side, sometimes ran to his right, sometimes descended to his chest with a wet sensation.

'The Primordial God Almighty... hoh... who accommodated the City of Calamity, knows very well... huff... this point...
'His resurrection arrangement... huff... had one part in the Chaos Sea and the five pathways corresponding to the Chaos Sea... huff... and another part hidden in the City of Calamity... huff... hidden in the Demoness and Hunter pathways...
'When the Demoness who commands chaos... huff... meets and combines with the Red Priest, huff, He will become the Trinity, in the City of Calamity, within the Chaos Demoness and the Red Priest... huff... simultaneously resurrecting, ultimately... hoh... forming a whole, returning in the mirror...
'Huff... but He perished too early, some things were not quite like the expected and arranged...
'The City of Calamity... huff... was sealed in the Western Continent, preventing Him from quickly becoming the Trinity, gathering all calamities, and moreover... huff... there was another change on the City of Calamity's side...
'His consciousness revived in me and Tudor, oh, Tudor, but without the City of Calamity's resonance and linkage, that consciousness grew very slowly... huff... suppressed and controlled by us...
'And, hoh... the place where we consummated was not the ordinary mirror world... huff... but the special mirror world created by Bethel...
'Bethel had already accommodated... huff... the Uniqueness of the Door pathway and all Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics... huff... and by the special nature of the Door pathway, self-sealed to prevent convergence, stopping Himself from becoming a god... hoh... but He also sensed the terrifying revival of the Celestial Worthy within Him... huff... The Fourth Epoch was not suitable for the three Mysteries pathways to become divine...
'Bethel created the special mirror world... huff... voluntarily, but whether there was an influence from godhood, no one knows...
'When the initial feminine and masculine sides, the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty, and the special mirror world created by the Mysteries pathways combined, the development of things deviated from the Primordial God Almighty's arrangement!'
The female voice, now slightly hoarse, no longer panted and suddenly became high-pitched, like a swan forcefully bending its neck backward.
The Oldest One's body of both male and female... plus the power of the two direct pillars belonging to the Oldest One... Lumian, who had fallen into hell from desire, suddenly understood why the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—had appeared.
In this matter, the Celestial Worthy unconsciously or with a bit of

consciousness applied influence, trying to prevent the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection. As a result, the development exceeded everyone's expectations. A true, unknown great horror was born in the depths of the special mirror world, causing the Celestial Worthy's plan to defeat Mr. Fool by using the Mirror Person's 'splitting oneself to clinch victory' to suffer a complete failure.
The female voice was no longer hoarse, becoming low and gentle, very smooth.
'The mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—was thus born, but His consciousness was very weak, like all newborn infants...
'This gives me and you a chance, not only to suppress the Primordial One's revival of His consciousness but also a chance to become the true Creator...
'This is also dangerous, and the corresponding effort is the craziest behavior in this world, but you're not afraid—this is when you're most charming...
'Tudor and I attempted to merge with the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, one bearing the feminine side, one containing the masculine side, and then use this to control the City of Calamity, so we can be both separated and joined, both unified and contradictory, both whole and divided...
'This seems to be the only way for the Oldest One to stably exist, an unverified method...
'Now you've come, you even have the twin child of the Mother Goddess of Depravity on you, the seal of the River of Eternal Darkness. With all of this combined, the mirrored original Creator —the Oldest One—might be able to enter reality...
'By then, the mirror world will have a sun, will have a moon, will have stars, will have everything from the outside world, becoming exactly the same as reality...'
The gentle and smooth female voice gradually became heavy, mixing up the use of 'you' and 'Tudor' pronouns, seemingly wanting 'you' and 'Tudor' to ultimately become the same.
It carried a hint of laughter, and sweet lips blocked Lumian's mouth, the voice echoing in his oral cavity.
'Adam wanted to nurture you to accommodate the City of Calamity, but the first time I saw you, I felt that this body was prepared for Tudor and me. You should not become the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction, you should be the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, be Tudor, also be Cheek...'
At this point, the tongue that brought countless stimulations and pleasures retracted, sighing and reminiscing. 'Our attempts gradually bore fruit, we could truly merge, but Adam sensed something was wrong. Those fellows also had a dangerous

premonition, and the War of the Four Emperors broke out...
'Some wanted to deal with us, others attacked their enemies in the chaos...
'I actually wanted to kill Adam before we started trying, to prevent Him from discovering our plan. You also supported this, but that fellow ran faster than anyone and hid deeper than anyone...
'Unfortunately, our union was not yet complete, and we had so many enemies...
'In the last moment, Tudor wanted to forcibly complete the merger, using this to pull all other sefirot from the Western Continent, dragging the entire world to die, waiting for the Creator's symbolic manifestation in death...
'This was too crazy. Our dream was not yet complete, we had not yet become the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror. I decided to let you die for a while, and then resurrect you later...
'I dealt Tudor the critical blow. Salinger completed His life's culling, sending His soul into the River of Eternal Darkness...
'Later, I went to Salinger, to resurrect you, to make Him deal with those seven self-proclaimed orthodox gods...
'Salinger, influenced by someone, actually relied on a tributary of the River of Eternal Darkness to forcibly accommodate the Red Priest's Uniqueness, going half-mad...
'This was good. This way, you would have a chance to resurrect in His body, and a half-mad person is easier to manipulate...
'I wanted to manipulate Him to collect Tudor's corpse in Fourth Epoch Trier, merge it with Himself, manipulate Him to touch the special mirror world, so you could be resurrected...
'Everything was originally going smoothly, but then an accident occurred...'
The female voice suddenly became heavy, as if suppressing Her own madness.
'Salinger's forced accommodation of the Red Priest's Uniqueness actually caused an aberration in the original Creator—the Oldest One—in the mirror, producing a certain self-awareness...
'She was exactly like me, just preferring to wear a black bone dress. She even said She was a pure female, heh, sometimes I can't help but wonder if it's not that the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—gained self-awareness, but that my own spirit and personality split...
'To suppress Her, to continue merging, I had to let the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty in me further revive, seeking a certain balance...
'Since then, I've had to suppress the Primordial One's consciousness while fighting against the black version of myself,

spending most of my time here, unable to effectively interfere with the outside world...
'Fortunately, the problem is not severe, only that my direct descendants and I will intermittently experience separation and loss of personality, spirit, consciousness, and memory...'
As she spoke, when Lumian reached an unprecedented state of pleasure, the female voice laughed.
'Now, your state is suitable, you will be equivalent to Tudor...
'Do not expect help from The Fool. He has only just initially awakened and is not yet a truly great existence. The mirror Creator influenced by me is enough to block Him...
'As for Adam's side, there are other problems...'
In Lumian's blurry vision, a pair of white, smooth arms that seemed to have a luster lifted a somewhat peculiar crown, rusty and stained with blood.
The crown quickly became ethereal, seemingly reduced to countless tiny light points while maintaining its overall shape.
The beautiful hand at the end of the white arm brought the 'crown' to Lumian's head, as if to help him wear it.
No, not wear—those hands forcibly pressed the 'crown' into Lumian's head, without any supplementary ingredients or advancement ritual.
Simultaneously, more white arms appeared, along with the snake-like black hair, entwining Lumian's body in various ways.
Suddenly, a beautiful face pressed close to Lumian's head, with pink lips sighing with joy and satisfaction.
'Who you are is not important...
'What you want to do is not important either...
'What's important is the role you're playing...'
This voice, soft and gentle, echoed outward.

Chapter 1108: Fusion

As the rusty and blood-cast crown was slowly pressed into Lumian's head, Lumian, who was in a state of continuous pleasure and petrification, suddenly regained a bit of thought. Is this 'crown' the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway, Conqueror?

The one that fell into the Primordial Demoness's hands?

I've only partially digested my Weather Warlock potion...

Forcibly merging the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic with me in this situation, without supplementary ingredients or an advancement ritual, I will inevitably lose control and go mad....

Is this the future pointed to by the letter from the Circle of Inevitability, and the truth of the prophecy by the Post-Apocalyptic Scripture?

Lumian could flash a few thoughts but could not use his abilities, because the snake-like black hair that brought petrification was still entwined around him, and the white body that brought heaven and hell was still on him, encompassing him, embracing him from all directions.

The blood-stained and rusty "crown" gradually sank into Lumian's head, bringing tearing pain, a desire to conquer everything, and violent, mad emotions.

The female voice, filled with laughter and sighs, seductive and charming, once again sounded by Lumian's ear.

"When we truly become the original Creator-the Oldest One-in the mirror, you won't need to worry about the future or the apocalypse. Even if reality is destroyed, as long as there's a mirror left in this universe, the mirror world won't completely shatter. By then, the reality reflected in the mirror world will walk out of the mirror exactly as it was, all buildings will be restored, all humans will be resurrected, and they'll continue living happily-just with their left and right hands' habits reversed...

"I know what you want most is to resurrect your sister Aurore...

"She will definitely be resurrected, and I will eventually merge into this body of yours, becoming one with her...

"By then, I can continue to be your sister...

"Stupid, I am your sister..."

An unspeakable anger suddenly rose in Lumian's heart, but this still couldn't help him escape his current state and predicament.

The next second, a figure appeared in his blurry vision.

The figure was draped in blood-colored long hair, wearing black armor stained with crimson, with a rigid temperament and azure eyes, openly displaying a cruelty and madness ready to destroy

everything at any moment.
The mirrored Blood Emperor Alista Tudor!
Lumian instantly understood that the one who had previously persuaded this mirrored Blood Emperor to leave was Primordial Demoness Cheek.
This might be because Lumian had not yet become an Angel at that time, or perhaps because the situation was not yet chaotic, with too many high-ranking figures watching...
The mirrored Alista Tudor looked at Lumian and the white body intertwined, let out a contemptuous laugh, and walked towards Lumian's body.
He gradually became ethereal and shrank, like a human reflected in an ordinary mirror.
Seeing this, Lumian instantly understood what the mirrored Alista Tudor was about to do.
He was going to use the forceful infusion of the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic and the residual Blood Emperor aura in his body to occupy this body and complete His resurrection!
For Tudor, who was originally Sequence 0 Red Priest, both the Weather Warlock and Conqueror Beyonder characteristics could be easily digested without any problems, and He would not lose control or go mad.
Lumian suddenly realized the true purpose of the Circle of Inevitability sending that letter.
He wants to fix this fate of losing control, making it a predetermined end...
This is not targeting me, but the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor He saw, who was about to replace me...
But would Tudor be afraid of going mad?
Would He care about this issue?
...
In the special mirror world, Jenna didn't dare to look directly at the enormous, distorted inhuman silhouette separated by the barrier, nor could she participate in the battle in that area.
She only knew that Mr. Fool had split into multiple crazily flickering human figures, only knew that the area had been destroyed multiple times and then restored to its original state, only knew that she sometimes felt dull, stupid, and her thoughts sluggish, sometimes felt that a segment of the middle process was missing, sometimes showed signs of losing control, and sometimes was in an incredibly good state...
What she also knew was that Mr. Fool seemingly couldn't defeat the distorted silhouette in a short time and enter the depths of the special mirror world. Her spiritual intuition and the mystical

connection brought by the Mr. Fool told her that Lumian was at that moment in the depths of the special mirror world.
There was presumably Primordial Demoness Cheek, an unknown great terror. The longer time passed, the higher the possibility that Lumian would completely die or turn into Alista Tudor or some other monster.
For Jenna, each second now felt like an entire year, and many seconds had already passed.
Her heart gradually sank, becoming more and more desperate.
She hated that she couldn't help at all, and couldn't assist Mr. Fool in quickly resolving the battle.
Ironically, her Despair potion was rapidly being digested.
...
Deep within the special mirror world.
The mirrored Blood Emperor, now reduced to normal human size, suddenly had a human figure appear before Him.
This figure was draped in rust-colored long hair, wearing white armor, with iron-black eyes and a high- bridged nose, seemingly cast from the same mold as Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, only with many opposite details in color.
His eyes were rigid and hollow, seemingly possessing only a tiny bit of self-awareness.
The mirrored Alista Tudor overlapped with this figure, beginning to fuse intensely.
Lumian, whose mind was ravaged by violent and conquering emotions, vaguely knew who the Alista Tudor in white full-body armor was.
He was the product of the initial fusion between the Blood Emperor and the mirrored original Creator-the Oldest One-during the Fourth Epoch.
He was the true resurrection arrangement of the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, always kept and protected by Primordial Demoness Cheek.
Now, with the mirrored Alista Tudor and the Sequence 1 Conqueror" Beyonder characteristic's "participation", the resurrection would become easier and more perfect!
The two Tudors, intensely fusing, came to Lumian's side. At this moment, Lumian's head had been opened, and inside was not white brain matter, nor iron-black bones interwoven with violet-tinged fire and symbolic patterns, but a phantasmal blood-stained "crown".
It seemed to be drawing on Lumian's flesh and spirit, merging with itself as the primary, rather than with Lumian.
The overlapping Tudors, still fusing and dropping various colored

flames, pressed Their right palm into Lumian's brain, onto the rusty phantasmal "crown".
Their figures instantly entered Lumian's body, and the Blood Emperor residual aura on Lumian's right palm suddenly protruded and expanded, rapidly breaking through the Underworld Daoist's seal and igniting his entire body.
Violent, mad, cruel, and savage mental states swept through like a storm, destroying Lumian's consciousness.
Lumian finally lost that last bit of thought.
The perfect torso entwined with him and still consummating with him covered his body in a thick layer of frost, which did not quickly melt even under the violet flames, thus controlling the fire's burning, maintaining the best rhythm of Lumian and Tudor's fusion.
This torso stood up from Lumian's embrace, separating from him, no longer entangling or restraining him.
A bone-made dress flew up from the ground, draping over this white torso.
Her beautiful face revealed an obvious smile, speaking to the two Tudors still fusing with Lumian, "You haven't reclaimed the Red Priest's Uniqueness. I can't merge with this body's feminine side right now, as that would cause an imbalance, leading to the worst outcome.
"But it's fine. The problems brought by the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness revival are both troublesome and helpful. I can separate a personality containing the Sequence 1 Demoness of Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic, partial self-awareness and spirit, like a Visionary, without reducing my current level, just losing corresponding memories and cognition, causing certain spiritual disabilities..."
The Primordial Demoness spoke, Her expression suddenly twisting, revealing intense pain.
Her arms, shoulders, and head were all cracking.
After several seconds, a figure identical to Her, wearing a bone dress, walked out.
This supremely beautiful figure was wet, as if coated with a liquid containing all colors.
The Primordial Demoness's face returned to normal.
She ignored the self that had crumbled, seeming to have forgotten certain things.
The split-off Primordial Demoness, with the same objective as Her original self, let the bone dress fall to the ground, sitting again on Lumian, embracing him, entwining him, increasingly forcefully, with flesh beginning to fuse.

Almost simultaneously, the distorted giant figure at the special mirror world's edge was dramatically dragged back by an extremely exaggerated horrifying suction, quickly returning to normal.
She was another Primordial Demoness, breathtakingly beautiful, wearing a black bone dress.
She looked resistant, but under the original Primordial Demoness's intense suppression, was forced to shed Her dress, overlapping with the torso entangled with Lumian.
Suddenly, in this area where all symbols and prerequisites were now present, a light burst forth, so bright it seemed about to create a world.
This erupted from the fusion point of Lumian and the two Blood Emperors, the two Primordial Demonesses.
...
At the special mirror world's edge.
Seeing the distorted figure instantly retreat, Mr. Fool did not hesitate, preparing to penetrate the barrier and enter the most dangerous place.
Suddenly, an extreme brightness surged out, enveloping the barrier, forming a new obstruction, like the amniotic membrane protecting a baby, like the invisible layer protecting this planet.
An indescribable terrifying sensation spread out, causing Mr. Fool's figure to pause, with Jenna briefly losing her thoughts.
Not far from here, Red Angel Medici, leisurely eating an apple and patiently waiting for developments, had His expression suddenly freeze.
In His eyes was also reflected that unimaginable surging light.
After a few seconds, Red Angel Medici ground His teeth and muttered, "What the hell has that lunatic, Tudor, gotten Himself into..."

Chapter 1109: The Only Chance

Franca, recovering from the mention of the mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One—continued her intense battle with the Demoness of Black Clarice.

Gradually, she discovered something was off.

The surrounding phantom black mirror tunnels partially shed their grayish-white color, no longer petrified, no longer obstacles to escape;

The Demoness of Black was more in a defensive posture, protecting the grayish-white altar displaying the Primordial Demoness's figurine;

The Demoness of Black had revealed the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness. Besides causing emotional fluctuations and creating a brief opening, falling into a temporary disadvantage, it had no other effect and did not bring the anticipated terrible corruption.

What was her true purpose in revealing such a significant secret? Just to frighten her and turn the tide? Franca felt a strong sense of doubt rising in her heart.

Suddenly, she had a guess: The Demoness of Black did not appear here to wait for me; she has another mission!

Is my encounter with the Demoness of Black actually the result of the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence?

The Demoness of Black detected an outsider mysteriously arriving nearby. Her first reaction would certainly be to seal the tunnel and eliminate potential risks...

After battling for a while and discovering I've completely digested the Unaging potion, realizing no quick victory was possible, her choice was to pretend to fight with full force, seemingly preoccupied, quietly lifting the petrification of some mirror tunnels, and attempting to scare me away using the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness?

What does this signify?

It indicates she has a very important purpose in arranging the altar here, and that the two hidden honorific names of the Primordial Demoness would lose their secrecy very soon!

Moreover, the Beyonder characteristic congregation force between us should not be strong enough to Teleport me near her. In the mirror world, there exists a Demoness of a higher level with stronger congregation forces...

Besides the Beyonder characteristic, what else 'attracted' me here...

Franca suddenly recalled the Primordial Demoness figurine in her Traveler's Bag.

Her peripheral vision swept towards the grayish-white stone altar, towards the bone-like Primordial Demoness figurine placed upon it.
Something's amiss!
Relying on the power of the Ice Mirror Charm, Anthony traversed the mirror tunnels densely interwoven like a spider web, heading towards the location indicating the team leader.
Just as he was about to reach his destination, he was met with a surging light as intense as a solar explosion.
Instinctively, Anthony closed his eyes, and grayish-white scales began to emerge on the surface of his skin.
This was a sign of loss of control.
He hurriedly Placated himself, controlling the fluctuations of his mental and emotional state.
Fortunately, the light's burst lasted only an instant, then condensed at the edge of the special mirror world, transforming into an invisible barrier.
Anthony persevered and returned to normal. Then, he saw Ludwig, whose body had just materialized, and Jenna, who had reopened her eyes. He also saw multiple flickering figures, seemingly belonging to Mr. Fool.
Jenna gazed at the light-condensed barrier, recalling the stellar explosion from moments ago that seemed capable of creating an entire world. Her heart plummeted completely, falling into an abyss.
The emergence of this situation meant that a mutation had already occurred in the depths of this special mirror world!
That great terror has most likely been triggered...
This means that the probability of Lumian surviving is now extremely slim...
At this moment, a voice sounded near Jenna's ear: 'Actually, there is still a chance to save Lumian Lee, a chance with some hope of success.'
Jenna swiftly turned her head and looked beside her, discovering a young man who had appeared at some point, wearing a pointed soft cap and a monocle, draped ina classical magical robe.
'Amon...' Jenna's lips moved, uttering this name.
Amon glanced at Mr. Fool who had 'split' new figures to look over here, then laughed and muttered to Himself, '*Why is it me again who has to do this?*
'Next time, don't prophesize that I'll be the light at the dawn of the apocalypse...'
As He muttered, He took out a white piece of paper from somewhere and looked at Jenna. 'That chance is on you, and the

price is your life.'
My life... Jenna repeated this phrase blankly.
Before Jenna could respond, Amon's speaking speed accelerated, as if multiple people were relaying the narrative, almost creating a majestic and layered effect.
'Time is limited, I'll only pick out the key points of the story.
'Commissioned by Amon, Celia Bello discovered Harrison from the Western Continent and obtained fragments of the special mirror world, encountering the phantom of Krismona.
'In her subsequent advancements, Krismona's phantom would repeatedly warn Celia Bello about the dangers of a pure female Demoness and the potential sources of danger. This failed to dissuade Celia Bello and instead stimulated her to persist on this path, because Celia Bello, who came from a humble background, had been a Showy Diva, and witnessed the death of her loved ones, desperately wanted to become powerful. She wanted to seize every opportunity to become strong to protect those she wanted to protect. The uniqueness of a pure female Demoness made her see the possibility of being used, and being used meant she might receive a 'gift' and become a high-ranking individual in a very short time.
'She was willing to bear the enormous risks that would come with this. She has always been someone skilled at going all-in.
'Arranged by the story's author, Celia Bello successfully evaded the Demoness Sect's investigation and, relying on the special small sacrificial square in the catacombs, escaped the gaze of the Primordial Demoness Cheek until The... Mr. Fool initially awakened.'
After saying 'The,' Amon paused, then switched with a slight upward inflection to 'Mr.'
Looking at the white paper, He continued, 'In the end, Lumian Lee and Franca Roland both entrusted their special mirror world fragments to Jenna for safekeeping, unexpectedly allowing her to gather three pieces—a trinity, three pillars that evolved all things.
'Now, Jenna has a chance, a chance to save Lumian Lee. That is, before the Despair potion is completely digested, forcibly advancing to Demoness of Unaging, utilizing the uniqueness of a pure female Demoness and those three special mirror world fragments to transfer the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world onto herself.
'This way, the barrier of the special mirror world will instantly shatter. The great Mr. Fool can certainly pull Lumian Lee, who only has Alista Tudor resurrected within him, back from the edge of consciousness death and mental alienation. Praise The Fool!

'This is a surmise; the events about to occur are not certain, supported only by three facts:
'The first fact is that the previously only pure female Demoness, Krismona, died in the War of the Four Emperors, and the Demoness Sect has been killing pure female Demoness early;
'The second fact is that Krismona's ghost once said that pure female Demonesses would face a trial when advancing to Demoness of Unaging, and if they fail to pass, something terribly frightening would happen—this has been confirmed as true;
'The third fact is that the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world is related to the Demoness and Hunter pathways.
'This indicates that both pure female Demonesses and pure male Hunters might attract that great terror, but only Demonesses are closely linked to the mirror world and Mirror People.'
Amon raised His head, adjusted His monocle, and looked at Jenna.
'The story's author only grasps these facts. Before the light burst just now, He was not clear about what was hidden in the special mirror world.
'That is to say, His surmise only has a certain probability of success. Unexpected changes might occur midway, leading to failure—a probability that is even quite high. However, with our great Mr. Fool, He can amplify the possibility of success and reduce the probability of failure.
'Even so, success is not guaranteed. No one knows what other special characteristics the great terror in the depths of the special mirror world might have.
'Celia Bello is at a crossroads of choice.
'On one side is whether Lumian Lee can survive, on the other is her own life.
'Regardless of success or failure, she will certainly die, because what's needed is not passing the trial during advancement, but welcoming failure during the trial.
'Because the great Mr. Fool awakened early, the story's author couldn't arrange Celia Bello's brother properly, which would cause many things to be exposed prematurely. So, Celia Bello doesn't need to be cornered now, doesn't need to be forced into a singular choice.
'So, what is her answer?'
Only at the last question did Jenna truly awaken.
At this moment, one of the high-frequency flickering figures split from Mr. Fool and said to her, 'You can choose not to choose, or choose the opposite.
'I will do my best to destroy the barrier in a short time. If I can't, I'll seal this place.'

Between voices that were sometimes near and sometimes far,
Jenna completely came to her senses, understanding what Amon had just described.
So my persistence in walking the pure female Demoness path was arranged... Even my emotions, reactions, and thoughts were anticipated...
So Julien almost became an arranged object because of my 'uniqueness', falling into a situation of imminent death or madness...
So I was never discovered by the Demoness Sect because I was always being arranged...
Jenna had actually expected to be arranged for a long time and was psychologically prepared. She was willing to take risks to become strong quickly and protect those she wanted to protect, to accept the 'bestowment'. But what she didn't expect was that there were no risks, only death—she was just a sacrifice, a tool, a puppet being manipulated on stage, a cheap puppet.
At this moment, she truly understood the feelings Lumian experienced during the arrangements before becoming a Demoness of Despair.
Everything seemed to have lost meaning, everything was so despairing.
Jenna felt she should be angry, should hate, should madly curse everything, and try her best to resist.
She actually had all these emotions, but...
Jenna turned her head and gazed at the barrier condensed with dazzling light.
A smile gradually spread across her face, and she softly said to herself, 'But... 'I am willing.'

Chapter 1110: Prince and Princess

That moment, Jenna felt hesitation, trepidation, fear, anger, resentment, with many words surging to be spoken, as if to convince herself, but after thousands and ten thousands of words rushed to her lips, only one sentence remained: "But, I am willing."

All those emotions ultimately condensed into a smile.

Amon, for reasons unknown and to no one in particular, shook His head, lowering His gaze to the white paper in His hand.

"Celia Bello, who chooses to become a Demoness of Unaging, will receive Amon's help. And Amon, taking advantage of the moment when the Demoness Sect's top leaders are all dispatched, stole a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact corresponding to a Demoness of Unaging, and thus arrived a bit late.

"As for the corresponding supplementary ingredients. the Visionary has long envisioned them into existence."

As He spoke, the white paper floated downward, and a potion that had been prepared at some unknown time appeared in Amon's hand.

The potion dyed its container a grayish-white color, clearly reflecting the mirror world around it.

It flew toward Jenna, landing in her palm.

Seeing this potion, numerous images suddenly flashed through Jenna's mind: her childhood falling asleep to her mother's humming, the excitement of first entering the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons to learn performance, the bitterness of struggling to survive with her mother and brother, the shock and gratitude of first meeting Franca, the series of events after encountering Lumian, the massive impact and disillusionment of watching her mother jump to her death from the sixth floor...

These countless fragments quickly settled, ultimately freezing into two scenes: one scene was after she finished singing a song at the Salle de Bal Brise, facing whistles and cheers, walking proudly to Lumian like a princess, laughing as she issued an invitation: "Handsome lion, dance!"

The other scene was when she inserted the long-handled silver fork into Hugues Artois's eye socket, piercing into his brain, with the frozen surprise, bewilderment, and fear on the Member of Parliament's face illuminated by the surrounding light.

Jenna raised the potion bottle, holding it like a long-handled silver fork.

This time, the "long-handled silver fork" would pierce her own face.

Jenna suddenly thought of something, turning her head to look at

Anthony and Ludwig.
The latter seemed to want to stop her but was held back by the former.
Jenna opened her mouth, wanting to leave a word or two for Franca through them.
But she couldn't think of what to say. Whether a sincere expression or a kind deception would ultimately become an irreparable regret, an eternally unhealing wound.
She laughed self-deprecatingly, exhaling. "Tell Franca to live well, on my behalf.
"My spirit will forever be with her."
"Okay," Anthony responded in a calm voice.
The palm pressing on Ludwig's shoulder inexplicably revealed blue-colored blood vessels.
Jenna thought for a moment and added, "If the apocalypse passes, I hope you enjoy life.
"Ludwig, humans are always full of pain, but I still like being human."
Jenna withdrew her gaze, stabbing the potion into herself, her hand steady, not trembling, just like when she killed Hugues Artois with the long-handled silver fork, only less swift.
The taste of soil and stone mixed together, lingering in her mouth.
Her senses gradually went numb, her body rapidly petrifying.
She felt her spirit floating midair, seeing herself in the mirror.
She saw herself in the mirror, serene, with a smile, seemingly waiting to welcome herself.
Though no ritual was held and no reconciliation reached beforehand, Jenna suddenly understood that her mirror self was also willing to sacrifice herself to save Lumian.
"She is indeed more extreme than me...
"She should have made the decision earlier than me..."
Jenna laughed again, whispering two sentences.
Suddenly, she was no longer anxious, no longer panicked, no longer afraid, because on this path to death, she was no longer alone.
She had a companion, a companion who encouraged and supported each other.
During the process of her instinct drifting toward her mirror self, Jenna suddenly saw "her" face twist, alternating between normal and painful, as if becoming a stranger.
This change seemed constrained, as if bound by layers of chains, requiring tremendous effort and overcoming numerous difficulties to complete.
"Come quickly..." Jenna, for the first time, cheered on the enemy

who wanted to kill her.
...
In the grayish-white, cave-like area behind a mirror.
Demoness of Black Clarice pretended to be at her limit, a step too slow, and could only "watch helplessly" as Franca escaped into one of the no longer petrified phantom tunnels.
Phew... she secretly exhaled.
Just then, her spirituality suddenly warned her, and she abruptly turned, looking towards the grayish-white stone altar.
Franca bizarrely appeared nearby, and a clear, misty light shot out from the eye protection of the mechanical half-face mask she was wearing, striking the altar.
The one who had just escaped was only Franca's mirror self!
And the one following the departing "mirror self" was a Mirror Projection!
The Demoness of Black's gaze instantly froze, but it was too late to stop it.
Invisible barriers suddenly appeared around the altar, provided by the ritual itself.
But for some reason, this protective power was insufficient, lacking the intensity a ritual for the Primordial Demoness should have, as if some inexplicable force had blocked most of the divine blessing.
Under the clear, misty light, the invisible barrier was instantly reduced to its most basic, minute components and ceased to exist.
Immediately after, the clear, misty light hit the bone- like figurine of the Primordial Demoness.
The figurine swayed and began to crumble.
Seeing this, the Demoness of Black was like someone trapped in a nightmare, frozen in place.
For added security, Franca took out the Primordial Demoness figurine and the Inevitable Gun from her Traveler's Bag.
She threw the figurine towards the altar, then fired two shots in quick succession.
Bang! Bang!
Two dim, green bullets shot out, each striking a bone-like figurine of the Primordial Demoness.
Certain Death!
Both the already crumbling and the intact statues began to rot, losing their luster, completely shattering.
...
Deep within the special mirror world.
Primordial Demoness Cheek smiled as She observed the changes occurring in Lumian's body.

His features were gradually being corrected, shifting towards Alista Tudor's likeness. On his body, the two intertwined Demoness figures were half-merged into him, driving his flesh to converge toward his neck.
After the earlier burst of light, the process was now irreversible.
Suddenly, one of the Demoness figures withdrew. attempting to straighten her body.
Her expression was vivid, filled with both hatred and longing.
The Primordial Demoness clad in the white bone dress instantly understood what was happening.
A pure female Demoness was ascending to the rank of Demoness of Unaging!
And at the most critical moment!
The stunningly beautiful face of Primordial Demoness Cheek darkened.
She was about to direct Her gaze at the advancing pure female Demoness to kill her first!
Although the barrier formed by the burst of light isolated the interior from the exterior-temporarily preventing The Fool from entering and also hindering the Primordial Demoness from directly sensing or influencing the external situation - Cheek had already made preparations to prevent unexpected outcomes.
She had instructed Her most trusted high-ranking Demonesses to set up altars at different locations within the mirror world, placing figurines there to conduct rituals. She used Her authority and symbols to establish a robust mystical connection!
By now, those connections must have weakened, and the rituals would no longer be strongly protected. Yet, as the mirrored original Creator-the Oldest One- Cheek could barely maintain the existence of these connections and use them to project part of Her power to eliminate hidden threats.
The Primordial Demoness swiftly cast Her consciousness toward the figurine closest to the target, only to discover with astonishment that the figurine had been destroyed and the connection severed.
Her expression remained unchanged as She immediately scattered Her consciousness toward the remaining figurines still involved in the rituals.
The next second, a vision appeared before Her eyes: it wasn't the advancing pure female Demoness - it was a black trench coat.
The interior of the black trench coat was empty, with the coat itself outlining a human figure.
Grafting!
The Primordial Demoness realized that Her gaze on Jenna had

been Grafted by Mr. Fool back onto Herself!
In an instant, one of the Demoness figures entwining Lumian struggled to break free. A black bone dress wrapped around Her, and She disappeared from the spot, following the mystical connection to where Jenna was.
The fusion within Lumian's body immediately lost its balance.
His chest, neck, shoulders, torso, and limbs, along with the remaining Demoness figure, all collapsed inward, as if about to turn into a mass of flesh. The flesh converged into a clump, continuing to compress.
The two Tudors fused within his head, along with the Sequence 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristic, were also dragged downward by immense force. They pierced through his skull, through the flames and frost, and through the writhing flesh.
The barrier of light at the edge of the special mirror world suddenly vanished.
...
Floating closer, Jenna finally saw the distortion and pain on her mirrored self's face disappear entirely.
"She" lifted her face and gave Jenna in midair a bizarre smile, opening her arms wide.
Jenna did not resist. She closed her eyes and moved forward, accepting the embrace.
She felt warmth and reassurance, which made her want to fall into a deep sleep.
She offered no resistance.
It was as if she had returned to her childhood, listening to her mother hum a lullaby and her father's soft snores, drifting into slumber.
Back then, though life wasn't particularly great, she had nothing to worry about. Her father and mother would take care of everything: she only needed to be a good child.
She grew more at peace, more tranquil.
She believed her mother and father would shield her from the storm, ensuring she slept soundly.
In that serene dream, she would be a princess, and her prince would walk toward her, inviting her to dance.
A smile appeared on her face.
Her thoughts dissolved into the encroaching madness, settling into a tranquil darkness.

Chapter 1111: The Power to Stop

At the special mirror world's edge.

Anthony watched as multiple manifestations of Mr. Fool disappeared into thin air, heading toward the Primordial Demoness, leaving only one behind to monitor Jenna's transformation, ready to act at any moment.

Jenna's features gradually relaxed, no longer distorted and pained, even tinged with a faint smile. The gray-white hue on her body was receding, as if she was on the verge of completing her advancement, gaining eternal youth, and reaching Sequence 3.

Ludwig quietly retreated several steps, hiding behind Anthony.

He looked visibly anxious, biting at his fingers.

Snap. He bit off a piece of bone, chewing on it bloody and swallowing.

Meanwhile, Anthony noticed a strange change in the surrounding scenery: one side reflected the real world—sunlight, stars, green trees, the sea, humans—chaotically jumbled together. The other side resembled a frozen, lifeless universe. Above, brilliant explosions of light continued to erupt, casting out vast amounts of matter, while below, deep, dark abysses consumed everything, compressing it toward a final singular point...

These were still illusions, mere reflections of the mirror world.

Yet even a demigod like Anthony felt an indescribable fear rooted deep in his soul and flesh.

Despite Jenna still being at Sequence 3, without higher-level Beyonder characteristics, her presence was nearly as terrifying as the terror emanating from the depths of the special mirror world.

Because she embodied a most unique and fearsome symbol.

A symbol of the creation and destruction of everything!

This transformation had to be stopped before the symbol was complete, before Jenna reopened her eyes!

At that moment, Amon's mocking voice reached Anthony and Ludwig's ears.

'*Why is it always me doing the work?*

'I'd much rather clear altars and figurines like the serpent...'

As He spoke, the Blasphemer, dressed in a pointed soft hat and a classic magician's robe, faced Jenna and raised both arms.

The monocle on His right eye shone brilliantly.

Behind Him, layer upon layer of resplendent doors materialized, while a vast, silent river of mercury-like symbols flowed majestically.

...

Deep within the special mirror world.

On Lumian's body, blurry flesh, iron-black bones, violet flames, and intricate, dangerous symbols were collapsing rapidly.
This process included the fragment of the Primordial Demoness, the fused Alista Tudors, the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic, and most of the madness.
Even Lumian's brain, split open like in a cranial surgery, and the remaining insanity were about to join this collapse.
Seeing this, the Primordial Demoness, clad in a white bone dress, smiled.
The balance is indeed lost...
It seems like a failure...
But no matter. I'll fuse myself in and see what kind of monster emerges in the end.
What I cannot obtain, no one else shall have. And I will take everything within the barrier with me to the grave.
This will be the grandest funeral for me and Tudor.
Suddenly, the Primordial Demoness noticed a delay in the extreme collapse happening to Lumian.
Two forces were preventing it.
One was the destiny fixed on madness and not on complete destruction.
When a conclusion was bound to be bad, steering it toward a lesser evil was far easier than reversing it to something good.
This was the true purpose of the letter sent by the Circle of Inevitability!
The second was a faint rebirth within Lumian's collapsing flesh, symbols, violet flames, iron-black bones, and Beyonder characteristics.
They were regrowing, extending outward, clinging to the last threads of life.
This new birth came from Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's vitalized soul fragments.
On Lumian's body, now condensed into a strange sphere, a lump of flesh protruded, resembling someone's head.
On the head, two alternating faces constantly shifted. One belonged to the high-nosed, madness-filled Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. The other was a ruby-eyed, nearly perfectly beautiful Zedus.
Lumian's deadened thoughts suddenly flickered, pulling him back from the eternal darkness into his spiritual body.
This new birth had brought him back.
He felt the most extreme, hopeless pain and saw the changes in his body.
He suddenly recalled Mr. Fool's insight on dealing with Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's soul fragments: 'This is a hidden danger, a

risk, and also a variable, an opportunity.'
A variable, an opportunity... *Could it be here?* As Lumian gained this realization, he also knew the new life was far too weak to counteract the terrifying collapse that sought to annihilate everything after losing balance.
There were only a few seconds left before everything ended.
But Lumian did not give up. His style was always to fight to the bitter end, even in death.
The next second, he saw another flesh-crafted head growing rapidly on his collapsing body.
This head also had two alternating faces. One belonged to the extraordinarily beautiful yet innocent-looking Primordial Demoness Cheek. The other, unfamiliar to Lumian, was stunningly beautiful yet radiated a maternal glow.
Giant Queen Omebella!
Seeing this change, Primordial Demoness Cheek, who was about to fuse into Lumian's body and exacerbate the imbalance, stopped trying.
She smiled faintly at the manifestations of The Fool descending upon Her, Her endlessly alluring body becoming illusory and dispersing into the entire special mirror world.
She was the master of the mirror world—She was the mirror world. She could fuse with it at any moment. Destroying all the mirror worlds would be the only way to truly kill Her.
Though the mirrored terror's feminine aspect had been transferred to Jenna, the Primordial Demoness, who had spent millennia attempting fusion, could still partially leverage Her unique symbol until it fully broke free, becoming the true mirrored original Creator—the Oldest One.
The Primordial Demoness's form simultaneously appeared in every corner of the special mirror world, Her soft voice echoing into Mr. Fool's ears from all directions.
'Can you save Him?
'You should be able to...
'If you can't, I'll fuse with Him, and we'll invite you to our funeral. Everyone's funeral. The universe's funeral.
'Sounds exciting, doesn't it?'
Mr. Fool was unmoved by such words. Most of his rapidly flickering manifestations continued to fight the Primordial Demoness, trying to seal Her off and prevent Her from truly fusing into Lumian's body.
The remaining manifestation turned to look at Lumian, struggling to hold on.
He sighed softly.

...
At the special mirror world's edge.
Amon, having requested dual-pathway godhood and power from The Fool, seized the moment when the mirrored Creator had yet to fully assimilate Jenna, unable to control the Demoness of Unaging's body, and was in His weakest state. He adjusted the monocle on His right eye.
The Fool's manifestation outside the special mirror world suddenly had its black trench coat rise dramatically.
Anthony and Ludwig were enveloped in gray-white fog, as if transported to another hidden, bizarre world.
The next second, before Jenna's distorted, pained expression, now tinged with hatred, a searing sea of light appeared, engulfing her entirely.
Supernova!
Fueled by dual-pathway godhood and power, this was a Sufferer's reenactment ability!
It was nearly identical to the supernova used by Mr. Fool during the battle of Sefirah Castle.
Jenna's body instantly disintegrated, vaporizing before it could even evaporate. Amon, along with the surrounding mirror world, was also affected by the supernova, leading to inevitable collapse.
The special mirror world also began to crumble. This collapse spread for a moment but was halted by Primordial Demoness Cheek, preventing it from affecting the depths where Lumian resided.
The brilliant light that illuminated the darkness gradually faded. Suddenly, a holy glow, filled with redemption, shot out from the River of Fate.
Amon reappeared, still wearing His monocle, pointed hat, and black magician's robe.
He saw that amidst the chaotic turbulence of space-time, in the deep darkness, specks of soul fragments glowed faintly. Some belonged to Jenna, and some to the mirrored Creator. They intertwined, yet had not been entirely annihilated.
Even a supernova explosion could not completely kill the mirrored Creator, even in Her incomplete, feminine aspect!
These tangled soul fragments were on the verge of reassembling, ready for resurrection.
Deep within the special mirror world, standing before Lumian's mutated body, Mr. Fool raised his starlit cane with his gloved right hand, his black trench coat silently billowing.
Above him, far in the infinite heights, a door of light, tinged faintly with bluish-black light, flickered in and out of existence,

surrounded by gray-white fog.
Sefirah Castle!
A shadow seemed to briefly open its eyes.
As Mr. Fool's starlit cane pointed toward Lumian, the tangled fragments of the mirrored Creator and Jenna's soul outside the special mirror world were instantly transferred onto Lumian.
Grafting!
A conceptual and physical Grafting, leading to a renewed fusion!
The Primordial Demoness, who had been manifesting and battling around the special mirror world, let out an amazed sound.
It was enough to satisfy any male's vanity.
However, unlike the earlier fusion, Omebella's bloodline and Zedus's soul fragments had now been activated, each merging with the Demoness of Apocalypse Cheek and the resurrecting Tudor.
The mirrored Creator's soul fragments, as if drawn by some mystical force, carried Jenna's portion and merged into the flesh mass alternating between Omebella's face and the Demoness of Apocalypse Cheek.
Mr. Fool added a glimmer of starlight to the remaining fragments of Jenna's soul, allowing them to withstand the erosion and fusion process for some time.
...
The countryside dreamscape was now in shambles.
Madam Magician and Madam Justice, who had assumed Mythical Creature forms through self-hypnosis, fought fiercely against the ancient dragon Edefana for an extended period.
During the battle, Madam Justice suddenly noticed two incongruities:
Our opponent is merely a Sequence 2 mind dragon. How can it continually suppress Fors and me when we carry a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact?
Moreover, Fors hadn't once thought to divide her shadow to support other battlefields...
At that moment, Edefana's ancient voice echoed, 'I have no desire to be your enemy. I am merely compelled.
'As a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch, as ancient as Ankewelt, unlike Ariehogg and the others who only witnessed part of the Second Epoch's history, don't you wonder how I, a mere Sequence 2, have survived until now?'

Chapter 1112: One Trouble After Another

Hearing Edefana's words, Madam Magician froze for a moment.
She finally realized she should be using her high-speed Blinking to support other battlefields.
That was something she normally would have done.
From the very beginning, I've been subtly influenced? Edefana doesn't seem to be just Sequence 2. Madam Magician quickly followed her spiritual intuition, her figure Blinking rapidly as she appeared in various places across the Northern and Southern Continents.
Then, she found that the battlefields were stabilizing, with the forces of the orthodox Churches and government organizations gaining the upper hand. The only difference was how quickly they would eliminate the disruptors.
The only area with serious issues was beyond her ability to intervene or participate.
It was far too high-level!
While helping allied forces quickly clear out cultists, she redirected most of her attention back to Miss Audrey's dreamscape.
At this moment, Edefana, the ancient dragon, had stopped fighting and landed on the stone tower deep within the dreamscape.
Madam Justice had also reverted from her Mythical Creature form, gazing at Edefana. In Dragonese, she asked, "A normal Sequence 2 dragon couldn't survive from the mid-First Epoch to the present?"
Edefana's terrifying lizard-like face, its gray-white scales slightly dim, revealed an eerily human smile.
"Even Angels have a limited lifespan: it's just that most Angels don't live long enough to reach it.
"Vampire is a pathway that significantly increases lifespan. Didn't Round Moon Olmer have to seal Himself in a coffin, trying to slow the passage of time? He's also a Sequence 2 Angel, and nearly two thousand years younger than me."
Madam Magician flickered rapidly, ready to prevent Edefana from escaping, while muttering inwardly. Two thousand years older than Duke Round Moon Olmer? Truly worthy of being a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch...
Initially, she thought Duke Round Moon's age exceeded 3,000 years. After gaining more knowledge of mysticism, she suspected the Sanguine duke could be over 5,000 years old!
The Fifth Epoch was currently in its 1,359th year, and the Fourth Epoch lasted 1,233 years, adding up to 2,592 years. Duke Round Moon existed before the Cataclysm, so He was widely believed to be over 3,000 years old.

Madam Magician confirmed that this duke had truly followed the Sanguine's ancestor, Lilith, so His age must include the 1,086 years of the Third Epoch.
Moreover, Lilith's "demise" wasn't the hallmark event marking the end of the Second Epoch, being 800-900 years apart, during which Olmer followed Her for several centuries.
Considering all this, Madam Magician estimated Duke Round Moon to be at least 5,000 years old. Even as an Angel of the long-lived Sanguine, He still had to live an abject life in a coffin to prolong His life.
Yet Edefana claimed to be almost two thousand years older?
That aligned with His self-introduction as a dragon born in the mid-First Epoch.
Madam Justice discerned the unspoken meaning in Edefana's words and probed, "You were once corrupted by a power higher than your own, and even now, it controls you?"
If Edefana had used a Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact to siphon life or relied on a similar method, He wouldn't have posed such a question.
Edefana's aged, lizard-like face appeared somewhat dazed.
"You're perceptive.
"I am a dragon of the mind domain."
Which means..., polluted by the Chaos Sea? Like the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt? Then influenced and driven by the godhood of the Primordial God Almighty? Madam Magician's gaze sharpened. "It was the Primordial God Almighty who sent you to delay us?" R
Edefana chuckled, producing a deep, buzzing laugh.
"Yes, I'm able to tell you this because the influence he exerted over me has rapidly receded. Without His influence, I will soon age and die."
"Rapidly receded?" Madam Justice repeated, her tone heavy with foreboding.
Edefana unfurled His massive wings, His gray-white scales dimming further.
"Yes. He is retracting the powers he was covertly reviving. This isn't due to any mishap but because He is concentrating His will.
"Tonight, he has two opportunities for true resurrection-two!"
Edefana's voice brimmed with fear.
...
When the mirrored Creator's soul fragments, mixed with Jenna's, fused into Lumian's body, Lumian, tormented by the relentless cycle of pain and madness, his consciousness on the brink of collapse, suddenly ceased the unconscious twitching and twisting

of his head.
His iron-black eyes became filled with violent emotions:
Jenna...
He wanted to stop struggling, to let the collapse happen, but he also understood why Jenna had become what she was.
He raised his head, letting out a pained roar.
It was a scream of anger, hatred, madness, and defiance.
At that moment, Lumian seemed to hear Aurore's gentle voice: "There's still a chance.
"Leave it to me."
Lumian seemed to see Aurore's phantom, cloaked in her thick golden hair.
His body began to change, becoming more feminine on one side.
His feminine aspect grew active, striving to merge Jenna's soul fragments with his own.
The mirrored Creator was truly Fooled, no longer caring about Jenna's soul fragments, allowing them to detach and integrate into Lumian's feminine side.
His consciousness focused solely on the Demoness of Apocalypse, Cheek, and the Giant Queen, Omebella.
They were fused together.
Balance was restored, but it was vastly different from before.
Lumian's body stopped collapsing, quickly expanding outward, gaining new life.
The two masses of flesh protruding from his torso surged toward his neck, vying to replace his head.
They competed, even as they began to fuse, High above, in the infinite heights, the faint light door tinged with bluish-black and surrounded by gray- white fog reappeared. Mr. Fool alternated the use of Fooling and Grafting.
The two fusing flesh masses abruptly shifted to Lumian's left shoulder, writhing as they formed a dripping wet head.
This head had two faces, one on each side. The right face was identical to the Primordial Demoness, Cheek - stunningly beautiful, pure, yet exuding maternal radiance. The left face resembled Alista Tudor but bore jet-black hair and a flawless, nearly divine beauty.
The madness and characteristics in Lumian's body converged into this head. Each face exuded its own raw, violent, or pathological nature, an unrestrained desire to destroy and create everything.
The two faces did not cease merging. At times, they overlapped; at times, they split apart, ultimately forming a vortex that absorbed their features.
From within the vortex, a liquid containing all colors and

possibilities seeped out, leaving the face in chaos.
Deep within the chaos, a new face slowly began to take shape.
The previously grinning, observing Primordial Demoness, Cheek, abruptly retreated, disappearing from the area.
Before vanishing, Her black hair fully unfurled, thick and slick like venomous snakes, whipping furiously through the air as though resisting an unseen force.
Lumian, his mind flooded with pain, madness, and destructive desires, sensed an exalted consciousness, gazing down upon all, being born within the new head on his left shoulder and rapidly growing stronger.
Mr. Fool, witnessing this, prepared to use a Wish to suppress and delay the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection, seeking time to find a solution.
The new face in the chaos grew clearer.
In an instant, Amon hurled an object into the special mirror world, landing it in Mr. Fool's hand.
It was an extraordinarily bizarre dark-golden mask, large enough to cover a human face.
Lumian, his face twisted in agony and madness, recognized the mask.
It had been obtained from the sea prayer ritual, originating from Loki, later given to the Aurora Order.
And now, it was here.
Mr. Fool caught the mask, and a shadow from the faintly visible door of light above descended upon the dark-golden mask.
Mr. Fool pressed the mask onto the new face emerging from the chaos.
The face did not resist or stop him because, still unresurrected, He had been Fooled-Fooled into believing the mask would make Him unimaginably powerful.
The dark-golden mask merged seamlessly with the face, becoming inseparable.
The head paused, no longer absorbing Lumian's madness or characteristics.
The two faces reappeared on its sides-one belonging to Primordial Demoness Cheek, radiating maternal brilliance, the other to the more handsome and perfect Alista Tudor.
Each face held an unmistakable hint of madness and destruction.
The gray-white fog and the bluish-black-tinged door of light high above disappeared.
On Lumian's right shoulder, flesh writhed, abruptly forming a new head with two faces. One was the radiant Aurore, the other, the exquisite Jenna. Both had closed eyes, no consciousness, and

bloodstained features.
Elsewhere in the mirror world.
Red Angel Medici, intending to leave without bothering with the two lunatics, sensed the changes deep within the special mirror world.
Here's the chance!
Though Medici didn't fully understand what had occurred, He hesitated not for a moment. Swiftly assessing the situation, He made His decision and prepared to execute His original plan.
His goals for today were twofold: to suppress any signs of the Primordial God Almighty's resurrection and to cull Lumian Lee, securing ultimate victory in the battle for 0-01.
He had no fear of The Fool's interference. Since He dared to come, He had a way to ensure The Fool couldn't act in time.
Red Angel Medici advanced, retrieving lifelike metallic soldier figurines from a small black pouch at His waist.
Each one contained fused Beyonder characterístics from different pathways, effectively making them Sealed Artifacts.
Medici scattered the figurines, allowing them to grow enormous, gain life, and surround Him.
The Red of War legion reappeared.
Meanwhile, within the astral world composed of abstract concepts and strange symbols.
The childlike doodle sun had long become a blazing golden-yellow fireball, terrifying in its intensity, opposing the crimson round moon beyond the invisible barrier.
The burning surface of the sun, pure and sacred, suddenly darkened in patches.
These dark patches extended outward, forming a colossal luminous humanoid figure surrounded by chaos.
The luminous humanoid instantly descended into the depths of the special mirror world, engulfing all of The Fool's manifestations!

Chapter 1113: A Long Struggle with Myself

The enormous luminous figure wrapped in chaos remained tethered to the blazing golden sun, never breaking free.

"It" was firmly restrained, like the hidden impulses and madness buried deep within many hearts—though present and impossible to ignore, they remained confined under the dam of reason and humanity in normal circumstances.

Moreover, the chaotic luminous figure formed from the sun's dark patches descended from the astral world into the depths of the special mirror world without impacting the blazing golden sun's efforts to maintain the invisible barrier against the crimson round moon.

Instead, the sun burned brighter, more intensely, and with greater sanctity.

At this moment, abstract concepts representing "gaze" and "observation" emerged within the astral world, all directed at the radiant golden sun.

The sun, illuminating the astral world and the entire world, remained unmoved, as if silently responding: Once, I betrayed myself.

Later, I spent over two millennia wrestling and contending with another version of myself. Finally, I achieved a temporary victory, reached a balance, and made Him serve me, while I remained who I am.

Now, I am betting everything.

Letting my allies become the Origins of Disaster, the Calamity of Destruction is my only chance to secure ultimate victory and avert the apocalypse!

Whether or not this succeeds, whether or not it leads to a tragic end, I will give it my all.

I would rather break than yield!

The colossal luminous figure cloaked in chaos enveloped all of The Fool's manifestations in the special mirror world, relentlessly pursuing His Blinking, preventing him from approaching Lumian at the speed of light and with immense energy.

One was manipulated, misled. One was Fooled, Grafted. Neither had any attention to spare for Lumian.

On the other side of the special mirror world, the Primordial Demoness retreated, Her black hair still thrashing in the air like a writhing cluster of serpents. Her breathtakingly beautiful face twisted into a new allure that had yet to fully unfold, still resisting some invisible force.

Nearby, the mirrored Empress Roselle silently watched, refraining

from intervening.
She could not defy the will of the mirrored Creator, also known as the Primordial Demoness, Cheek. She could only hope the ensuing catastrophe would not lead to the complete collapse and destruction of the special mirror world.
For Her, unable to leave this place yet, such an outcome would be a death sentence.
As for Zaratul, who had previously hidden here, He had already fled, returning to Castle Dylan.
Lumian felt a surge of violent, cruel, twisted, and pathological thoughts emanating from the left side of his body. Like a relentless tsunami, they battered his mind and will, attempting to complete his assimilation.
From his right side came deathly silence, sadness, pain, and despair—emotions just as overwhelming and now spilling over into his consciousness.
These conflicting forces resonated with Lumian's current state to varying degrees, on the verge of blending into one another and bringing about the inevitable descent into complete madness.
In his blurred vision, silhouettes flashed by, beams of light flared up and dimmed again, all becoming indistinct.
Suddenly, a voice switching between near and far echoed in his ears: "My wish is:
"Lumian Lee can maintain moments of clarity, rationality, and humanity each day."
Destiny was sealed; madness was unavoidable. Even a Miracle Invoker could not fully reverse it. The only option was to exploit loopholes and lower the difficulty of the wish, allowing Lumian to oscillate between madness and clarity.
Nothing dictated that inevitable madness precluded occasional moments of lucidity!
As for how "occasional" was defined, that would be left to Fooling and Error to decide.
Lumian's blurry vision suddenly sharpened. The pain and fury still wrecked his body, but his thoughts and perceptions were no longer clouded.
He saw a vast array of figurines materialize ahead of him. Each wore uniquely colored metal armor, their faces sculpted with uncanny precision. Towering over ten meters tall, they marched in formation like a vast army.
Lumian also saw the figurines encircling Red Angel Medici. The King of Angels had revealed His Mythical Creature form, composed of deep violet, almost blood-colored, nearly invisible flames, steel-like bones, complex terrifying symbols, and bloodstained black

armor.
Between His brow, a blood-red sigil shaped like a banner was prominently raised, vivid and dripping.
Medici had completed His sacrificial ritual in advance, summoning the aid of the essence of war.
The head on Lumian's left shoulder, adorned with the bizarre dark-golden mask, suddenly turned. The face resembling Alista Tudor now directly faced Medici.
The blood-red sigil between the brows of this face similarly protruded, surrounded by indescribable dark symbols that seemed to herald ultimate chaos.
He sneered with disdain and mockery, as if saying to Medici: "You coward, fancy seeing you here. Ready to be devoured by me again?"
Lumian then fully manifested his Mythical Creature form and drew a simple longsword from the Traveler's Bag that had fallen to the ground, untouched by prior chaos.
The longsword rapidly enlarged, matching his towering frame of over thirty meters.
It ignited with black flames, embodying destruction and madness.
Medici raised His own flaming greatsword. The two fiery giants clashed with a resounding boom.
Almost simultaneously, the soldiers of the Red of War legion raised their arms, leaning back slightly.
Their eyes burned iron-black, reflecting the pale markings on Lumian's body. In their hands, spears of deep violet, almost blood-colored, flames materialized.
They could simultaneously share all of Red Angel Medici's abilities and spirituality!
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!
While Medici intercepted Lumian, a forest of flame-spears shot out, dense enough to obscure the sky.
Each spear targeted the vulnerable points on Lumian's body.
The masked head on Lumian's left shoulder turned once more.
This time, the maternal and radiant face of the Demoness of Apocalypse, Cheek, faced Red Angel Medici.
The face smiled sweetly, causing Medici's movements to slow slightly, and the deluge of blood-colored flame-spears to falter, as if held back by reluctance.
Next, Lumian's body grew illusory and layered, like projections from countless mirrors.
Rumble!
Countless flame-spears pierced through his body, triggering violent explosions that annihilated every projection in an instant.
Lumian's figure reemerged on the other side.

Red Angel Medici gave him no respite, transforming into a blazing comet of deep violet, blood-like flames, hurtling toward Lumian in a flash.
The soldiers of the Red of War legion followed suit, turning into similar flaming comets, roaring down from every direction with unstoppable force, using area-of-effect attacks to bypass the interference of the Fog of War.
As a King of Angels, Medici enabled His soldiers to share His rank. In this moment, it was as if nearly a hundred Red Angels were simultaneously attacking Lumian.
This was one of Medici's most potent abilities. Its only drawback was the massive expenditure of spirituality.
Effectively, it compressed what could have been a prolonged battle into a single, overwhelming burst, trading time for spatial dominance.
As an ancient King of Angels, Medici knew that the Eternal Blazing Sun could not delay much longer. Victory had to be swift, so He began with an all-or-nothing gambit.
Outside the special mirror world, Amon, wearing a monocle and pointed soft hat, took no further action, playing the role of a true spectator.
Neither obstructing nor aiding,
His expression remained unchanged as He bit into a red apple He had somehow stolen.
Faced with the flaming comets descending from every direction, Lumian did not retreat. His eyes burned with madness and battle lust.
He growled, for the second time today, invoking the aid of the City of Calamity.
The iron-black bones interwoven into his body and etched with complex symbols and patterns suddenly developed fine cracks. The violet-red flames roaring over them deepened in hue, taking on a bloodier shade.
Clad in pitch-black armor marred with bloodstains, he ignored the other fiery comets and locked onto the one transformed from Red Angel Medici, swinging his increasingly immense and terrifying Sword of Destruction.
Boom!
Deep violet and crimson flames scattered in all directions, forming a storm that engulfed the surroundings.
The explosion, imbued with destructive energy, left visible cracks in the depths of the special mirror world, rendering it precariously close to shattering.
Amid the roiling flames, the figure of Red Angel Medici emerged, a

deep wound carved across His chest and abdomen, from which flowed flames so dark that even their depth seemed erased.
Lumian was in an even more dire state. His bloodstained black armor was tattered, and the iron-black bones intertwined with intricate patterns and symbols were heavily damaged and fractured. The deep purple, blood-hued flames barely clung to him, a faint layer that seemed ready to be extinguished by a passing breeze.
Shards of glass were scattered around him, remnants of his mirror self, which had suffered devastating destruction.
Lumian grinned, his smile bold and unrestrained.
He suddenly plunged the battered Sword of Destruction into the ground.
The already strained area collapsed with a thunderous crash, disintegrating entirely.
As the region crumbled, Lumian plunged into the chaotic flow of time and space, descending into darkness.
With his body undergoing new birth, he waved at the similarly falling Medici and the Red of War legion, his smile seemingly asking, "Care to join me? In the chaos of time and space, teams tend to get scattered, you know."
The Red Angel whistled in response, as if to say, "I can handle this on my own."
The two had no time for further interaction. The silent, perilous storm of space-time swept in, separating them instantly.
umian plummeted downward at great speed, using his Teleportation ability to evade the most dangerous zones.
He could no longer sense the outside world and had no means of escaping this place directly.
In a blink of an eye—or perhaps longer—Lumian landed before a massive, half-collapsed palace ablaze with invisible and colorless flames.
The depths of the special mirror world led to Fourth Epoch Trier.

Chapter 1114: Omehella

As soon as Lumian's feet steadied, the head on his left shoulder began to sway from side to side.

Whether it was the hauntingly beautiful yet morbid face of Cheek or the savage and crazed gaze of Alista Tudor, both seemed perplexed.

Their consciousness, spirit, personality, and spirituality, blended and tangled amidst the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty, had become a jumble. Eventually, they separated into yin and yang, left and right, forming a new consciousness and spirit, though still marked distinctly by Cheek and Tudor.

These were ultimately sealed within the dark-golden peculiar mask of the yet-to-fully-revived Primordial God Almighty, allowing only instincts to seep through, each affecting the respective face.

Their instinctive reactions seemed to tell Lumian that this place was different from their memories or expectations.

This was the Blood Palace of Alista Tudor, the site of His ultimate downfall. It should have retained remnants of the leaked power of various sefirot, yet it appeared unusually "clean," with only formless flames burning everywhere and evaporating black pus that perpetually dripped but never dried.

With the blood-red sigil on his brow protruding, Lumian involuntarily advanced toward the half-collapsed, ostentatious palace. Along the way, the formless and colorless flames parted for him, seemingly welcoming the return of the emperor of this kingdom, the master of this palace. Lumian only had to avoid the dripping black pus as it fell back to the ground.

Standing at the half-collapsed entrance, Lumian—with three heads—found his path blocked by an area of absolute darkness—so dark that even the concept of depth seemed devoured. He had no choice but to circle around to the palace's side entrance.

Clicking his tongue as if mocking Alista Tudor, he muttered, "Utilizing the power of the City of Calamity, the Blood Emperor was ultimately killed by the River of Eternal Darkness. Even His corpse has become different.

"Sometimes, these forces repel each other to extremes; other times, they fuse. And once they fuse, it spells annihilation, absorbing and neutralizing the nearby remnant powers of other sefirot."

"Your Majesty the Blood Emperor, are you planning to reclaim your corpse? I'm afraid it will drag you back into the River of Eternal Darkness—no, ultimate annihilation."

Speaking to himself, Lumian moved toward the palace's side entrance.

He intended to wait by Alista Tudor's divine corpse, anticipating the arrival of Red Angel Medici.
That spot would be ideal for him to fight in his current state—half of what Alista Tudor once was, though without a fully "restored" rank.
When he reached the crumbling side entrance, now narrow enough to squeeze through, Lumian suddenly noticed two corpses standing on either side of the doorway.
One male and one female, both burned into charred remains by formless flames, stood preserved in their scorched states. Each had a left hand swollen and translucent, its bluish hue marred by yellow-green pus flowing within.
The veins on their left hands were unnaturally clear, and along with the palm lines, they formed intricate and densely packed symbols and patterns.
"Left Hand of Decay...
"Why are the bestowed of the Monarch of Decay placed here as corpse statues?" Lumian murmured, lowering his gaze. As expected, he saw ancient Tudor coins beneath each of the four corpses, with denominations of "2," "7," and "13."
Lumian's face twitched, a wave of violent and destructive emotions surging within him.
Summoning a black-flame greatsword in one hand, he prepared to slash at the four corpses.
Suddenly, a gentle female voice came from nearby: "Their purpose is to symbolize one thing: making anything that can go wrong be most likely to go wrong."
Lumian turned both his heads simultaneously, spotting Madame Pualis, dressed in a black gown. Her subtle brows framed bright brown eyes, her brown hair styled in a high bun.
In her arms, she cradled a chubby-cheeked, adorably plump infant girl.
The baby girl no longer appeared ethereal but fully real, tangible, and vivid.
...
In the depths of Underground Trier.
Under the corrosive fog of history, the Tree of Shadow's trunk became increasingly illusory. Its bark and branches began peeling away.
Though the Tree of Shadow was intimately tied to every human in Trier and could not be completely destroyed, its aura weakened rapidly. The canopy extending above ground receded deeper meter by meter.
Suah and Tirié struggled with all Their might to hold the line, yet

They could not reverse the trend.
...
Somewhere in Fourth Epoch Trier
Louis Gustav watched as the infants on his body dropped to the ground, dying instantly and decaying into rotted corpses.
0–59—The Divine Kingdom Without People!
The undead infants never had the chance to be reborn. Exposed to The Fourth Sun suspended high in the sky, they were instantly purified and vanished.
Birthing children was not an evil act for the Mother but a sacred one, immune to The Fourth Sun's purification. However, transforming the infants into undead made them susceptible to its power.
Losing all the infants, the "maternal body" fell with a look of anguish, rapidly disintegrating into a pool of blood and flesh. The flesh writhed as if attempting to reform into a bird's nest.
But it died mid-reformation, simultaneously decaying and regenerating.
Holy, radiant sunlight enveloped it.
...
Red Angel Medici and part of His metal soldiers landed in a desolate wilderness shrouded in gray-white fog, flickering between reality and illusion.
In this wilderness, shadowy figures wandered silently, moving slowly toward the edges—to them.
...
Seeing Madame Pualis holding the infant Omebella, Lumian beamed. Lifting the newly condensed Sword of Destruction, he prepared to strike.
"There's no need to rush. It's been a while since we had a conversation," Madame Pualis said gently. A stretch of wilderness appeared around her, creating distance between herself and Lumian. Her gaze shifted between Lumian's face and Aurore's tightly closed eyes, filled with a trace of sorrow.
Rumble!
Amid the booming explosions, her figure appeared on the other side of Paramita. Her tone was soft and soothing.
"It's pointless. Omebella has truly been born. The anticipated outcome has arrived, and nothing will change now."
Her maternal voice calmed the fury and madness in Lumian's heart.
Stopping his attack, Lumian said, "Omebella..."
He initially wanted to ask when Omebella was born, but a sharp pain in his head brought a sense of spiritual foreboding.

Instead, he asked, "In the dream city, why didn't you—or rather, the Mother Goddess of Depravity—help the Celestial Worthy? Why let Him fail?"
Madame Pualis, cradling infant Omebella, smiled and answered, "When I entered the dream city, aside from wanting to see you and Aurore, I had only one goal:
"To act on behalf of the Great Mother to eliminate any chance for the Celestial Worthy to reverse the situation if such an opportunity arose.
"However, all of you did an excellent job. You didn't give me that chance."
"Why?" Lumian asked with a frown.
Shouldn't balance have been maintained?
Maintaining her smile, Madame Pualis replied, "After the Hostel incident, the Mother's thoughts changed. She wished for The Fool to prevail.
"This way, The Fool would begin a process of simultaneously opposing and integrating the Celestial Worthy, while also accommodating Sefirah Castle. Such a process would be difficult to disrupt. Facing another crisis, even if The Fool wanted to give up and hand everything to the Celestial Worthy—or if the Celestial Worthy wanted to compromise and assist The Fool in controlling Sefirah Castle—the resulting state wouldn't be easily broken or altered. It would take a long time."
"Before such a state could fully change, the Lord of Mysteries's power would be at best comparable to that of Grisha Adam during Project Vortex. And even achieving this would require the Celestial Worthy's full cooperation."
"No matter what abilities such a Lord of Mysteries employs, it's impossible for Him to break through the barrier formed by the mirrored Creator in a short period of time. He can't prevent what's about to happen. The Mother has been anticipating this for a long time."
Lumian recalled the events that had just transpired and suddenly realized the night's major events were far from over.
Laughing, he said, "So, even you don't trust the Celestial Worthy to honor His promises after fully awakening?"
"No one would trust a Great Old One that symbolizes deceit," Madame Pualis replied gently, rocking the baby in her arms as if coaxing Omebella back to sleep.
Lumian glanced at Omebella and asked, "When was She truly born?
"And what will Her birth bring?"
With a soft smile, Madame Pualis answered, "After you were

dragged into the special mirror world."
She explained with a smile, "Calamity needs to stay away from the mother. But have you ever considered—you're not the calamity, but the Mother—the one who gave birth to Omebella."
"The great terror in the special mirror world came from the fusion of the two pathways of Calamity, so it naturally symbolizes calamity?" Lumian suddenly understood the true meaning behind Mr. Fool's revelation.
This was a fate even great existences couldn't fully grasp.
Madame Pualis gazed wistfully at Aurore, sighed, and said, "That's one interpretation. But there's a deeper reason."
She turned to Lumian, her brown eyes deep, and asked, "Have you noticed? Tudor and Cheek's twins are also a boy and a girl, an elder sister and a younger brother."
An elder sister and younger brother... Yes, Krismona and the Demoness of Gray Judith were once siblings! Lumian was suddenly struck by a deep sense of foreboding.
Madame Pualis smiled again and said, "For true gods of the Hunter and Demoness pathways, it's normal for twins to be a boy and a girl. Anything else would be unusual. But why elder sister and younger brother, and not elder brother and younger sister?"
"Because They're also a reflection of Omebella and Zedus in some way.
"As for why..." Madame Pualis glanced down at the baby in her arms and smiled. "Omebella is far older than you think.
"She and Zedus were born in the mid-First Epoch. At that time, Giant King Aurmir was still a purely mad demigod-level monster.
"Their mother, strictly speaking, wasn't the Great Mother, but the Brood Hive ripped off from the Great Mother. When the Brood Hive was still within the Great Mother, Omebella and Zedus had yet to gestate.
"More importantly, Their father—Their true father—the one who fathered them with the Brood Hive.
"Guess who He is?"
...
In Madam Justice Audrey's dream.
The ancient dragon, Edefana, gazed at Madam Magician and Madam Justice, His voice buzzing as He said, "I can offer you one more piece of critical intelligence, originating from the mid-First Epoch."
Both Madam Magician and Madam Justice tensed inexplicably.
In a tone dripping with resentment and hatred, Edefana said, "The mother of Giant Queen Omebella is the Brood Hive currently sealed in the Western Continent.

"Her father is:
"The Primordial God Almighty!"

Chapter 1115: Crimson

'Primordial God Almighty?' Lumian raised an eyebrow.

All around him, formless, colorless flames suddenly flared up, blazing fiercely.

Madame Pualis, cradling the infant Omebella, smiled and said, 'Within the two pathways of Calamity lies the arrangement for the resurrection of the Primordial God Almighty. During the union of Tudor and Cheek to conceive Krismona and Judith, the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty also partially revived. Naturally, that pair of twins were younger brother and elder sister.

'Conversely, if what fused into your body wasn't Omebella and Zedus, but other divine offspring of the Great Mother, they would have been completely ineffective during that fusion. They lack the necessary symbols and mystical connections.'

Hearing this, the head on Lumian's left shoulder turned from side to side, the faces of Cheek and Alista Tudor alternating as they gazed at Madame Pualis.

Lumian struggled to suppress the urge to incinerate this part of Paramita and destroy it entirely. Suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind.

So that's how it is. Omebella was indeed killed by a direct relative. That explains her curse on the City of Silver...

Previously, Lumian had speculated that Omebella's final death stemmed from the citizens of City of Silver killing Her. Since they were Her followers, essentially her 'children,' the act of filicide—or human deicide—could naturally trigger the curse: 'Must die at the hands of a direct relative, or else become an evil spirit.'

Now it seemed that while this might be one of the reasons, it was certainly not the only one—nor even the most crucial.

The true reason was that Omebella's initial death was orchestrated by the Ancient Sun God!

As the successor to the Primordial God Almighty, the Ancient Sun God might have had fragments of the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness and spirit awakening within Him at that time—though still suppressible!

Under these circumstances, in Omebella's eyes, wasn't it essentially a god imbued with Her father's consciousness and spirit using powers derived from Him to kill Her?

Lumian suddenly understood why Madame Pualis had lured the padre into personally killing the newborn Omebella back in Cordu.

If it were only about fulfilling the symbolic act of being killed by a direct relative, Madame Pualis herself, as the mother, could have

handled it. There would have been no need for such elaborate arrangements.
The only explanation was that infant Omebella had to be killed once by her biological father—the padre, who symbolized the Eternal Blazing Sun. Only then would all the necessary symbols be complete, forming a closed loop and becoming valid in the realm of mysticism.
Eternal Blazing Sun... Eternal Blazing Sun...
Lumian's pupils dilated as he was struck by a sudden realization.
Once he understood that making the padre become Omebella's father was to evoke the symbol of the Eternal Blazing Sun, one question had always puzzled him.
Why the Eternal Blazing Sun specifically?
Wouldn't the God of Steam and Machinery, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, or the Lord of Storms suffice?
This question hadn't lingered long, though. Realizing that Aurore possessed the unique conditions of being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's aura, being a Warlock, and having a younger brother, Lumian had concluded it was mere coincidence. It just so happened that Cordu worshiped the Eternal Blazing Sun.
But now, he suddenly understood—it wasn't a coincidence. It was a necessary condition.
Aside from being a transmigrator, having the gray fog's aura, being a Warlock, and the sibling relationship, there was another implicit condition: residing in a region that worshiped the Eternal Blazing Sun.
Lumian recalled his time as a casual believer of the Eternal Blazing Sun, occasionally attending Mass at the Saint Sith Cathedral in Cordu, and remembered certain praises from the padre.
'Great Father!'
'Father of all living beings!'
These weren't official titles of the Eternal Blazing Sun, yet they were written into the scriptures, frequently mentioned in propaganda and hymns, and genuinely existed!
The Great Father!
Lumian looked at Madame Pualis and blurted out, '*Is there something wrong with the Eternal Blazing Sun?*'
Madame Pualis smiled faintly and replied, 'Long ago, fragments of the Primordial God Almighty's consciousness began reviving within Him. For a time, He would even occasionally lose control of Himself.
'After an extensive period, He finally managed to suppress His alienated self and achieve a fragile balance, which allowed Him to partially harness the power of the Chaos Sea. However, He had to

tread carefully and limit the frequency of use. Otherwise, the corruption and alienation would deepen, and the balance would collapse.'
Madame Pualis smiled brilliantly and asked rhetorically, 'Now you understand why the true birth of Omebella is so significant, don't you?
'Her true father is the Primordial God Almighty. Her current father is the Eternal Blazing Sun, within whom the consciousness of the Primordial God Almighty has revived.
'When She was born in essence, the Eternal Blazing Sun, as a symbol of the Primordial God Almighty, will be significantly strengthened. The mystical connection between the two will blend together.
'With the symbol of the Primordial God Almighty greatly reinforced, do you think the fragile balance the Eternal Blazing Sun has been maintaining can still exist?'
In the astral world, where abstract concepts and symbolic representations intertwined.
The radiant, golden Sun, connected to a blazing giant enshrouded in Chaos, suddenly broke off its battle with The Fool.
He contracted instantly, merging once again with the sacredly glowing golden Sun.
The Sun's surface abruptly darkened, patches of shadow spreading swiftly to cover half of its 'face.'
The gigantic golden sun alternated between the form of a handsome, energetic young man with short golden hair draped in a pure white robe, and a blazing, searingly bright fireball.
The young man's expression grew increasingly distorted, His body half-shrouded in dark shadows seeping from within, gradually dissolving. The dark patches on the terrifying fireball expanded, while the divine radiance diminished.
Suddenly, behind the golden sun, a silhouette subtly emerged.
It was a female figure dressed in layered but unadorned pitch-black robes, dotted with what seemed like brilliant stars. From Her ribs and waist extended two pairs of arms covered in short, deep-black fur.
Evernight Goddess!
In the Goddess's six hands, two held heavy black scythes, two cradled ancient bird-shaped golden ornaments, and two raised a massive sword seemingly forged from condensed orange-red light, aiming it at the Eternal Blazing Sun.
The young man with the distorted face in the white robe glanced at the spot where the Evernight Goddess had previously stood and saw a terrifying feathered serpent with massive wings blocking a

fissure with its own reflection, maintaining the barrier.
The feathered serpent could only hold out for a short time, and even then, only because the Evernight Goddess had not yet left the astral world.
The Eternal Blazing Sun turned toward the Evernight Goddess, asking in excruciating pain, 'When... did you find out?'
Two of the Evernight Goddess's hands holding the bird-shaped golden ornaments underwent rapid changes, causing an illusory, wide, dark, colorless river to manifest behind Her.
The river flowed silently, drawing close to the Evernight Goddess.
'I had some suspicions during the Cataclysm. After obtaining Destined Madness, I fully understood your anomalies.' Evernight Goddess's voice was soft, almost as if She were soothing the Eternal Blazing Sun to sleep.
Simultaneously, the heavy black scythe and the massive orange-red sword descended upon the Eternal Blazing Sun at an unhurried pace, yet their movement carried the force of the colorless, dark river. The progress of the dark patches spreading across the surface of the golden sun slowed.
The once-handsome and vibrant Eternal Blazing Sun, Aucuses, began to laugh.
Struggling to suppress His alienation and natural defensive instincts, He looked earnestly at the Evernight Goddess and pleaded, 'Please kill me.'
He would rather die as a god than lose Himself and linger on in torment!
Suddenly, His face contorted again, and the dark patches overtook the sun's surface. An ancient voice seemed to echo from across history: 'If you kill Him, the barrier will lose another support. *Can the barrier be kept up?*'
The Evernight Goddess responded without any emotion, 'I just saw you collaborating with the Mother Goddess of Depravity, and you are the strongest Notary.'
Without hesitation, she brought down the heavy black scythe and the massive orange-red sword.
The dark, illusory river seemed to flow closer.
Those awake deep into the night and the strongest beings in the world simultaneously turned their gaze to the sky.
A blazing, brilliant, pure golden sun rose, illuminating the entire world.
In the next second, the sun shattered into fragments of divine light tinged with darkness, scattering to various corners of the world.
It resembled stars falling in a rain-like cascade.
...

Fourth Epoch Trier, beside the half-collapsed ostentatious palace.
Maintaining her smile, Madame Pualis replied, 'The true birth of Omebella holds two additional symbolic significance.
'First, as the divine offspring of the Primordial God Almighty and the Brood Hive, once She fully enters the real world, will the one who once usurped Her identity be able to bear this fate and maintain even a basic state?'
...
In the astral world, where abstract concepts and symbolic representations intertwined.
Earth Mother Lilith, with Her ample and graceful figure, cradling a baby in Her arms and a faint red moon behind Her head, cast Her gaze upon the crumbling golden sun and the figure wielding the scythe and sword.
The illusory crimson moon was suddenly drawn toward Her and leaped into Her body.
Her voluptuous, graceful form cracked instantly, and from the fissures burst forth streams of crimson moonlight.
'Amanises, let me sleep. In this way, my authority and symbolism can still contribute to the barrier,' Earth Mother Lilith spoke with extreme pain and difficulty.
The figure of the Evernight Goddess, Amanises, who had just vanquished the Eternal Blazing Sun, vanished as if erased.
Moments later, She reappeared behind Earth Mother Lilith.
Almost simultaneously, as the Sun fell, new stars lit up in the sky —red, orange, gold, blue, brown... eight in total.
Each was colossal, like new suns, descending to the same height as the crimson full moon, exerting immense pressure on the barrier, causing it to audibly crack and fissure.
The barrier's sustaining power was insufficient.
Having just completely destroyed the Tree of Shadow, leaving only its roots, and not yet had time to eliminate Suah and Tirié, Mr. Fool raised His head and looked toward the astral world.
All His bodies disappeared abruptly, reappearing there as a series of symbols and various abstract concepts.
Some symbols consisted of segments of Pupil-less Eye and Contorted Lines, others were layered doors, and others resembled the hands of a clock.
The teetering invisible barrier steadied.
Forsaken Land of the Gods, atop a majestic and stretching mountain range.
After the darkened sun fell, the darkness here dissipated.
Beside the enormous cross, Visionary Adam, clad in a simple white robe with a thick golden beard, returned to normal. At His feet was

a dense black shadow with five heads, exuding malevolence.
Both He and His shadow looked ahead, to a realm encompassing all colors and possibilities, simultaneously illusory and real 'sea.'
From the depths of the Chaos Sea came an ancient voice: 'Come, my child. Merge with me.
'You are out of time. The apocalypse is nigh. Your only choice is to risk merging with me, then contend for dominance on equal footing.'
Visionary Adam and the True Creator, Grisha, shifted Their gazes downward, toward the lands outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.
They saw the Northern and Southern continents, cities like Backlund, Trier, Feynapotter, and St. Millom, the awakened people stirred by the Sun's eruption, and the mountains, rivers, and seas.
They withdrew Their gazes and stepped into that realm of all-encompassing colors.
They sank beneath its waves.
...
Fourth Epoch Trier, beside the half-collapsed Tudor Palace.
Madame Pualis gazed wistfully at Lumian and Aurore, sighing as she spoke, 'The final important symbolism of Omebella's birth is this:
'Previously, She was born from the Brood Hive and the Primordial God Almighty. Now, She is born from me, representing the Great Mother, and the padre, symbolizing the Eternal Blazing Sun. Since the Eternal Blazing Sun, as a symbol of the Primordial God Almighty, has been strengthened, the Brood Hive, as a symbol of the Great Mother, will undergo similar changes.
'Moreover, the Brood Hive and the Great Mother Themselves have an exceptionally tight, nearly unified mystical connection.
'With such a transformation, what will the Great Mother gain?'
Lumian did not answer. Following his intuition, he directed his gaze upward to the formless, colorless flames.
There, the night sky had appeared, and the crimson full moon suddenly brightened.
Elsewhere in the mirrored world, Franca, who had just shattered the Demoness of Black's true body and her mirrored self, also looked up.
Across the world, every demigod raised their gaze to the sky.
The crimson full moon, which had always seemed perched atop a clock tower, suddenly descended without warning, appearing closer, as if just above everyone's rooftops or nestled in the wild treetops.
A diaphanous, eerie moonlight spread across every corner of the

land and sea.
All was crimson, as if drenched in blood.
(End of Volume Seven—The Second Law)